

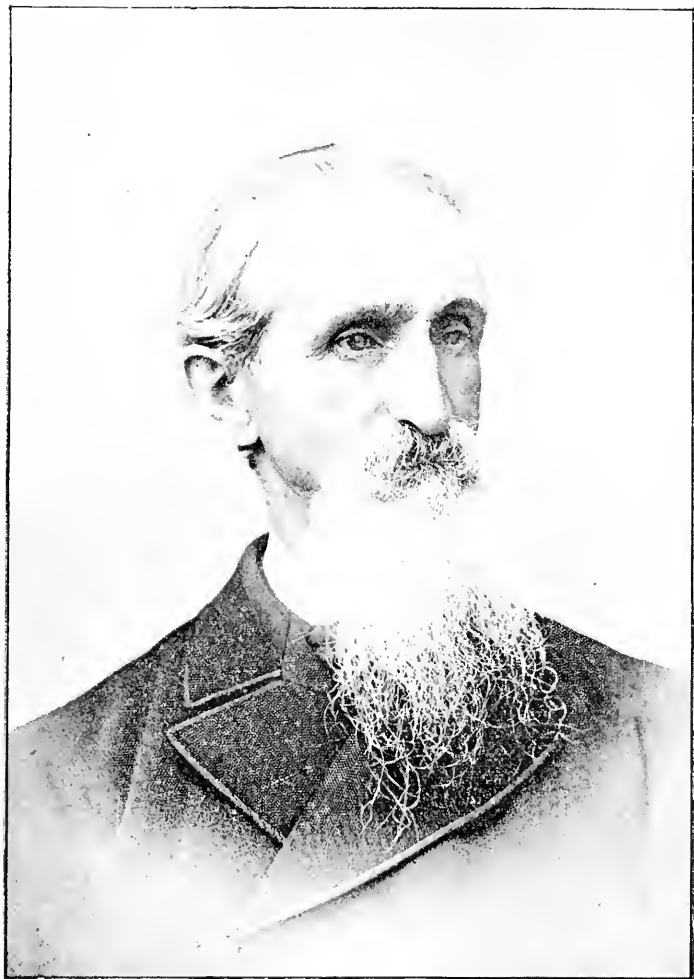
Samuel Laycock.



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COLLECTED WRITINGS



Yours truly,
Samuel Laycock.

THE
COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

Second edition, issued 1908.

*Edited, with an Introduction,
Biographical and Critical, by
GEORGE MILNER, M.A.*

Oldham : W. E. Clegg.

London : Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Ltd.

Manchester : { John Heywood Ltd.
Abel Heywood & Son.

PK
4878
L 83 A14
1908

INTRODUCTION.

I.

IN presenting this latest edition of Laycock's poems, it seems desirable to give some idea of the nature and extent of previous issues. Local literature of this kind (and especially dialectal literature) is generally supposed to make its appeal to a very limited circle of readers, and to command only a small circulation. A few bibliographical notes will shew that this is not always the case. Laycock's writings have appeared in many forms, and have extended over a period of more than forty years. His first small volume of "Poems and Songs," having reference chiefly to the Cotton Famine, was published in 1864. It was, as he said himself, but "a little bantling," but it was very well received by the public, and the favourable opinions expressed by competent critics in the press gave him an unexpected pleasure. In 1875 an enlarged edition was issued, and this also received an encouraging welcome. For several years these two volumes were out of print, and in 1893 he was advised by many friends to bring out in one large volume a complete collection of the best of his life's

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work. This made its appearance under the title of "Warblin's Fro' an Owd Songster," and was issued to subscribers only. A further edition of 700 copies immediately followed, and a third edition of 1,000, slightly enlarged, was published in 1894. In this volume many new pieces were inserted. In his preface the author said—"In bringing out this more presentable and pretentious volume, I feel that I should be ungrateful if I did not express my indebtedness to the artists, and other friends, who have so willingly and generously assisted me in my efforts to make my latest work successful. Although compelled to exclude from this collection a large number of poems and songs of a private nature, and others relating to subjects of passing interest, I venture to think that in what I now submit to the public, it will be seen that I have always had before me some well-defined and useful object."

In addition to these volumes, several short stories in dialect have been given in pamphlet-form, and of some, the most popular poems, such as "Bonny Brid" and "Bowton's Yard," many thousands were issued as broad-sheet ballads. In 1900 an entirely new edition of the Poems, etc., was sent forth under the title of "The Collected Writings of Samuel Laycock." This is now practically exhausted, and the present edition is intended to take its place. Having carefully considered the whole of Laycock's various and often-revised publications the writer believes that the edition of 1908 may be regarded

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as a complete presentation of all his best work, and especially of all that he himself would have desired to include.

II.

Samuel Laycock, although identified with Lancashire both by long residence and by the character of his writings, was born at Intake Head in Marsden, near Huddersfield, on the 17th of January, 1826. The illustration given in this volume of the Intake Head, portrays a forlorn and dilapidated farmstead on the moors, but in Laycock's youth it must have been a bright and cheerful place. He describes it himself in an enthusiastic reminiscence—

It was upon thy lovely hills,
Thy running brooks, and murmuring rills,
These eyes just learned to gaze ;
And often in thy meadows green,
In youthful sport might I be seen
The butterfly to chase.

We gather from his poems that his grandfather was a farmer with a "big Roman nose," and a "full brain-pon"—lusty and hale at eighty, "An owd-fashioned Yorkshire John Bull." It is not without significance that in his thirteenth year Laycock had the run of this farmhouse on the moors, and familiarised himself with those rural sights and sounds which occasionally lend a grace to

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verses written in later years amid surroundings uncongenial and depressing. The poet's father, John Laycock, was a handloom weaver, and had hard work to make a living, for in 1826 trade was bad and food dear—flour costing six shillings a dozen. In his poem, "Welcome, Bonny Brid," he alludes to this—

Aw've often yeard ni feyther tell
'At when aw coom in th' world misel'
Trade wur slack.

At six years of age Laycock was fortunate in being sent for a short time to a day school. This implies some self-denial on the part of his parents, for it was not uncommon for children to begin work even at the early age of six. Then, as usual, there came the Sunday School. Only those who are familiar with the days of which we are writing will know what an immense influence the Sunday Schools in Lancashire had upon the lives of the working people, not only in regard to religious training, but also in reference to their education, to the alleviation of distress, and to the provision of such social enjoyments as were possible to them. At the Sunday School which Laycock attended writing was taught as well as reading, and it is said that he acquired at this early age that free and flowing hand which distinguished his penmanship through life. He says himself—"So far as I can recollect, we seldom, if ever, missed going to school and chapel on Sundays. My father used to carry on his back those of us who were too young to walk." And again—

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“Our parents were very strict with us, and made us keep good hours, and always attend school and chapel on Sundays. I can easily see now, at my advanced age, what a blessing this must have been, especially to a man of my sensitive temperament, to be surrounded by so many good influences, and kept from so many temptations.”

In estimating the future career of Laycock these simple records are not unimportant. We see how the man was made. That filial affection was one of his virtues his poems testify. Of his father he writes—

Support and cheer my Sire, whose hoary head
And furrowed cheeks bespeak a host of cares ;
Since one by one his earthly joys have fled,
And sorrows mark his last declining years.

And from the same poem-- “A Tribute to his Mother”—one stanza may be quoted—

Those loving eyes watched o’er me, while as yet
A child, unconscious of a mother’s care ;
Alas ! since then those eyes have oft been wet,
Those lips for me breathed many a fervent prayer.

At nine years old Laycock began work in a woollen-mill, his wage being two shillings a week. The hours of labour were, as was usual then, very exacting, and the poor stripling had to labour from six in the morning till eight in the evening, with brief respite for meals ; but even with so little leisure at his disposal the work of self-improvement went on ; and in the early summer mornings, and the late winter evenings, the young lad

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was busy with his book and pen. It is a familiar and often-told tale, full of deepest pathos—the struggle for bread and the grim fight for knowledge going on contemporaneously.

When he was eleven years old the family removed to Stalybridge. There he got employment as a power-loom weaver. It is said that his first effort at rhyming was written on a “cop ticket,” and was addressed to a fellow-operative. After seventeen years labour at the loom he got what to him was a “lift in the world,” becoming a “cloth-looker” at various mills in Stalybridge and Dukinfield, but in 1862 the Civil War in America, and the Cotton Famine which resulted, brought unparalleled disaster upon Lancashire, and Laycock, with thousands of others, was thrown out of employment. In Stalybridge alone there were seven thousand operatives “out of work.” Deeply moved by the acute suffering which surrounded him on every side, the spirit was kindled within him, and he began to write his Famine Songs. Week by week they were published in the local papers, and large numbers were issued as broad-sheet ballads. Many of these were learnt by heart and sung by lads and lasses in the streets of the town. In the end Laycock found himself famous both personally and by name. No doubt the accident of the Cotton Famine stirred his rhyming faculty into activity, but in a poem which he read on the occasion of a public dinner given to Edwin Waugh in 1887, he gives credit for the initial inspiration to his friend and brother bard:—

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Well, for mitch 'at aw've done, Waugh, aw have to thank thee ;
When aw first saw 'Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me,'
It worked on mi mind like a charm or a spell ;
Th' result wur, aw started o' scribblin' misel' !
It's to thee 'at aw owe mi *first* Lancashire lay ;
It's for thee 'at aw'm croonin' this *last* un to-day.

After giving up his work as a cotton-operative, Laycock had many vicissitudes and many occupations. For six years he was engaged as librarian and hall-keeper at the Stalybridge Mechanics' Institute, and acted as curator to the Addison Literary Club which had recently been formed in the town. He was also, at a later date, curator to the Whitworth Institute at Fleetwood. One of his unsuccessful attempts at "making a living" was the starting of a book-stall in the Oldham Market Place. This proved to be a humiliating failure. He said himself that he often stood a whole day by his stock without selling a single book. "If he had sold quack medicines," he said, "or pills, or black puddings, or books on how to make a good 'divi.,' he might have done a brisk business, but such books as he sold were, in those days, at a discount in Oldham." It is pleasant to find that during the time of his stay in Oldham—a time of adversity both for himself and his family, he had a splendid helpmeet in his wife, who was "one of the hardest working women ever known."

In later life Laycock's health, which was never very robust, began to make him apprehensive, and he took up his permanent residence at Blackpool. Here he carried on successfully a small business, and grew stronger. He

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seemed to enjoy his life at Blackpool. The sea was a great delight to him. His poem on the "Ocean," though the subject is outside the scope of his muse, is not without touches approaching sublimity curiously mingled with his characteristic humour. One verse will bear quoting—

Folk 'at feel ther's summat wantin' ;
Drinkers deep o' sorrow's cup ;
These should yer thy merry chantin',
Bless us, tha'd soon cheer 'em up !
Oh, an' tha'rt a kind physician ;
Well it is tha wants no fee ;
Weakly folk i' my condition
Couldn't pay, they'd ha' to dee.

Laycock's death came suddenly, from an acute attack of bronchitis, on the 15th of December, 1893. He had reached the age of sixty-seven. He was buried in the Blackpool Cemetery. On his gravestone there is inscribed the following verse from J. R. Lowell :—

Thou art not idle ; in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what is dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

In reviewing the simple story of Laycock's life, it is a satisfaction to find that recognition of his moral worth and of his mental talent (exercised though it was in a humble sphere) was not denied to him, as is so often the case, until after his death. His pilgrimage had been hard enough without its being embittered by absolute neglect. The Manchester Literary Club made him an honorary member, and the Burnley Literary and Philo-

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sophical Society gave him the same distinction. On leaving Stalybridge to take up the appointment in Fleetwood, already alluded to, he was presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address. Subsequently a general presentation was made to him by a large number of admirers. This consisted of a purse containing one hundred and twenty pounds, and a number of books and pictures, the latter being the work of local artist-friends in Oldham; and, lastly, a few months before his death the Blackpool Town Council placed him on its Free Libraries Committee. We can imagine how greatly he would value this particular distinction, and how the recognition implied would be a comfort to the old man in his last hours.

Mr. Laycock's personal appearance was striking and singular, approaching even to oddity and the grotesque. An intimate and valued friend has thus described the impression left on his mind by a first interview—"His portrait I had never seen, but from his writings I had formed an idea in my mind that the author must be a fine, rollicking sort of a Lancashire fellow. To my utter astonishment I found him to be a thin, slim and wiry person, delicate and pale as a spring flower. He seemed all nerve and brain, his fine and well-developed forehead being the most conspicuous part of his body. But what most impressed me at that time was his childlike simplicity, the transparency of his mind, and the gentleness of his heart." A Lancashire acquaintance once described

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him as "being o' yed (head), an' not mich of a body to spake on." To the present writer his personality was always deeply interesting and pathetic. The elements were strangely mixed. You could see in him the marks of his early struggle for bare life. Timidity seemed to be mingled with combativeness, natural modesty with occasional self-assurance and defiance of the conventions and accidents of life ; and after you left him you were haunted by the melancholy and yet gleaming eyes deep-sunken under his white and protruding forehead. Such was his exterior. Of his general character it may be truly said that he did his best to live the pure and simple life, temperate in all things, in fact, a total abstainer—a generous helper with time and talent in many good causes, and ever ready to look at the bright side of things, indeed, in his own way, as thorough an optimist as Browning, both with regard to the world which is, and the world which is to come. In every sense he was a son of the people. He spoke from their very midst, and never affected to pass beyond the social lines of the labouring poor. Their trials and struggles, their sorrows and joys, their aspirations and their regrets were all his. For the fine gentleman and his fine ways he had no sympathy ; respectability in its ordinary sense irritated him, and if ever he indulged in a touch of scorn, it was in relation to those who ape the manners of the class above them. This feeling finds strong expression in his verses on "A Respectable Mon"—

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Aw con boast noather heawses nor londs,
An' wealthy relations aw've noan ;
But aw've gotten mi brains an' mi honds,
An' thank God ! aw con co' these mi own.

Aw've no patience wi dandified gents !
One's sick o' so mitch o' this pride ;
They're soakin' wi hair-oil an' scents,
But there isn't mitch else beside !

III.

Some attempt may now be made to estimate Laycock's position among the group of dialectal writers who have made themselves famous in Lancashire. Upon all of them the example of Burns had undoubtedly a considerable influence. Like him they were comparatively uneducated, like him they all belonged to the working class, and they found, as he did, both subject and inspiration in depicting the life and manners of the poor. It is no wonder that this should be so, for even a poet of the highest eminence like Wordsworth, when dealing with the lives of the common people, as he loved to do, owed much to the influence of Burns. To say, as has been frequently said, that one, at least, of Laycock's poems is "worthy of the best efforts of Burns" is to give him the highest possible meed of praise.

In comparing Laycock with our other dialectal writers, it should be said that Bamford, and Waugh, and Brierley wrote much more in prose than in verse. The prose of

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the two first is often of the finest kind. That of Brierley was on a lower level, but it was effective for its purpose. It abounded in rough humour, and had a good deal of dramatic force. Waugh's verse had the touch of genius, whether he wrote in literary English or in the dialect, though the latter includes, quite naturally, all his best work. Brierley's verse is never equal to his prose, and is small in quantity. Laycock wrote little either in prose or in undialectal verse, but his production in dialectal rhyme far exceeds that of all the others in quantity. It must be said that in poetic quality it is not equal to that of Waugh; but, on the other hand, it is much wider in its range. It may be fairly said that no other local writer has given so complete a picture of the life of our Lancashire working folk. He literally runs through the whole gamut of their virtues and their failings, their humours and their oddities. Apart from the influence of Burns, which, of course, was general rather than specific, Laycock may be credited with originality. There are slight echoes now and then from Waugh, whom he acknowledged as his master, and the spirit of his writing is often akin to that which we find in Bamford's noble poem, "God help the Poor;" but, on the whole, his work is his own, and it is done in his own way. He has a quiet, homely manner of telling his stories, and often, when their simplicity seems most prominent, your attention is arrested by his striking in unexpectedly with a witty *aside*, or a touch of dry

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humour, which is usually *very dry*. His greatest power undoubtedly lay in the delineation of character. His power of observation, originally strong, had been sharpened by long practice. He could observe, dissect, and appraise. He had a keen eye for varying shades of good and evil, and a certain shrewdness never deserted him—a shrewdness which is characteristic of the Scot, and also of the men of the two Counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, to each of which he owed his descent.

There is no difficulty in deciding that the highest place in Laycock's Poems should be given to his "Welcome, Bonny Brid." This goes by general consent, and it is no doubt better known than any other. It was written during the Cotton Famine distress, and came straight from the heart. He said himself that he never wrote a poem in so short a space of time, and that then, if ever, he was under the spell of inspiration. A small volume of his poems was then in the press, and "Bonny Brid" was, fortunately, just in time to be inserted. It ensured the success of the book. So great was the anxiety to possess this particular poem that the author issued it in broad-sheet form, and many thousands of copies were circulated in this manner. Its popularity and mode of issue had only been equalled by Waugh's "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me." The two following verses from the poem, in their heartiness and homely simplicity, as well as in their faithful rendering of the Lancashire type and idiom, give the key to the success which attended

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Laycock's work in this poem and in many others—

God bless thi, love ! a'wm fain tha'rt come
Just try and mak' thisel awwhoam :

Here's thi nest ;
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, aw'm blest !

“ But tho' we've childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee,

Bless thee, lad !
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we have i'th' nest,
So hutch up closer to mi breast ;
Aw'm thi dad.

“ Bowton's Yard ” ranks next, we think, to “ Bonny Brid.” As the various tenants in the yard come up for delineation their portraits are sketched with a minute and unerring touch—they are all done to the life. Poor Jack, who is rather lame, and who is kept down in the world by too big a family of “ childer ”—“ Aw think they'n nine or ten.” Then there is the old cobbler who mends the poet's shoon—

He's gettin' very wake an' done, he'll ha' to leeov us soon ;
He reads his Bible every day, an' sings just loike a lark,
He says he's practisin' for heaven—he's welly done his wark.

In contrast to the cobbler comes James Bowton, the owner of the “ row ”—

He's allus plenty o' summat t'ate, an' lots o' brass an' o ;
An' when he rides or walks abeawt he's dressed up very fine,
But he isn't hawve as near to heaven as him at number nine.

“ Bowton's Yard ” was very successful as a recitation among Lancashire audiences, and was followed by two

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poems in the same vein—"Quality Row," and "A Second Visit to Quality Row." Both these are excellent, although, perhaps, a little too long drawn out. The verses entitled—"Ther's no good i' ceaw'rin' i'th' dust," is a complete epitome of the Cotton Famine experiences, and a rousing plea for cheerfulness and endurance on the part of the sufferers—

Let's noan look so deawncast an' sad,
Ther's things i'th' world yet 'at's worth seein',
As lung as ther's life to be had,
It's no use o' talkin' o' deein'.

It cannot be doubted that this poem and one called the "Sewin' Class Song," popularised as they were by being sung in the streets, must have had a considerable influence in keeping up the spirits of the workless and half-starved operatives.

We have dwelt on Laycock's Cotton Famine poems because they were his earliest productions, and most intimately connected with his name; but it must not be supposed that his verses on general subjects, and of a later date, are not equal in quality to those which preceded them. Some of these later poems remind us of the quaint sententiousness which we find in our earlier poets. Among these is a charming poem, in dialect, with the title "What aw loike," a brief reflection on "Life," and "Thank God for o' these bonny Fleawers." Three little poems called "Coartin' Days" and "Coartin' Neets" shew that, like his brother-bards, he knew how to handle the subject of "Love's Young Dream." We

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must not omit the mention of a pathetic poem called "Starved to Death," which would serve as an appropriate text for those among us to-day who are forcing upon the nation the necessity for immediate amelioration in the condition of the poor and aged. The poems in literary English are not numerous. The best of them are "God help us" and "Sunshine and Shade."

It is not necessary now to say anything in defence of the use of dialect. Its importance in regard to philological study has been freely admitted, and Professor Joseph Wright's monumental Dialect Dictionary has set upon it the seal of authority. But beyond this it may be urged that it is still, over a wide range, a living form of speech, and that it expresses certain ideas, describes certain traditional manners and customs, and embodies peculiar ways of looking at things which cannot be so adequately done through the medium of literary English. Laycock's own modest plea is sufficient—"I trust I have not wholly failed to pourtray the worthy sentiments of lowly Lancashire folk in their own familiar dialect." It may be said that Laycock's dialect is not so pure as that of Waugh or Bamford, who gave us the unadulterated speech of the lonely moorland villages, but it gives, with perfect faithfulness, the talk of the Lancashire mill-operative, just as Brierley did, and it includes a wide range of pithy sayings and of shrewd household proverbs, which have passed from earlier generations down to the present time.

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One other thing should be set down to Laycock's credit—his rhythm is singularly correct if you read his lines in the way which the dialect demands; and this was owing, we believe, not to his education or to a knowledge of the technical elements of versification, but to his having been endowed with a naturally good ear for the music of verse. We have reserved for a concluding quotation one brief poem which, within its short compass is, in the writer's opinion, more perfect than any other of his pieces. Other, and loftier bards—John Keats and Leigh Hunt, to wit—have sung of the household cricket. Let Laycock take his turn—

TO A CRICKET.

I.

Sing on, ther's nobbut thee an me ;
We'll mack th' heawse ring, or else we'll see.
Thee sing thoose little songs o' thine,
As weel as t' con, an' aw'll sing mine.
We'll have a concert here to-neet,
Soa pipe thi notes eawt clear an' sweet :
Thee sing a stave or two for me,
An' then aw'll sing a bit for thee.

II.

That's reet, goa on, mi little guest,
Theaw tries to do thi very best,
An' aw'll do th' same, then thee an' me
May get eawr names up yet tha'll see.
Why, th' childer's listenin' neaw at th' door ;
Ther's creawds abeawt ! ther' is for shure.
Heaw pleased they seem,—dear little things !—
Aw'd sooner sing for them nur kings.

This is true poetry, despite its humble dress, and it is

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a pity Laycock did not give us more in the same manner. Of such a quaint fancy, Herrick, himself, would not have been ashamed.

GEORGE MILNER.

OCTOBER, 1908.

Note.—The writer gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Alderman Trevor, of Newton Heath, and Mr. Sim Schofield, of Moston, for assistance rendered, especially with regard to the facts of Laycock's life.

During the production of this edition, it has been suggested that a few poems should be added to those already in the text. These, together with three additional illustrations, which were published in "*Warblin's fro an Owd Songster*," will follow this introduction.

G. M.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

OWD PLAYMATES.

OWD PLAYMATES.

WHEER are my dear owd playmates neaw—
Thoose lads aw loved so weel ?
Wheer's Allen Ridgway, Jemmy Breawn,
An' little Bobby Steel ?
An' that dear lad 'at used to come
An' play wi' me i'th' fowd,
Wi' th' dimpled chin, an' rosy cheeks,
An' curly locks o' gowd ?

It's gotten thirty year, an' moor,
Sin' we we'rn lads at th' schoo' ;
Heaw toime goes trudgin' on, for sure !
An' foalk go with it too.
But, oh ! aw've noan forgotten yet
Thoose childish sports o' eawrs—
Rompin' abeawt o'er hill an' dale,
'Mong moss, an' ferns, an' fleawers.

Wheer are they neaw—those playful lads ?
Wheer's honest-hearted Will,
'At used to come fro' Whiteley Ho'
An' lodge wi' Missis Gill ?
He's long bin restin' in his grave ;
Poor lad ! he geet a cowl,
An' th' scarlet faver took him off,
When short o' nine year owd.

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Dick Lunn's alive an' hearty yet,
But isn't hawve as gay :
No foot-bo punsin' neaw for him,
Nor rowlin' o'er i'th' hay ;
He's toathry wrinkles on his broo,
An' care-worn, too, aw see ;
No deawt he's had some hardish rubs,
An' worse for wear, like me.

An' then there's Widow Simpson's lad—
Poor thing ! he deed when young.
Aw fancy aw can see him yet,
An' yer his prattlin' tongue.
It broke his poor owd mother's heart,
To lose her hope an' pride ;
An' neaw i'th' country churchyard, yon,
They're lyin' side bi side.

Aw loved to linger near that grave ;
Aw've sat theer scores o' heawrs ;
An' th' silent tears aw've letten fo,
Han moisten'd th' fair wild fleawers ;
An' tho' ther's some may reckon this
Unworthy brain or pen,
Aw'm glad to think, an' preawd to own,
We'd childer's feelin's then.

Heaw are we neaw—thoose on us left ?
Is sympathy asleep ?
Or do we laugh wi' thoose 'at laugh ?
An' weep wi' thoose 'at weep ?
Has age improved us ? Are these hearts
More manly, kind, an' true ?

OWD PLAYMATES.

Or han we less good feelin' neaw
Nor when we'rn lads at th' schoo ?
Let's hope we're better, an' as age
Creeps o'er us, may we feel
At th' bit o' toime we'n bin i'th' world
We'n fowt loife's battle weel.
An' may thoose lads 'at deed when young,
An' thoose 'at live t' be owd,
O meet ogen wheer every yead
Shall wear a creawn o' gowd !

TO MY OWD FRIEND, THOMAS KENWORTHY.

THESE strokes come thick an' heavy, mon ;
But bear 'em bravely iv tha con,
Brother Bard.
Tha's had thi share o' grief, aw know,
An' fowt loife's battles here below
Lung an' hard.
That yead o' thine is gettin' gray ;
Aw see it's lateish on i' th' day
Wi' thee, lad.
But come, cheer up, mon, things ull mend,
Aw dunno loike to see a friend
Lookin' sad.
One's had the'r cares as weel as thee ;
Tha's noan had mony moor nor me,
That awm sure.

TO MY OWD FRIEND, THOMAS KENWORTHY.

But, then, tha knows ther's nob'dy beawt,
So th' ills we conno get witheawt
Let's endure.

O' sickness, death, want, grief, an' care,
Ther's some foalks get a biggish share—
Moor nor's sweet.

It's noan so pleasant kissin' th' rod ;
But come, mon, put thi trust i' God,
He'll do reet.

Tha's noan so fur to tramp, owd friend,
Tha's welly reached thi journey's end,
Trudge along.
Thi fiddle's mony a toime bin strung,
An aw've noa deawt but what tha's sung
Mony a sung.

But, neaw, owd mon, thi days are few,
So iv ther's owt tha has to do,
Do it soon.
An' th' bit o' toime tha has to stop,
Get ready for another shop
Up aboon.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DROWNED.

LADS ! doff yo'r hats, an' gether reawnd,
An' listen to mi sung,
Mi subject's rayther painful, so
Aw'll not detain yo' lung.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DROWNED.

Yon' happen heard o' th' wreck we'n had,
So near this stormy coast,
O' th' sad mishaps to th' lifeboat crews,
An' th' precious lives we'n lost.

It's bad enough to hear these tales,
Or read what's put i' print ;
But what mun be th' effects o' th' storm
To thoose poor chaps 'at's in't :
When seated cosily i' th' nook,
It's little we can know
O' th' foamin' billows meawntains high,
Or th' stormy winds 'at blow !

Eh, bless yo', lads ! aw mind that neet,
That fatal neet to some ;
Aw're sit deawn readin' th' *Evenin' News*,
I' this mi sea-side whoam,
When th' woind i' th' chimney 'gan to roar,
At length it blew a gale ;
An' th' windows fairly rattled, lads,
Wi' th' peltin' rain an' hail.

Aw looked at th' woife, who, just at th' toime,
Sat knittin' in her cheer,
An' said, " It's gettin' fearful, lass ;
There'll be some wrecks, aw fear !"
Yo' know the end—th' bad news 'at coome ;
Th' next morning' when aw woke,
Aw're haue prepared to hear th' sad words
Mi sorrowin' neighbours spoke :—

Heaw two brave crews had faced that sea,—
Ah, one o' th' stormiest known—

A TRIBUTE TO THE DROWNED.

An' tryin' t' rescue other lives
Had sacrificed the'r own !
Sad news wur this ! As th' day wore on,
It only proved too true ;
Saint Annes and Southport boats wur lost,
An' th' biggest part o' th' crew.

While these sad scenes were takkin' place
That stormy neet i' th' dark,
Th' brave Lytham crew wur eawt, an' proved
Successful i' the'r wark.
Ah, these brave fellows put to sea,
An' fowt booath wind an' waves,
Till every man on th' " Mexico "
Wur saved fro' watery graves !

Well, th' next we yeard wur—Coxs'n Bob
Wur launchin' th' Blackpool boat ;
An' th' Samuel Fletcher, wi' her crew,
Wur very soon afloat.
They went as close as they could think
To wheer th' sad wreck had been ;
But, as yo' known, lads, o wur vain,
No boats nor bodies seen.

Aw'll say no moor ; yo' known the rest,
Heaw widows grieve an' mourn ;
An' little childer cry for th' dads
They'll never see return.
Heaw aged parents mourn the'r sons,
An' social ties are rent ;
Heaw th' nation's moved fro' end to side,
At this most sad event !

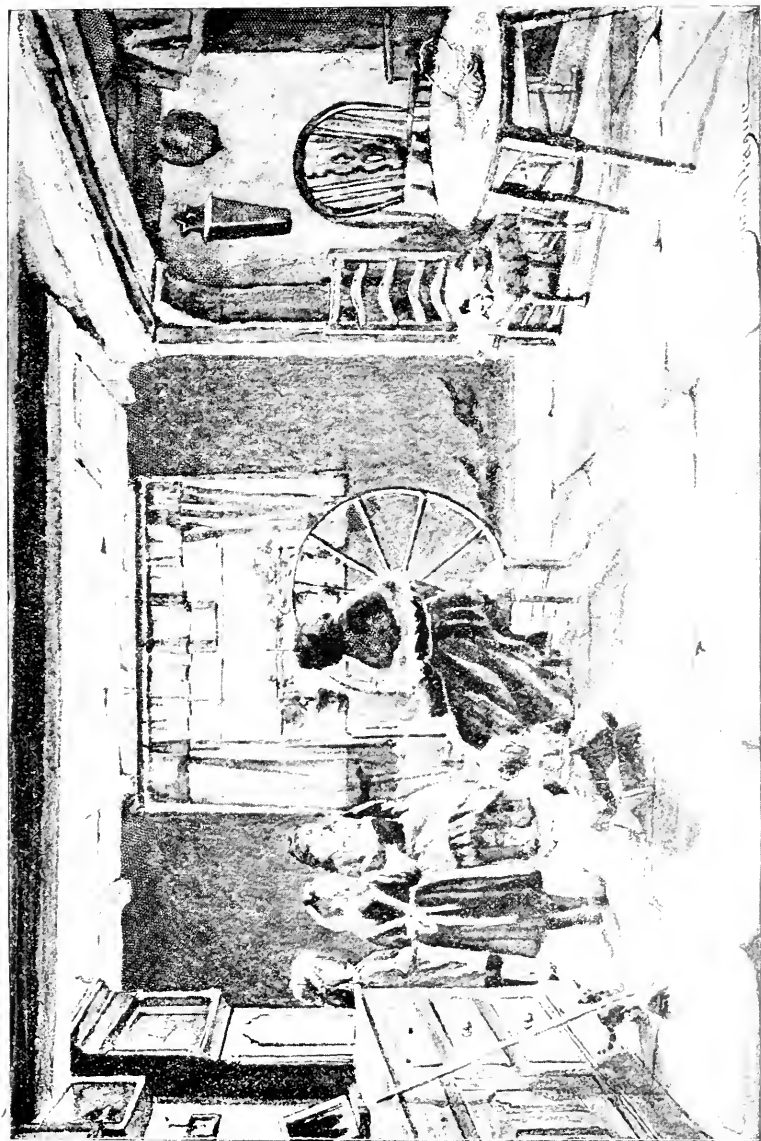
A TRIBUTE TO THE DROWNED.

Well, lads, aw've done, put on your hats,
Yo'n heard mi plaintive lay ;
It's th' saddest song aw've had to sing
For mony an' mony a day.
Aw've pleaded th' boatmen's cause afore,
Aw'll plead it once ogen ;
For God's not made ow't nobler yet,
Nor these brave Lifeboat Men !

MY GARDEN.

MY home is my Garden, and thousands of hours,
Have I tended and watched o'er my plants and
my flowers,
And this heart often throbs in my bosom for fear,
Lest the Spoiler should rob me of what I hold dear.
It's but a few weeks ago, thinking all right,
I retired from my watching to rest for the night,
When the Angel of Death, in the dark midnight hour,
Bore away from my garden a favourite flower.
O what anguish I felt, as I stooped o'er the bed,
And knew that the soul of that dear one had fled !
Let us cherish, and love, these dear flowers while we may,
Since we know not how soon death may take them away.
Let us train the young plants which our Father hath
given.
Till His own loving hand shall transplant them to heaven.

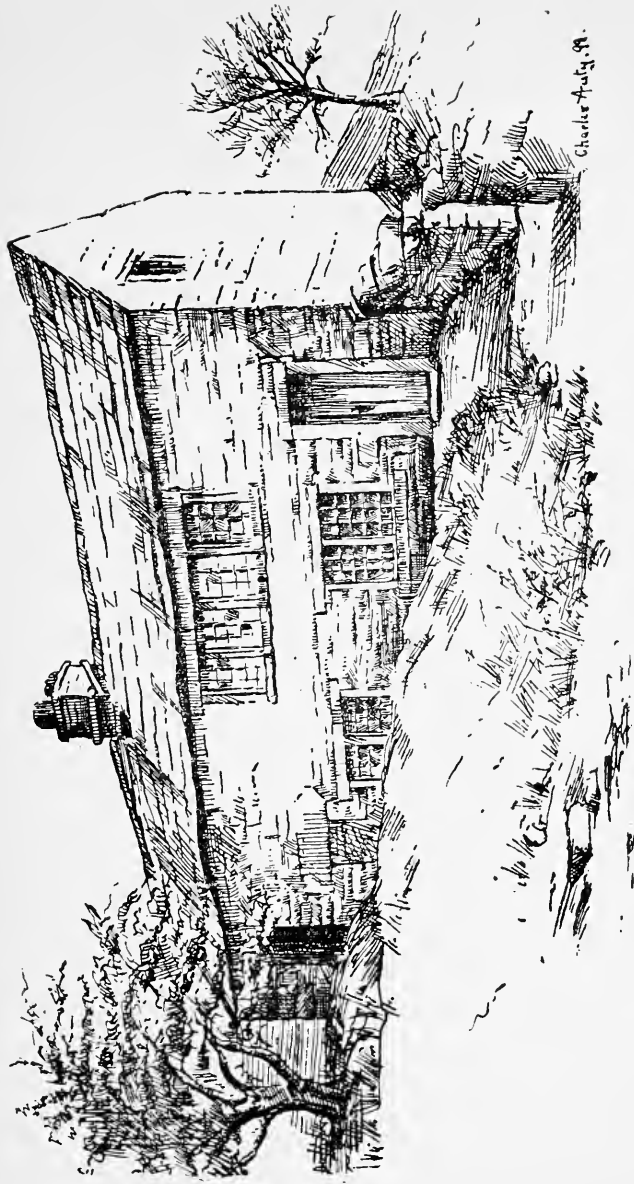
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"AT NUMBER ONE I BOWTON'S YARD, MI GRONNY KEEPS A SCHOOL"



"AT NUMBER NINE TH' OWD COBLER LIVES."



INTAKE HEAD, MARSDEN (BIRTHPLACE OF SAMUEL LAYCOCK).

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COLLECTED WRITINGS

POEMS AND SONGS

IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

LANCASHIRE LYRICS WRITTEN DURING THE
COTTON FAMINE, 1861-5.

I.

WELCOME, BONNY BRID

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i'th' world misel'
Trade wur slack;
And neaw its hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee,—iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;—
An', as tha's sich a pratty face
Aw'll let thi have eawr Charley's place
On mi knee.

WELCOME, BONNY BRID

God bless thi, love! aw'm fain tha'rt come,
Just try and mak' thisel awhoam:

Here's thi nest;
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, aw'm blest!

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
Aw am no' blamin' thee, not I;
Settle deawn,
An' tak' this haupney for thisel',
Ther's lots of sugar-sticks to sell
Deawn i'th' teawn.

Aw know when first aw coom to th' leet,
Aw're fond o' owt 'at tasted sweet;
Tha'll be th' same.
But come, tha's never tow'd thi dad
What he's to co thi yet, mi lad,
What's thi name?

Hush! hush! tha mustn't cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush-a-babby, hush-a-bee,—
Oh, what a temper!—dear-a-me
Heaw tha skrikes!
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee



GOD BLESS THU, LOVE! AW'M FAIN THA'RT COME,

WELCOME, BONNY BRID

Owt tha likes.

We've nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But, eawt o' this tha'll get thi share,

Never fear.

Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel

While tha'rt here.

Thi feyther's noan been wed so lung,
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' thrung

Wi' yo' o.

Besides thi little brother Ted,
We've one upsteers, asleep i' bed,

Wi' eawr Joe.

But tho' we've childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee,

Bless thee, lad!

Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we have i'th' nest,
So hutch up closer to mi breast;

Aw'm thi dad.

THER'S NO GOOD I' CEAW'RIN'

II.

THER'S NO GOOD I' CEAW'RIN' I'TH' DUST

COME, Dick, let's have howd o' thi hond,
Whot a dreadful lung face tha keeps pooin'.
These bad toimes tha'll ne'er manage to stond,
Except tha minds weel whot tha'rt doin'.
Iv aw've owt i' mi heawse or mi purse,
'At tha'rt really i'th' need on, aw'll lend it,
Aw see thi owd cooat's gettin' worse,
But aw'll look thi a patch up to mend it.

Aw wish aw'd mi hat full o' gowd,
Aw'd mak' someb'dy glad wi' mi givin';
Aw'd miss neather young folk nor owd,
'At wanted a lift wi' the'r livin'.
Ther's theawsands o' poor folk, aw know,
O'er hard times an' poverty grievin';
Ther's one or two lives i'th' next row
Aw should feel rare an' preawd o' reliev'in'.

But it happens aw'm poor, like the'rse',
An' aw know very weel they're noan shammin';
Bless thi, Dick, lad, ther's nob'dy con tell
Heaw lung we're to keep on a-clammin'.
They should help us a bit, them as con,

THER'S NO GOOD I' CEAW'RIN'

Or some'll ne'er live to see th' end on't!
Ther's mony a poor woe-stricken mon,
Would be glad ov assistance, depend on't!

We'n lots o' brave fellows i'th' street,
Low-spirited, deawncast, an' needy,
Wi' hardly a shoe to the'r feet.
An' cooats o' the'r backs gettin' seedy.
It's hard when a chap's done his best,
Boath i' plannin', an' savin', an' strivin',
To keep th' little brids i' the'r nest,
An' yet cannot get 'em a livin'.

But its no use o' whinin' loike this,
Th' dark cleawd 'll gi' way for a breeter;
Aw'll gi' mi owd woman a kiss.
An' then tune up mi poipe, an' sing sweeter.
Let's noan look so deawncast an' sad,
Ther's things i'th' world yet 'at's worth seein',
As lung as ther's life to be had,
It's no use o' talkin' o' deein'.

Ther's no good i' ceaw'rin' i'th' dust,
Iv aw wur to have mi own choosin,
Afore aw'd be covered wi' rust,
Aw'd wear eawt wi' rubbin' an' usin'.
Aw'll try an' aw'll keep up mi yead,
Though aw live a few months upo' shoddy,
Aw'm determined aw'll never go dead,
As lung as aw've soul i' mi body.

Go whoam, Dick, an' streighten thi face,
An' keep it as streight as tha'rt able,

THER'S NO GOOD I' CEAW'RIN'

An' aw'll warrant tha'll see better days,
An' plenty o' mate on thi table.
Dunno skulk i' this world loike a meawse,
Howd thi yead up, an' keep up thi courage ;
Iv tha'rt clammin', just co at eawr heawse,
An' aw'll gi' thi a spoonful o' porridge.

Ne'er fret abeaut th' toimes bein' bad,
For they'll mend again sometime, depend on't.
Ther'll be plenty o' wark to be had,
An' plenty o' wage, too, at th' end on't.
Let us bid care an' trouble good-neet,
For ther's ne'er no good i' repinin' ;
Look up ! iv it's noan i' one's seet,
Yon sun up above s allus shinin'.

AW'VE HARD WARK

III.

AW'VE HARD WARK TO HOWD UP MI YEAD

WHEEREVER aw trudge neaw-a-days,
Aw'm certain to see some owd friend
Lookin' anxiously up i' mi face,
An' axin' when times are beawn t' mend.
Aw'm surprised heaw folk live, aw declare,
Wi' th' clammin' an' starvin' they'n stood;
God bless 'em, heaw patient they are!
Aw wish aw could help 'em, aw would.

But really aw've nowt aw con give,
Except it's a bit ov a song,
An' th' Muses han hard wark to live,
One's bin hamper'd an' powfagg'd so long;
Aw've tried to look cheerful an' bowd,
An' yo' know what aw've written an' said,
But iv truth mun be honestly towd,
Aw've hard wark to howd up mi yead!

Ther'll be some on us missin' aw deawt
Iv ther' isn't some help for us soon;
We'n bin jostled an' tumbled abeawt,
Till we're welly o knocked eawt o' tune;
Eawr Margit, hoo frets an' hoo cries,

AW'VE HARD WARK

As hoo sits theer, wi' th' choilt on her knee.
An aw connot blame th' lass, for hoo tries
To be cheerful an' gradely wi' me.

Yon Yankees may think it's rare fun,
Kickin' up such a shindy o'th' globe;
Confound 'em, aw wish they'd get done,
For they'd weary eawt th' patience o' Job!
We shall have to go help 'em, that's clear,
Iv they dunno' get done very soon;
Iv eawr Volunteers wur o'er theer,
They'd sharpen 'em up to some tune.

Neaw it's hard for a mortal to tell
Heaw lung they may plague us this road;
Iv they'd hurt nob'dy else but the'rsel',
They met fo eawt an' feight till they'rn stow'd.
Aw think it's high time someb'dy spoke,
When so mony are cryin' for bread;
For ther's hundreds an' theawsands o' folk,
Deawn i' Lancashire, hardly hawve fed.

Th' big men, when they yer eawr complaint,
May treat it as "gammon" an' "stuff,"
An' tell us we use to' much paint,
But we dunnot daub paint on enough,
Iv they think it's noan true what we sen,
Ere they charge us wi' tellin' a lie,
Let 'em look into th' question loike men,
An' come deawn here a fortnit an' t.y.

SEWIN' CLASS SONG

IV.

SEWIN' CLASS SONG

COME, lasses, let's cheer up, an' sing, it's no use lookin'
sad,
We'll mak' eawr sewin' schoo' to ring, an' stitch away loike
mad ;
We'll try an' mak' th' best job we con o' owt we han to do,
We read an' write, an' spell an' kest, while here at th' sewin'
schoo'.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

Eawr Queen, th' Lord Mayor o' London, too, they send us
lots o' brass,
An' neaw, at welly every schoo', we'n got a sewin' class ;
We'n superintendents, cutters eawt, an' visitors an' o ;
We'n parsons, cotton mesturs, too, come in to watch us sew.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

Sin' th' war begun, an' th' factories stopped, we're badly
off, it's true.
But still we needn't grumble, for we'n noan so mich to do ;
We're only here fro' nine to four, an' han an heawer for
noon.

We noather stop so very late nor start so very soon.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

SEWIN' CLASS SONG

It's noice an' easy sittin' here, ther's no mistake i' that,
We'd sooner do it, a foine seet, nor root amung th' Shurat ;
We'n ne'er no floats to unweave neaw, we're reet enough,
 bi th' mass,
For we couldn't have an easier job nor goin' to th' sewin'
 class.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

We're welly killed wi' kindness neaw, we really are, indeed,
For everybody's tryin' hard to get us o we need ;
They'n sent us puddin's, bacon, too, an' lots o' dacent
 clo'es,
An' what they'll send afore they'n done ther's nob'dy here
 'at knows.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

God bless these kind, good-natured folk, 'at sends us o
 this stuff,
We conno tell 'em o we feel, nor thank 'em hawve enough ;
They help to find us meat an' clooas, an' eddicashun, too,
An' what creawns o, they give us wage for goin' to th' sewin'
 schoo'.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

We'n sich a chance o' larnin' neaw we'n never had afore :
An' oh, we shall be rare an' wise when th' Yankee wars are
 o'er ;
Ther's nob'dy then con puzzle us wi' owt we'n larned to do,
We'n getten polished up so weel wi' goin' to th' sewin'
 schoo'.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

Young fellows lookin' partners eawt had better come this
 way,

SEWIN' CLASS SONG

For neaw we'n larned to mak' a shirt, we're ready ony day ;
But mind, they'll ha' to ax us twice, an' mak' a deol ado,
We're gettin' rayther saucy neaw, wi' goin' to th' sewin'
schoo'.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

Ther'll be some lookin' eawt for wives when th' factories
start ogen,
But we shall never court wi' noan but dacent, sober men ;
Soa vulgar chaps, beawt common sense, will ha' no need
to come,

For sooner nur wed sich as these, we'd better stop a-whoam,

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

Come, lasses, then, cheer up an' sing, it's no use lookin' sad,
We'll mak' eawr sewin' schoo' to ring, an' stitch away loike
mad ;

We live i' hopes afore so lung, to see a breeter day,
For th' cleawd 'at's hangin' o'er us neaw is sure to blow
away.

Chorus—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an' sing, etc.

IT'S HARD TO CEAWER

V.

IT'S HARD TO CEAWER I'TH' CHIMNEY NOOK

IT'S hard to ceawer i'th' chimney nook,
Fro' weary day to day;
An' no kind word, nor lovin' look
To drive one's care away!
Mi clooas are welly o worn eawt,
An' neaw aw'm sich a seet,
Aw dunno' loike to walk abeawt
Unless it's dark at neet.

To get us bread, mi mother sowd
Eawr mattrasses an' sheets;
An' oh! it is so bitter cawd,
These frosty winter neets!
Two ladies kindly co'd one day,
An' put us deawn some shoon;
They said they'd sheets to give away,
An' we must ha' some soon.

Eawr Mary Jane's a bonny lass,
Wi' two such rosy cheeks;
Hoo goes to th' Refuge Sewin' Class,
An' has done neaw for weeks.
Poor thing! hoo's badly starved, aw know,

IT'S HARD TO CEAWER

Hoo's scarcely owt to wear;
Aw do so wish 'at somebody 'd co,
 'At's gotten owt to spare.

Her petticoats are o worn eawt;
 Her Sunday frock's i' holes;
An' then her boots—hoo's welly beawt—
 They want booath heels an' soles.
Aw wish mi feyther had a job,
 He looks so strange an' wild;
He'll sit for heawers at th' side o'th' hob,
 An' cry just like a child.

No wonder he should pine an' tret,
 An' look soa discontent;
For th' gas bill isn't 'settled yet,
 An' th' lon'lord wants his rent.
Mi mother's bin to th' shop to-neet.
 To fetch a bit o' tay;
Hoo says they hardly looken reet,
 Becose hoo conno pay.

An' who con blame 'em? Nob'dy con;
 They're wur nor us, bi th' mass!
Iv they're to pay for what they han,
 They're loike to ha' some brass;
We'n lived as careful as we con
 Aw'm sure, but after o
A great big shop score's runnin' on,
 For twothry peawnd or so.

Aw've etten bacon till aw'm sick;
 Eawr Jimmy has an' o;

IT'S HARD TO CEAWER

An' iv yo'll ax mi uncle Dick,
He'll tell yo' th' same, aw know.
Of porritch aw've had quite enoo,
For they dunno suit, aw find;
Aw conno do wi' soup an' stew,
They fill one full o' wind.

Aw'm glad o' every bit aw get,
An' rare an' thankful feel;
Aw've allus getten summat yet,
To mak' misel a meal.
Thank God! we'n never ax'd i' vain,
For folk are kind, aw'm sure;
God bless 'em o for what they'n gan;
One conno say no moor.

THE SHURAT WEAVER'S SONG

VI.

THE SHURAT WEAVER'S SONG

C ONFOUND it! aw ne'er wur so woven afore,
Mi back's welly brocken, mi fingers are sore;
Aw've bin starin' an' rootin' amung this Shurat,
Till aw'm very near gotten as bloint as a bat.

Every toime aw go in wi' mi cuts to owd Joe,
He gies mi a cursin', an' bates mi an' o;
Aw've a warp i' one loom wi' booath selvedges marr'd,
An' th' other's as bad for he's dressed it to' hard.

Aw wish aw wur fur enough off, eawt o'th' road,
For o' weavin' this rubbitch aw'm gettin' reet stow'd;
Aw've nowt i' this world to lie deawn on but straw,
For aw've nobbut eight shillin' this fortni't to draw.

Neaw aw haven't mi family under mi hat,
Aw've a woife an' six childer to keep eawt o' that;
So aw'm rayther amung it at present yo' see.
Iv ever a fellow wur puzzl't, it's me!

Iv one turns eawt to stale, folk'll co me a thief,
An' aw conno' put th' cheek on to ax for relief;
As aw said i' eawr heawse t' other neet to mi woife,

THE SHURAT WEAVER'S SONG

Aw never did nowt o' this sort i' mi loife.

One doesn't like everyone t' know heaw they are,
But we'n suffered so lung thro' this 'Merica war,
'At ther's lots o' poor factory folk getten t' fur end,
An' they'll soon be knocked o'er iv th' toimes dunno mend.

Oh, dear! iv yon Yankees could only just see
Heaw they're clemmin' an' starvin' poor weavers loike me,
Aw think they'd soon settle the'r bother, an' strive
To send us some cotton to keep us alive.

Ther's theawsands o' folk just i'th' best o' the'r days,
Wi' traces o' want plainly seen i' the'r face;
An' a future afore 'em as dreary an' dark,
For when th' cotton gets done we shall o be beawt wark.

We'n bin patient an' quiet as lung as we con;
Th' bits o' things we had by us are welly o gone;
Aw've bin trampin' so lung, mi owd shoon are worn eawt,
An' mi halliday clooas are o on 'em "up th' speawt."

It wur nobbut last Monday aw sowd a good bed—
Nay, very near gan it—to get us some bread;
Afore these bad toimes come aw used to be fat,
But neaw, bless yo'r loife, aw'm as thin as a lat!

Mony a toime i' mi loife aw'v seen things lookin' feaw,
But never as awk'ard as what they are neaw;
Iv ther' isn't some help for us factory folk soon,
Aw'm sure we shall o be knocked reet eawt o' tune.

Come, give us a lift, yo' 'at han owt to give,
An' help yo'r poor brothers an' sisters to live;

THE SHURAT WEAVER'S SONG

Be kind, an' be tender to th' needy an' poor,
An' we'll promise when th' toimes mend we'll ax yo' no
moor.

TH' OWD BARBER EAWT O' WARK

VII.

TH OWD BARBER EAWT O WARK

HERE aw'm ceawerin' beawt custom fro' mornin' to
neet,
Aw wonder what's th' matter, ther's summat noan reet ;
Heaw it is aw've nowt t' do aw conno weel tell,
Unless folk's beginnin' o' shavin' the'rsel'.
Aw should loike to do moor nor aw have done to-day,
For aw've one or two bills 'at aw'm wantin' to pay ;
An' aw'm certain o' one thing, ther'll be a foine row,
Iv aw dunno pay Turner for gildin' mi pow.
An' then ther's th' cigar chap—he's comin' this week ;
An' aw owe four-an'-sixpence to Clay for some breek.
Iv nob'dy comes in to bring me some brass,
Aw shall very soon be in a pickle, bi th' mass !
Ther's th' doctor reawnd th' corner, he used to come here,
Never missed twice a week bein' pearched i' this cheer ;
But neaw he walks past, an' ne'er gies me a co—
Aw wonder iv *he's* stopped for cotton an' o !—
As aw're comin' past Morton's front window at noon,
When aw'd bin on to Johnny M'Kay's wi' mi shoon,
Aw'll be blest iv th' owd chap wur no' cuttin' his hair
Wi' a pair o' big shears—it's true, aw declare !—
Ah ! tha'll look a foine seet when tha's finished, aw thowt :
Iv he com'd an' ax'd me' aw'd ha' cut it for nowt.

TH' OWD BARBER EAWT O' WARK

It's toime aw'd a job, for mi lather an' brush—
Hello! ther's a customer comin, neaw, hush!
Oh, it's only eawr Timothy bringin' mi tay,
Aw shall ate a deal moor nor aw've gotten to-day.
What's th' reason owd Jammie o' Ned's doesn't come?
Aw wonder iv th' woife pows an' shaves him awwhoam.
Aw know why Bob Travis ne'er gi'es me a co,
He's letten his beard an' his mustach grow;
He's tow'd me this week 'at he doesn't intend
To be shaved ony moor till trade 'gins to mend,
We shall ha' to shut up, shall us barbers, that's ole;
For we conno' pretend to find gas an' coal,
Nor we conno' pay taxes an' rates eawt o' nowt;
An' then ther's these razors, they han to be bowt,
Besides other matters one has abeawt th' place,
Sich as hair oil, an' teawels for wipin' the'r face;
Ther's mi lather brush, hair brush, ther's soap an' th' glass,
An' that great big wesh-bowl— they o tacken brass.
When one's nowt comin' in mich it acts very bad,
It's enough to mak' people i' business go mad.
Neaw things wurno' soa when aw oppen'd this room.
For aw couldn't attend folk as fast as they coom.
Jem Thompson, poor chap, he's no better nor me,
He says he con hardly mak' ends meet an' tee;
An' he used to do rarely, did Jim, he did so,
For he mends umbrellas, grinds razors, an' o.
Aw wish aw wur single, aw'd hook it fro' here,
Aw'd sell o mi razors, mi strop, an' this cheer;
Aw'd soon steer mi bark on th' owd ocean's wave,
For aw'd go to see iv th' Yankees wur wantin' a shave.
Iv aw didn't succeed, an' could get nowt to eight,
Aw could 'list for a sodier, an' help 'em to feight.

TH' OWD BARBER EAWT O' WARK

But aw'll go an' shut up, while ther's middlin' o' leet,
For ther's nob'dy wants powin' an' shavin' to-neet.
Aw've waited, an' waited for folk till aw'm stow'd,
But aw'll noan stond it lung, iv aw do aw'll be blow'd.
Th' idea ov a chap ceaw'rin' here bi hissel',
Singin' "Lather 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em well."
Iv aw'd someb'dy in here just to stick to mi coat,
Aw'd get 'owd ov a razor an' cut mi throat,
An' try t' other world, for ther's nowt to do here.
Aw'd go see iv they're wantin' a barber deawn theer.

GOD BLESS 'EM

VIII.

GOD BLESS 'EM, IT SHOWS THEY'N SOME THOWT

IS ther' nob'dy to thank these good folk?
No poet to scribble a line?

Aw wish aw could write yo' a song,

Aw'd mak' yo' reet welcome to mine.

Ther's Waugh, he's bin writin' for years,

An' mony a good tale too, he's tow'd;

But he says nowt abeawt these bad times,

Aw wonder, neaw, heaw he con howd.

Iv aw could draw pictures like him,

An' ceawer deawn an' write hawve as weel,

Aw'd tell folk heaw thankful aw am,

But aw couldn't tell th' hawve 'at aw feel,

When aw tak' up a papper to read,

Aw con see theer heaw ready folk are

'At helpin' poor creatures i' need,

An' givin' us o they con spare.

We'n gentlemen, ladies an' o,

As busy i'th' country as owt,

Providin' for th' Lancashire poor;

God bless 'em, it shows they'n some thowt!

GOD BLESS 'EM

Iv they'll only keep on as they do,
We shall o be rigg'd eawt very soon;
Ther's one party givin' us frocks,
An' another lot sendin' us shoon.

Th' Australians han sent us some gowd,
For feedin' an' clothin' o'th' poor;
An' they say it's noan o we mun have,
For they're busy collectin' us moor.
An' th' Indians are helpin' an' o;
Aw reckon they're grateful for th' past,
So they'll give us a bit ov a lift,
For helpin' them eawt when they'rn fast.

We'n clogs an' we'n clooas gan us neaw,
Ther's boath second-honded an' new;
Some are givin' us soup twice a week,
An' others are givin' us stew.
We're rare an' weel done to, aw'm sure,
For we're fed, an' we're clothed, an' we're towt;
They pay'n us for goin' to th' schoo',
An' gi'en us good larnin' for nowt.

God bless 'em for o 'at they've done,
An' aw hope they'll keep doin' as well,
Till th' dark cleawd 'at hangs o'er's blown away,
An' we're able to do for eawrsei'.
Excuse me for writin' these loines,
For it's no use, aw conno' be still,
As lung as they help us to live,
Aw'll thank 'em, if nob'dy else will.

AW'VE TURNED MI BIT O' GARDEN O'ER

IX.

AW'VE TURNED MI BIT O' GARDEN O'ER

A W'VE turned mi bit o' garden o'er,
An' set mi seed an' o ;
Soa neaw aw've done, aw'll rest a bit,
An' sit an' watch it grow.
It's noice to have a little spot,
Wheer one can ceawer 'em deawn,
A quiet, comfortable place,
Eawtside o'th' busy teawn,
Wheer one can sit an' smoke the'r poipe,
An' have a friendly chat,
Or read th' newspaper o'er a bit,
Or talk abeawt Shurat ;
Or listen to some owd mon's tale,
Some vet'ran come fro' th' wars ;
Aw loike to yer 'em spin the'r yarn,
An' show the'r wounds an' scars.

One neet aw thowt aw'd tak' a walk
As far as th' Hunter's Teawer,
To beg a daisy root or two :
Tom's gan me mony a fleawer.
They're bloomin' i' mi garden neaw,
Aw've sich a bonny show ;

AW'VE TURNED MI BIT O' GARDEN O'ER

Aw've daisies, pinks, carnations, too,
An' pollyants an' o.
Yo' couldn't think heaw preawd aw feel,
O' every plant an' fleawer;
Aw couldn't ha' cared for childer moor,
Aw've nursed 'em mony a heawer.
But tho' they neaw look fresh an' fair,
They'll droop the'r yeads an' dee;
They hanno lung to tarry here,
They're just loike yo' an' me.

Dark-lookin' cleawds are gatherin' reawnd,
Aw think it's beawn to rain;
Ther's nowt could pleos me better neaw,
Aw should be rare an' fain!
Mi bit o' seed wants deggin' o'er,
To help to mak' it spreawt;
It's summat loike a choild's first teeth,
'At wanten helpin' eawt.
But aw'll be off, afore aw'm wet,
It's gotten reet agate;
An' while it comes aw think aw'll get
A bit o' summat t' ate;
For oh, it is a hungry job,
This workin' eawt o'th' door;
Th' committee should alleaw for this,
An' give one rayther moor.

Aw should so loike a good blow eawt,
A feed off beefsteak pie;
But aw can ne'er get nowt loike that
Wi' th' bit aw draw, not I!

AW'VE TURNED MI BIT O' GARDEN O'ER

Aw'm glad enough o' porritch neaw,
Or tothrey cold potatoes;
Iv aw can get enoo o' these,
Aw'st do till th' factory gates.
It's welly gan o'er rainin', so
Aw'll have another look,
An' see heaw th' garden's gettin on;
An then aw'll get a book,
An' read an heawer or two for th' woife,
An' sing a bit for Ted;
Then poo mi clogs off, fasten th' doors,
An' walk upsteers to bed.

WHAT'S UP WI' THI, TUM?

X.

WHAT'S UP WI' THI, TUM?

“**M**ON, tha howds deawn thi yead loike a thief,
An' tha's noan gotten th' pluck ov a leawse ;
Neaw, what's th' use on thi nursin' thi grief?

Ger up, or aw'll give thi a seawse :
Mon, tha'rt welly a shawm to be seen,
Art ta meawtin', or what does ta ail?
Come, mop up that weet fro' thi een,
For aw've browt thi some bacon an' male.

“Aw dar say tha'rt hungry, owd lad,
An' thi woife, theer, hoo looks loike a ghost ;
Yo'r Jonathan's welly as bad,
An' yo'r Nelly, poor thing, hoo looks lost.
Hast a bit ov a pon ony wheer,
'At 'll fry yo' a collop or two?
An' aw'll run for a pint o' smo' beer,
Fro' owd Mally Dawson's i'th' broo.”

“Ne'er mind, Jim, we need no smo' drink ;
We con manage beawt swillin' it deawn ;
An' thank thi, aw mony a toime think
Tha'rt th' best-natured chap i' this teawn.

WHAT'S UP WI' THI, TUM?

God bless thi, an' thank thi ogen;
Iv it wur not for thee an' yo're Sam
Bringin' summat to eat, neaw an' then,
Aw believe we should o have to clam.

"This mornin' owd Alice, th' next dur,
Coom in wi' a potful o' tay;
An' oh, some an' thankful we wur,
For it's o we'n had t' live on to-day.
Aw've bin eawt a-beggin' sin' noon,
Just look heaw mi stockin's are wet;
It's wi' havin' big holes i' mi shoon,
But tha knows, Jim, they're th' best one can get."

"Well, well, lad, aw know heaw yo' are,
An' aw'm noan so mich better misel';
Heaw lung aw may have owt to spare
It's hard for a body to tell;
But as lung as aw've gotten owt t' give
Tha'rt sure to be one aw shall sarve;
Aw shall help an' owd shopmate to live,
An' see 'at tha'rt noan left to starve.

"Send yo're Nelly to th' cobbler's to-neet—
Aw meon cobbler Jack's, deawn i'th' fowd—
An' aw'll beigh thee some shoon to thi feet,
For tha'rt gettin' thi deoth wi' cowl;
An' aw'll speak to owd Mistress Scholes,
To look th' woife up a bit ov a dress;
For that hoo has on's full o' holes,
But hoo's gotten no better, aw guess.

"Neaw, Tum, lad, tha'rt cryin', aw see,

WHAT'S UP WI' THI, TUM?

Come, cheer up as weel as tha con;
Tha's noan bin forgotton, tha'll see;
Ther's folk as con feel for thi, mon.
Tha's noan bin beawt trouble, aw know;
It's no wonder to me tha should fret;
But ther's room i'th' world yet for us o
Mon; tha's no need to hang thisel' yet.

"Tum, aw knew thi when tha wur a lad,
Livin' th' next dur but one to th' "Breawn Ceaw";
Thi heart then wur leetsome an' glad;
What aw want is—to see it so neaw.
Tha'rt welcome to my little mite,
For aw cannot afford a big sum;
But as lung as aw've gotten a bite,
Tha shall ha' th' hawve on't—that tha shall, Tum."

AW'VE JUST BIN A-LOOKIN' AT TH' SCHOLARS

XI.

AW'VE JUST BIN A-LOOKIN' AT TH' SCHOLARS

A W'VE just bin a-lookin' at th' scholars;
God bless 'em! heaw happy aw feel
To find 'at they'n bin so weel done to,
An' see 'em o lookin' so weel.
Ther's Charley, he's gotten new breeches;
An' Hannah Maria's new shoon;
While owd Billy Wade's youngest dowter.
Hoo does cut a dash to some tune!

Ther' has bin some plannin' an' skeomin',
Ther' has bin some sugarless tay,
An' buttercakes etten beawt butter,
To get these foine things for to-day!
Neaw, isn't it really surprisin',
Heaw well th' little childer appear,
When brass is soa hard to get howd on,
An' wearin' things gettin' soa dear.

If it wurno' for th' kind-hearted women
(God bless 'em o) helpin' us throo,
While things are soa dreadfully awk'ard,
Aw dunno know what we should do.
Iv Mary Ann wants a new bonnet,

AW'VE JUST BIN A-LOOKIN' AT TH' SCHOLARS

Or Frederick James a new cap,
They'll manage to get 'em a-someheaw,
They'll oather beg, borrow, or swap.

Ther's lots of owd faded silk dresses
Bin used to mak' little frocks on ;
We've cut an' owd cooat o' mi feyther's
To mak' up a suit for eawr John.
Aw've seen little Emily Thompson,
Hoo wur some an' pratty for sure !
Ther's nob'dy would ever imagine
Her feyther an' mother 'are poor.

But folks have to scheme an' do o roads,
An' th' rich abeawt here never dreom,
Heaw one-hawve o'th' nayburs abeawt 'em,
For a bare toarin' on have to skeom.
For, while they've gotten so mich to stur on,
'At they hardly know what to do wi' 't,
Ther's mony a-poor chilt reawnd abeawt 'em
Wi' hardly a shoe to its feet.

Eh, aw wish aw wur wealthy, like some folk,
An' had summat to spare aw could give,
Aw'd do what this heart o' mine prompts me,
Aw'd help thoose abeawt me to live !
Aw'd leeten poor folk o' the'r burdens,
Aw'd cheer mony a heart 'at wur sad ;
While thoose 'at wur troubled an' deawncast,
Aw'd try to mak' cheerful an' glad.

Heaw is it 'at folks are so hamper't
Wi' sich an' abundance i'th' lond?

AW'VE JUST BIN A-LOOKIN' AT TH' SCHOLARS

Heaw is it 'at some are i' tatters
While others are gaudily donn'd?
Heaw is it 'at some can be livin'
I' splendour, at foine marble halls,
While others are clemmin' an' starvin',
Wi' nowt i' the'r seet but bare walls?

God's good, an' provides us wi' plenty;
Ther's mate an' ther's clooas for us o,
But these good things, they're hard to get howd on,
These blessin's 'at ceaselessly flow,
They seem to be stopped on the'r journey,
An' laid deawn at th' rich folk's door;
Well, it's happen for th' best 'at it is so;
God help those 'at's needy an' poor!

CHEER UP A BIT LUNGER

XII.

CHEER UP A BIT LUNGER

CHEER up a bit lunger, mi brothers i' want,
Ther's breeter days for us i' store;
Ther'll be plenty o' "tommy" an' wark for us o,
When this dark-lookin' cleawd's blown o'er.
Yo'n struggled reet nobly an' battled reet hard,
While things han bin lookin' so feaw;
Yo'n borne wi' yo're troubles an' trials so lung,
'At it's no use o' givin' up neaw.

Feight on, as yo' han done, an' victory's sure,
For th' battle seëms very near won;
Be firm i' yo're sufferin' an' dunno' give way,
For they're nowt nobbut ceawards 'at run.
Yo' know heaw they'n praised us for stondin' so firm,
An' shall we neaw stagger an' fo?
Not we! if we nobbut brace up an' be hard,
We con stond a bit lunger aw know.

It's hard to keep clemmin' an' starvin', it's true;
An' it's hard to see th' little things fret,
Becose ther's no buttercakes for 'em to ate,
But we'n allus kept pooin' through yet.
As bad as times are, an' as feaw as things look,

CHEER UP A BIT LUNGER

One's certain they met ha' bin worse ;
For we'n gotten a trifle o' summat so fur,
Tho' it's been poorish poikin', of course.

Aw've begged on yo' t' keep up yo're courage afore,
An' neaw let me ax yo' once moor ;
Let's noan get disheartened, ther's hope for us yet,
We needn't despair tho' we're poor.
We cannot expect it'll always be foine ;
It's dark for awhile, an' then clear ;
We'n mirth mixed wi' sadness, an' pleasure wi' pain,
An' shall have so lung as we're here.

This world's full o' changes for better or worse,
An' this is one change amung th' ruck ;
We'n a time o' prosperity, time o' success,
An' then we'n a reawnd o' bad luck.
We're baskin' i' sunshine at one time o'th' day,
At other times ceaw'rin' i'th' dark ;
To-day finds us hearty, an' busy as owt,
To-morn, may be, ill an' beawt wark.

God bless yo' mi brothers, we're nobbut on th' tramp,
We never stay lung at one spot ;
An' while we keep knockin' abeawt i' this world,
Disappointments will fall to eawr lot ;
So th' best thing we con do, if we mean to get through,
Is to wrastle wi' cares as they come ;
If we're tired an' weary,—well,—lets never heed,
We con rest us weel when we get whoam.

Cheer up, then, aw say, an' keep hopin' for th' best,
For things are goin' t' awter, an' soon :

CHEER UP A BIT LUNGER

O these wailin's an' discords are beawnd to dee eawt,
An' gi'e way for a merrier tune.
'Bide on a bit lunger, tak' heart once ogen,
An' do give o'er lookin' so feaw ;
As we'n battled. an' struggled, an' suffered so lung,
It's no use o' givin' up neaw.

POEMS AND SONGS IN THE
LANCASHIRE DIALECT

POEMS AND SONGS

POEMS AND SONGS

IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

CHEER UP, TOILIN' BROTHERS!

CHEER up, toilin' brothers! cheer up an' be glad;
Ther's breeter days for us i' store;
Things are lookin' more sattled i' Lancashire here,
Neaw 'at th' 'Merica war's gotten o'er.
Th' long chimnies are smookin' as hard as they con,
An' th' machinery's whirlin' areawnd;
Owd shopmates 'at havn't bin seen for some years
Are o gettin' back to th' owd greawnd.

Billy Taylor, he's bin off at Bradford awhile,
Weavin' woollen for one Mester Hooms,
But he's brought hissel back to this quarter ogen,
An' he's peggin' away at th' owd looms.
The'r Jack's bin i' Staffordshire one or two years—
He'rn somewheer to'rt Bilston, aw think—
He garden'd an' did 'em odd jobs abeawt th' heawse,
An' he'd twelve bob a week an' his drink.

An owd crony o' mine's bin at Halifax yond,
Sellin' trotters, an' tripe, an' ceaw heel;
I' winter he'd cockles an' mussels an' stuff,
An' he tells me he did rare an' weel.
When th' wayterworks started up to'rt Swineshaw Brook,

CHEER UP, TOILIN' BROTHERS!

He wur th' gaffer awhile o'er some men ;
But for some cause or other he's left 'em, aw see,
An' getten i'th' factory ogen.

Polly Breawn's bin i' sarvice for two or three year',
At a aleheawse o'th' name o'th' Bull's Yead ;
An' her an' a waiter ther' is abeawt th' place,
They tell'n me, are beawn to be wed.
Eawr Lucy's i' sarvice up Huddersfield way,
Wi' some chap—aw've forgotten his name ;—
But, heawever, hoo says hoo shall leave in a month,
When they'n put her some wark in her frame.

Eh, we han done some knockin' abeawt up an' deawn,
While trade's bin so bad abeawt here !
We could spin some rare yarns, some on us, aw know,
We could tell some strange tales, never fear.
We'n had to set to an' do o sorts o' jobs,
An' we'n bin amung o sorts o' folks ;
Ther's theawsands i' Lancashire know what it is,
To go reawnd o' beggin' wi' pokes.

A lot o' young chaps 'at aw know very weel
Made it up to go singin' one day,
But th' very first place 'at they sung at, aw'rn tow'd,
They gan 'em a creawn t' go away.
Then they sung for a doctor, a bit further up,
An' Bolus sent one ov his men
Wi' a shillin', an' tow'd 'em he'd give 'em two moor
Iv they'd sing him "Th' Shurat Song" ogen.

But come, lads, we'll say nowt abeawt this no moor,
But try an' forget o 'at's past ;

CHEER UP, TOILIN' BROTHERS!

It wur th' first time we'd ever done owt o' this sooart,
An' we're livin' i' hopes 'at it's th' last.
Let's be careful i' future o'th' bit we con get,
An' pay off what debts we may owe ;
We'n had heawses to live in, clooas, tommy, an' stuff,
'At's never bin paid for, aw know.

Let's be honest to thoose 'at wur friendly to us,
An' show bi eawr actions we're men ;
Ther's nob'dy con tell what's before 'em i'th' world,
We may happen want helpin' ogen,
Neaw yo'll kindly excuse ony blunders aw've made,
For aw've written as weel as aw con ;
An' beg to remain, wi' respect an' esteem,
Yours truly, A POOR WORKIN' MON.

TH' STRICKEN STOKERS

TH' STRICKEN STOKERS

W HATEVER'S to do wi' yo' Manchester way,
Wi' yo'r stokers, dense fogs, and poor gas?
One expects summat better nor this wordy fray,
This settin' o' class against class.
Neaw, aw'm noan goin' to argue whoa's wrung or whoa's
reet,
To sich wisdom aw'm layin' noa claim;
Still, aw fancy iv facts wur browt fairly to th' leet,
Ther'd be moore nor *one* party to blame.
But ther's *one* point aw think on which ole will agree,
Ther's a lot o' real sufferin' abeawt;
An' must men keep starvin', an' are they to dee,
Till we scribblers have done foin eawt?
Come, let me appeal to yo', Tories or Rads,
For we're ole made o' one sort o clay,
Shall it ever be said 'at we Lancashire lads
Treated th' helpless an' poor i' this way?
Do you say they're to blame? well, well, granted they are,
Whoa is ther' 'at allus does reet?
Can we fairly expect men to walk o'er a snare
Witheawt ever hurtin' the'r feet?

TH' STRICKEN STOKERS

But that isn't th' question; what we've got to do,—

An' aw think we can hardly do less,—

Is to shew eawr owd mates we're for helpin' 'em thro'

This painful, this sad distress.

We've Christmas near to,—that breet season o' mirth,—

When joy-bells will merrily ring,

Remindin' us ole o' that wondrous birth

Of a brother, a Saviour, an' King.

Then mony a rich Dives will be feastin' off th' best,

Drinkin' wine eawt o' vessels o' gowd;

But whoa's to ax Lazarus in as a guest?

Is *he* to stop eawt i'th' cowl? '

BOWTON'S YARD

BOWTON'S YARD

A T number one, i' Bowton's Yard, mi gronny keeps a skoo,
Hoo hasna' mony scholars yet, hoo's nobbut one or two ;
They sen th' owd woman's rayther cross,—well, well, it
 may be so ;
Aw know hoo boxed me rarely once, an' poo'd mi ears
 an' o.

At number two lives widow Burns, hoo weshes clooas for folk ;
The'r Billy, that's her son, gets jobs at wheelin' coke ;
They sen hoo cooarts wi' Sam-o'-Ned's, 'at lives at number
 three ;
It may be so, aw conno tell, it matters nowt to me.

At number, three, reet facin' th' pump, Ned Grimshaw
 keeps a shop ;
He's Eccles-cakes, an' gingerbread, an' traycle beer an' pop ;
He sells oat-cakes an' o, does Ned, he 'as boath soft an'
 hard,
An' everybody buys off him 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

At number four Jack Blunderick lives ; he goes to th' mill
 an' wayves ;



AT NUMBER ONE I BOWTONS YARD, MI GRONNY KEEPS A SCHOOL:

BOWTON'S YARD

An' then, at th' week-end, when he's time, he pows a bit
an' shaves ;

He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad ! he's rayther lawm, they sen,
An' his childer keep him down a bit, aw think they'n nine
or ten.

At number five aw live misel', wi' owd Susannah Grimes,
But dunno like so very weel, hoo turns me eawt sometimes ;
An' when aw'm in ther's ne'er no leet, aw have to ceawer
i'th' dark ;

Aw conno pay mi lodgin' brass becose aw'm eawt o' wark.

At number six, next door to us, an' close to th' side o'th'
speawt,

Owd Susie Collins sells smo' drink, but hoo's welly allus
beawt ;

An' heaw it is, ut that is so, aw'm sure aw conno' tell,
Hoo happen mak's it very sweet, an' sups it o' hersel'.

At number seven ther's nob'dy lives, they laft it yesterday,
Th' bum-baylis coom an' marked the'r things, an' took 'em
o away ;

They took 'em in a donkey cart—aw know nowt wheer
they went—

Aw reckon they've bin ta'en an' sowd becose they owed
some rent.

At number eight—they're Yawshur folk—ther's only th'
mon an' th' woife,

Aw think aw ne'er seed nicer folk nor these i' o mi loife !
Yo'll never see e'm foin' eawt, loike lots o' married folk,
They allus seem good-temper't like, an' ready wi' a joke.

At number nine th' owd cobbler lives, th' owd chap ut
mends mi shoon,

BOWTON'S YARD

He's gettin' very wake an' done, he'll ha' to leeov us soon ;
He reads his Bible every day, an' sings just loike a lark,
He says he's practisin' for heaven—he's welly done his wark.

At number ten James Bowton lives, he's th' noicest heawse
i'th' row ;

He's allus plenty o' summat t'ate, an' lots o' brass an' o ;
An' when he rides or walks abeawt he's dressed up very
fine,

But he isn't hawve as near to heaven as him at number nine.

At number 'leven mi uncle lives, aw co him Uncle Tum,
He goes to concerts up an' deawn, an' plays a kettle-drum ;
I' bands o music, an' sich things, he seems to tak' a pride,
An' allus mak's as big a noise as o i'th' place beside.

At number twelve, an' th' eend o'th' row, Joe Stiggins deols
i ale ;

He's sixpenny, an' fourpenny, dark-colour't, an' he's pale ;
But aw ne'er touch it, for aw know its ruin't mony a bard,
Aw'm th' only chap as doesn't drink 'at lives i' Bowton's
Yard !

An' neaw aw've done, aw'll say good-bye, an leov yo' for
awhile ;

Aw know aw haven't tow'd mi tale i' sich a fust-rate style ;
But iv yo're pleas't aw'm satisfied, an' ax for no reward
For tellin' who mi neighbours are ut live i' Bowton's Yard.

CLEAWDS AN' SUNSHOINE

CLEAWDS AN' SUNSHOINE

WELL, readers, aw'm glad 'at we're met once ogen ;
An' tho' we're a year or two owder,
Let's hope 'at eawr love for each other an' God
Hasn't grown ony feebler or cowder.
Aw think aw may venture to flatter misel'
'At aw've met wi' some on yo' befoor ;
So iv yo'll alleaw me that pleasure ogen,
Aw'll try to amuse yo' once moor.

It's pleasant to meet an' shake honds wi' owd friends,
Tho' it very oft pains us to foind
'At the sun of prosperity's withered some hearts
'At once wur booath lovin' an' kind.
An' some 'at we knew when they'rn lasses an' lads
Are neaw, loike one's self, gettin' hoary ;
Whoile others have finished loife's battle deawn here,
And neaw they're gone forrud to glory.

Th' owd Reaper keeps slashin' away wi' his scythe,
First o' one hand, an' then on the other ;
Neaw some darlin' pet lamb's rudely hurried away,
Then some silver-haired sister or brother.
Ther's mony a dear loved one packed up an' gone whoam

CLEAWDS AN' SUNSHOINE

Sin' last yo' an' me met together ;
They've thrown out the'r anchors, the'r barques are neaw
moored,
Let's hope they're enjoyin' good weather.

We shall ole have to go—young an' owd, rich an' poor,
Whatever eawr kindred or nation ;
Death sweeps all before him, an' cares nowt at o
For noather rank, title nor station.
Well, wheer are we for—thoose of us 'at's left?
Have we settled what haven we'll book to?
Is th' craft 'at we sail in seaworthy an' seawnd?
Is th' pilot a safe un to look to?

Eawr souls are loike musical instruments. Ah !
An' they're here to be put into tune.
This earth's nobbut th' schoolheawse or practisin' greaund,
Th' grand concert tak's place up aboon.
Let's everyone see 'at eawr lamps are well trimm'd,
An' th' lights burnin' clearly an' steady ;
An' when th' Bridegroom comes knockin' at th' dur, may
He foind
'At we're ole on us waitin' an' ready.

Dear readers, for once you'll excuse me, aw'm sure,
For pennin' so serious a strain ;
For yo' know very weel 'at it's moor i' my loine
To write in a humorous vein ;
But a feelin' o' this mak' comes o'er one at times,
'At we cannot shake off if we would ;
Aw'd sooner bi th' hawe tak' mi pen i' mi hond
To pleos yo' a bit if aw could.

So come neaw, just straighten yo'r faces a bit,

CLEAWDS AN' SUNSHOINE

An' try to look cheerful an' jolly.
Yo' fling ole yo're cares o' one side a bit, John,
An' yo' mop up thoose tears o' yo're's, Polly;
An' tho' gloomy cleawds may be hoverin' o'er,
Flingin' shadows o'er th' loife ov a mon,
Let's spread eawrsels eawt for th' good things' at God sends,
And drink in ole th' sunshoine we con.

THEE AN' ME

THEE AN' ME

THART livin' at thi country seat,
Amung o th' gents an' nob's;
Tha's sarvant girls to cookthi meat,
An' do thi bits o' jobs.
Aw'm lodgin' here wi' Bridget Yates,
At th' cot near th' Ceaw Lone Well;
Aw mend mi stockin's, peel th' potatoes,
An' wesh mi shirts misel'!

Tha wears a finer cooat nor me;
Thi purse is better lined,
An' fortin's lavished moor o' thee,
Than th' rest o' human kind.
Life's storms 'at rage abeawt this yead,
An' pelt so hard at me—
'At mony a time aw've wished aw're dead,—
But seldom trouble thee.

Tha'rt rich i' ole this world can give;
Tha's silver, an' tha's gowd;
But me—aw find it hard to live,
Aw'm poor, an' gotten owd.
These fields an' lones aw'm ramblin' throo,

THEE AN' ME

They o belong to thee ;
Aw've nobbut just a yard or two
To ceawer in when aw dee.

When tha rides eawt th' folks o areawnd
Stond gapin' up at thee,
Becose tha'rt worth ten theawsand peawnd',
But scarcely notice me.
Aw trudge abeawt fro' spot to spot,
An' nob'dy seems to care :
They never seek my humble cot,
To ax me heaw aw fare.

If tha should dee, ther's lots o' folk
Would fret an' cry, noa deawt :
When aw shut up, they'll only joke,
An' say, " He's just gone eawt !
Well, never heed him, let him goo,
An' find another port ;
We're never to a chap or two,
We'n plenty moor o'th' sort."

Tha'll have a stone placed o'er thi grave
To show thi name an' age ;
An' o tha's done 'at's good an' brave
Be seen i' history's page.
When aw get tumbled into th' greawnd,
Ther'll ne'er be nowt to show
Who's restin' 'neath that grassy meawnd,
An' nob'dy'll want to know.

But deawn i'th' grave, what spoils o th' sport,
No ray o' leet con shoine ;

THEE AN' ME

An' th' worms'll have hard wark to sort
Thy pampered clay fro' mine.
So, when this world for th' next tha swaps.
Tak' wi' thee under th' stone
Thi cooat ov arms, an' bits o' traps,
Or else tha'll ne'er be known.

Pack up thi albert, hoop, an' pin,
An' opera-glass an' o ;
Be sure tha sees 'em o put in,
Before tha gangs below.
Then iv some hungry worm should come
To root abeawt thi bones,
Tha may stond a better chance nor some
Iv its known tha'rt Mr. Jones.

But up above, ther's One 'at sees
Thro' th' heart o' every mon ;
An' He'll just find thi as tha dees,
So dee as weel as t' con.
An' when deawn here this campin' ends,
An' o eawr fau'ts forgiven,
Let thee an' me still show we're friends,
Bi shakin' honds i' heaven!

A RESPECTABLE MON

A RESPECTABLE MON

BETWEEN these shoe soles an' this hat,
Stonds a very respectable mon;
An' nob'dy ull contradict that,
An' why? Becose nob'dy con.

Ther's noan o' yo're hypocrites here,
Deceivin' o th' folk 'at they see;
Aw'm nowt nobbut what aw appear,
Ther's noan o' yo're durt abeawt me.

Respectable! well, an' what's that?
Does it meon to be polished a bit,
Sport a silver-knobbed cane, an' silk hat,
Un be coed Mr. Muggins? Not it.

Yo' see this owd jacket, aw guess;
Well, it covers as decent a brick
As ever wur moulded— oh, yes,
I' every way quite “up to Dick.”

Ther's Joe Dandy, Tom Vain, an' Bob Breet;
These think weel o' the'rsels, one may see;
But they winno stond bringin' to th' leet,
An' comparin' wi' someb'dy loike me.

A RESPECTABLE MON

They may curl up the'r noses an' laugh,
When they happen to meet me on th' way ;
They may turn eawt the'r slang an' the'r chaff,
But aw'm th' yead above them ony day.

Aw know aw'm noan donn'd up so smart,
An' yo' wouldn't give much for this hat ;
But aw hope aw've a good, honest heart,
An' it's summat t' be preawd on, is that.

Aw con boast noather heawses nor londs,
An' wealthy relations aw've noan ;
But aw've gotten mi brains, an' mi honds,
An', thank God ! aw con co these mi own.

Ah, mi own, an' they're shackled bi none ;
Fro' mi toes to mi toppin aw'm free ;
An' let tyrants do o 'at they con,
Aw meon to be so till aw dee.

Aw've gotten th' good sense to behave
An' respect thoose 'at's put in to rule ;
But aw'll never be reckoned a slave,
Aw'll never be used as a tool.

Aw've no patience wi' dandified gents !
One's sick o' so mitch o' this pride ;
They're soakin' wi' hair oil an' scents,
But ther' isn't mitch else beside !

Neaw aw tow'd yo' when first aw begun,
Aw're a very respectable mon ;
Bless yo're life, aw wur noan i' mi fun,
Find a daycenter chap iv yo' con.

A RESPECTABLE MON

Heaw yo're grinnin' at what aw've just said!

Aw dar'sey yo' think aw'm noan reet;

But aw'll stick mi owd hat o' mi yead,

An' be trudgin'; good neet, folk; good neet.

OH! THIS BOIL!

OH! THIS BOIL!

OH dear! oh dear! aw do feel queer,
Poo'in' mi face an' ceawerin' here
O this while.

Reach me that stoo' here, will ta, Kit?
An' let me rest mi leg a bit:
Oh! this boil!

Iv these are boils aw want no moor
Aw'd rayther have a *roast*, aw'm sure;
Pig or goose.
Robin, thee mind that cheer o' thine;
Tha mun keep off this leg o' mine,
It's no use.

Confeawnd this stinkin' drawin' sauve,
It mak's me bawl eawt like a cawve;
What a bore!
Aw dar'no' stir misel' a peg,
For fear lest aw should hurt mi leg,
It's so sore.

Aw've sweat wi' toothwarch mony a time;
Aw've had mi fingers brunt wi' lime;
Aw have so!

OH! THIS BOIL!

Aw've walked wi' blistered feet for miles,
But aw'm prepared to swear this boil's
Wor nor o!

Aw think th' owd plague's abeawt at th' worst;
Kit, when does think it's beawn to burst?
Tell me that;
For oh! aw do feel dreadful bad;
Iv it doesn't get weel soon, aw'll go mad,
An' punse th' cat.

Aw dar'no' laugh, aw dar'no' cry,
Aw'm fret'ned aw should hurt mi thigh,
Th' skin's so tight.
Aw've showed mi boil to Limpin' Ned;
He says aw shouldn't ha' gotten wed;
Sarves me right!

Hard-hearted wretch! inhuman cleawn!
To kick a fellow when he's deawn
Isn't reet.
He met ha' kept that to hissen;
At least while aw'd got up ogen
On mi feet.

Oh dear! whenever mun aw stur?
Aw've never been eawtside o'th' dur
For a week.
Aw've ceawer't so lung inside this room,
'At aw haven't gotten a bit o' bloom
On mi cheek.

Aw'm gradely done,—aw'm reet fagged eawt

OH! THIS BOIL!

Aw shall have to vomit soon aw deawt;—

Come here, Ted!

An' stur, theaw good-for-nothin', theaw!

Ho-up! ho-up! it's comin' neaw,

Howd mi yead.

Oh dear! aw am gone sick an' queer;

Tak' me an' lay me on th' couch chear

For awhile.

Oh! what a torment to be sure!

What? healthy things! aw want no moor,

Oh! this boil!

TO POVERTY

TO POVERTY

THA'RT here again, well, come this way ;
We'n bin owd chums for mony a day ;
We'n often differed when we'n met,
But never had a partin' yet.
Aw conno say aw'm fond o' thee,
Then why does t' stick so fast to me ?
Aw know aw used t' be some an' mad,
Theau plagued me so when aw're a lad.

Tha knows that time when Robin Clegg
Fell off th' barn dur an' broke his leg ?
Poor lad ! aw took him on mi knee,
An' should ha' helped him but for thee.
What con a body do 'at's poor ?
Aw cried a bit but nowt no moor.
Well, never moind, he geet it set,
An' thee an' me are owd chums yet.

Aw've tried for years to shake thi off,
An' when th' last winter theaw'd a cough,
Aw hoped to see thi laid i'th' greawnd,
But th' summer weather's browt thi reawnd.
Well, poo thi cheer up, warm thi shanks,

TO POVERTY

Aw'll sit an' watch thi play thi pranks ;
Aw meon to shunt thi when aw con,
Till then aw'll face thi like a mon.

Tha'll ha' fair play, tha needn't fear,
Nowe, nowe, thae'll see no shufflin' here !
Aw'll tell thi plainly theaw'rt a pest,
An's spoilt me mony a good neet's rest ;
Theaw stole mi supper t'other neet,
An' sent me t' bed wi' cowl wet feet.
Aw didn't relish this, would theaw ?
Well, come, we'll let it pass o'er neaw.

Heaw is it theaw ne'er goes to see
Big folks 'at's better off nor me ?
Ther's plenty up an' deawn i'th' lond,
'At theaw'd do weel to tak' bi th' hond,
An' leod 'em every day to schoo'.
Ther's young Nat Wild—poor silly foo'—
He's lots o' brass, but noan mich wit,
Go play thi pranks wi' him a bit.

Aw've had mi friends, fond, firm, an' true,
An' dear relations not a few ;
But noan o' these han stuck to me
As firmly an' as lung as thee.
An' after o it's hardly reet
To goa an' turn thi eawt i'th' street,
An' one not knowin' wheer tha'rt beawn,
Aw conno do it, sit thi deawn.

QUALITY ROW

QUALITY ROW

BEIN' a poor workin' mon, it's but little aw know
Abeawt th' people livin' i' Quality Row ;
An' to tell yo' th' plain truth, it's but seldom one gooas,
Unless it's to hawk, or to beg some owd clooas.
Heawever, aw went th' other day wi' a friend,
An' a few bits o' trifles picked up theer aw've penn'd
In a plain, whomly style, for ther's nowt very fine
Abeawt these rough, ramblin' sketches o' mine.

Mr. Bolus, M.D., lives at th' first heawse i'th' row,
An' thoose 'at are ailin' will do weel to co.
Neaw, he's allus awhoam, except when he's eawt,
An' he's allus his specks on, except when he's beawt.
It's noan o mitch consequence what a chap ails,
For he's very successful except when he fails.
'At his charges are moderate ther's none can deny,
Except neaw an' then, when they get rayther high.

Th' next dur lives a parson, a kind-hearted mon,
'At glories i' doin' ole th' good 'at he con :
If anyone's poorly, an' wants him to pray,
He's willin' to gooa oather neet-time or day.
When he meets a poor chap he'll get howd ov his hond,

QUALITY ROW

An' shake it as if he're th' richest i'th' lond ;
Whenever aw meet him, he touches his hat,
An' ther's noan mony parsons i'th' teawn ull do that.

Th' next dur to this parson, at heawse number three,
Ther's a young ladies' schoo' kept bi Miss Nancy Lee ;
Aw've a cousin 'at gooas, an' aw met her one neet,
An' hoo is rarely polished ! hoo is some an' breet !
An' hoo does spread her fithers abeawt when hoo walks,
An' screws up her meawth when hoo simpers an' talks !
Hoo's goin' up to Lunnon hoo tells me next week,
To translate th' word " turnip " to Latin an' Greek.

Well, th' next aw shall notice is heawse number six,
Ther's a fellow lives theer 'at makes clay into bricks ;
He's moderate steady, teetotal, aw think,
Except at odd times when he's gotten his drink.
Aw neaw an' then leet on him comin' my way,
When he's been on at th' " Punch Bowl " soakin' his clay ;
But as clay isn't easy to mould when it's dry,
Aw say nowt, but let him go quietly by.

At heawse number seven (dear-a-me, what a life?)
An owd bachelor lives—a poor fellow beawt wife ;
If yo'll peep under th' curtain some neet when yo' pass,
Yo'll see him ceawer't mopin' an' ceawntin' his brass.
He should have a big heawseful o' childer to keep,
Then he wouldn't be seen potterin' abeawt, haw've asleep ;
For they'd loosen his joints for him weel, never fear,
An' keep him fro' gettin' so reawsty an' queer.

Aw've another to mention,—it's heawse number nine ;
A relation lives theer,—a rich uncle o' mine

QUALITY ROW

He owns some good shops between Owdham an' Lees,
'At aw venture to think will be mine when he dees.
Aw'm aware 'at eawr Charley does o 'at he con,
To poke his nose in, an' get thick wi' th' owd mon;
But it's ole to no use, he'll be chetted he'll see,
For mi Uncle John promised he'd leov 'em to me.

Well, aw think aw'll give o'er, yo'll be weary aw deawt,
An' aw've mentioned o th' folk 'at aw know mitch abeawt.
Aw've missed two or three 'at are livin' i'th' row,
But if they feel slighted aw'll give 'em a co
An' tho' aw've noan getten much talent or time
For drawin' eawt sketches i' Lancashire rhyme,
Aw may try to pleos yo' a bit wi' mi pen,
Some day, when aw've been reawnd that quarter ogen.

SECOND VISIT TO QUALITY ROW

SECOND VISIT TO QUALITY ROW

WELL, aw've bin reawnd ogen, wi' mi basket an' poke,
An' drawin' another rough sketch o'th' foine folk ;
But aw'm warned to be rayther moor careful this toime,
An' keep certain characters eawt o' mi rhyme.

Ther's one or two chaps rarely potted aw know
'Cose they fancy *they're* livin' i' Quality Row ;
Neaw it's true, an' they threat'n'd to kick me some day,
When they happen to leet on mi goin' that way.

Aw spoke th' other Friday to one o' these chaps,
But he wouldno' spake back ; he'll spake next toime,
perhaps ;
Iv he doesn't, it's reet, aw con happen get through,
Aw shall nobbut ha' rayther less talkin' to do.

Iv th' cap doesn't fit 'em, they'n no need to wear it,
But aw'm fret'n'd they'll stretch it so fur till they'll tear it.
Eh ! ther' has bin some pooin' an frabbin' for sure !
Sich measurin' o' yeads as aw ne'er seed afore !

They're woiser than I am, a deal, if they know
Wheer ther' is sich a place as a Quality Row ;
It's nobbut a picture i'th' brains ov a bard,

SECOND VISIT TO QUALITY ROW

A bit of a contrast to "Bowton's Yard."

Heawever, aw think one can see pretty clear,
'At they aren't ole angels 'at's livin' up theer ;
For aw foind when aw'm reawnd wi' mi basket an' poke,
'At they'n vices an' failin's, just loike other folk.

An' bein up heigher they'n further to fo,
Nor thoose 'at are livin' i'th' heawses below ;
For, spoite o' bow windows, brass knocker, an' bell,
They'n the'r trials an' sorrows as weel as one's sel'!

Eh! aw've seen one poor mother goa very near mad,
Becose hoo had t' bury her dear little lad ;
An' o her foine things couldn't give her relief,
For hoo ceawer't upo' th 'sofa, yond, nursin' her grief.

Ther's owd Mester Jones lives at heawse number ten,
Yo' met think him abeawt one o th' happiest o' men ;
Whenever one sees him, he's allus weel drest,
An' a gowd albert cheon hangin' deawn at his breast.

But look at him gradely, an' iv yo're noan blind,
Yoli see 'at he's some mak' o' care on his mind ;
It's true, he's some heawses up yonder, at th' Glent,
But what use are these, iv he conno get th' rent?

Then look at Miss Goldthorp, at number eleven,
As fair as an angel just dropt eawt o' heaven ;
An' talk abeawt brass—why hoo's rowlin' i' wealth,
But cannot enjoy it, becose hoo's bad health.

Well then, ther's th' owd lady 'at's livin' th' next dur,
But aw haven't mich toime neaw to write abeawt her ;

SECOND VISIT TO QUALITY ROW

But fro' what aw could yer th' other day, it appears
Hoo's a poor helpless cripple, an' has bin for years.

Well, come neaw, what's th' lesson for me an' for yo',
'At owt to be larned eawt o'th' Quality Row?

This—ther's two or three things we should prize aboon
wealth,

They're a contented mind, a cleon breast, an' good health.

COCK-COCK-AW-LAID!

COCK-COCK-AW-LAID!

WELL, well, tha's no 'casion to mak' o' this bother ;
If tha's laid it's o reet, an' it needs nowt no moor.
Ther's nowt very strikin' abeawt thi performance,
One's yerd o' hens layin' an' swagg'rin' befoor.
Howd thi noise, theaw young beggar, an' get back to th'
hen-cote,

Or tha'll wacken o th' nayburs i'th' yard aw'm afraid.
Tha'rt becomin' a bore, an' a regular noosance,
Wi' thi clatterin' nonsense, thi cock-cock-aw-laid!

Why, layin' an' egg or two's nowt to get wild o'er ;
Do we ever get "brag" fro' a cawve-breedin' ceaw?
Do birds when they've laid ever publish the'r actions,
Annoyin' the'r nayburs? If not, why should theaw?
We're bothered enough here i'th' neet time wi' tom cats ;
But the'r hideous noises are thrown into th' shade,
And aren't worth namin' wi' th' cock crowin' noosance,
An' thy silly clatter, thy cock-cock-aw-laid!

An' th' cock,—what has he got to do wi' 't aw wonder,—
Ar' ta beawnd to tell him every time tha may lay?
If theaw art it's a case, an' aw do hope to goodness,
Tha'll let him ha' th' news in a quieter way.

COCK-COCK-AW-LAID!

For to sleep after dayleet is quite eawt o'th' question,
Wi' th' noises 'at thee an' th' owd tom cats have made ;
An' aw shouldn't be surprised if ther's folk i'th' asylum
'At's been sent theer throo list'nin to cock-cock-aw-laid !

Neaw aw mack nowt o' boastin' i' men nor i' poultry ;
Ther's follies an' frailties i'th' breetest an' best ;
An' what appears great may turn eawt very little,
If eawr actions are properly put to a test.
An' it strikes me a hen should be humble an' modest,
An' not ole her little achievements parade ;
But to me it seawnds very like bluster an' swagger,
Does "cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-aw-laid."

When a chap goes to bed its wi' th' object o' sleepin',
But what does it matter what plans may be laid,
If theaw cocks thi yead up as soon as it's dayleet,
An' sings th' tune 'at th' ceaw deed on, "cock-cock-aw-laid."
Thee tak' my advice, an' when next tha's done layin',
Go quietly back to thi perch, an' theer sit
Like a fowl 'at's just finished a brilliant achievement ;
In short, like a hen 'at lays claim to some wit.

OWD FOGGY

OWD FOGGY

O WD Foggy lives i' Turner's Fowd,
Near Matty Wilson's Schoo';
An' everybody knows him theer,
Becose he's sich a foo'.
Last week he pawned his Sunday clooas,
An' sowed a favourite tit;
An' neaw he hasn't a haupney left,
He's drunk it every bit.

He took the'r Johnny's testament
To Barney Logan's sale;
An' th' bit o' brass he geet for that,
He spent on gin an' ale.
He's made away wi' lots o' things;
He's drunk his pig an' cote;
An' ony profit th' poultry brings,
Goes deawn his thirsty throat.

Ther's nowt ov ony value left,
Except poor Jane, his wife;
An' hoo's so knocked abeawt i'th' world,
Hoo's weary ov her life.
An' nobbut th' week afore they'rn wed,

OWD FOGY

He took her on his knee,
An' swore he'd allus treat her weel;
But has he done? not he!

His garden's covered o'er wi weeds,
An' th' fence is brocken deawn;
He used to have as nice a plot
As ony chap i'th' teawn.
He took a pride i'th' garden then,
He're in it every neet;
But neaw yo'd hardly give a groat
For o he has i' seet.

Last ye'r he'd lots o' collyfleawers,
An' beans an' peas an' o;
He'd twenty first rate gooseberry trees,
An' celery sticks to show.
He built a heawse for growin' plants,
An' spent a peawnd on glass;
But this he sowd to Farmer Jones,
An' had a spree wi' th' brass.

A pig he had, worth thirty bob,
He sowd for seven an' six
To someb'dy deawn i' Kinder Lone;
It's just like o his tricks.
He's reckless what he says or does,
An' when he's soaked his clay,
He cares for nowt, nor nobody,
He'll give his things away.

A month sin' some o'th' neighbours here
Sowd off the'r poultry stocks;

OWD FOGY

Owd Fogey went an' bowt 'em o,
He'd twenty hens an' cocks.
Next day he went to th' "Gapin' Goose,"
At th' bottom end o'th' teawn,
An' sowd o'th' lot to Boniface,
For what? A hawve a creawn!

He ceawer't theer drinkin' grog an' stuff,
Till twelve o'clock at neet;
But when he reached his whoam th' next day,
Weren't he a bonny seet!
His coot wur daubed fro' top to tail
Wi' slurrin' deawn a broo;
But nob'dy pitied him, becose
He's sich a silly foo'!

HEAW TO RAISE TH' WOIND

HEAW TO RAISE TH' WOIND

A W tell yo' what, folk, it's surprisin' to think
What skeomin' ther' is to get howd o' some drink ;
It really astonishes one to see th' skill
Some o'th' women display to ger howd o' a gill.
Aw wur towd a queer sort ov a skit t'other neet
Bi a friend 'at aw happened to leet on i'th' street ;
Iv yo' loike aw con set to an' tell it ogen,
It'll be an heawer's practice or so for mi pen.

Well, a chap an' his woife wur once hard up for brass ;
They booath couldno' muster up th' price ov a glass :
Till, at last, an idea coom into th' woife's yead,
So hoo turned to owd Robin, her husband, an' said,
" Thee rowl up them sleeves, an' away wi' thi eawt,
An' th' lon'lord at th' Swan ull be somewheer abeawt ;
When he sees tha's thi cooat off, he'll ax wheer tha'rt
beawn ;
So tham tell him tha's let ov a job deawn i'th' teawn.

An' tha'rt just goin' to it a-mackin' a start ;
An' aw'll bet thee a haupney he'll chalk thi a quart."
Well, Robin thowt that wur noan sich a bad plan,

HEAW TO RAISE TH' WOIND

So he acted at once on th' advice o' the'r Nan ;
An' he rowled up his sleeves, an' he went eawt o'th' dur,
An' spied eawt th' owd lon'lord, afore he'd gone fur ;
So Robin pretended to be in a swat ;
He poo'd a great napkin fro' eawt ov his hat.

An wi' it he gated a-woipin' his face,
An' hurried alung at a very quick pace.
When he geet facin' th' Swan, an' wur bowtin' past th' dur,
Th' owd lon'lord said, "Robin, owd lad, wheer ar't for?"
But Robin pretended he'd no time to stop,
An' tow'd him he'd let ov a stunnin' good shop :
"Well, come," said th' owd lon'lord, "aw'll trust thi a quart :
Aw'm fain 'at tha'rt gooin a mackin' a start ;

Folk 'at's workin' are th' best sort for me aw con tell,
Tho' aw'm noan very partial to workin' misel' ;
Come in, mon, an' have an odd quart moor to th' lot,
Tha con co in at th' reckonin' an' pay off thi shot."
Well, Robin went in, an' his ale wur soon browt ;
"Come, this hasn't bin badly managed," he thowt ;
So he swigg'd off his ale, laid his pitcher o'th' hob,
An' tow'd th' lon'lord he wanted t' be off to his job.

But th' owd fox turned his heels, when he geet eawt o'th' seet,
An' play'd for the'r heawse deawn i' Parliament street.
Well, his woife wur at th' dur—hoo wur weshin' a pon ;—
So hoo started a-axin' him heaw he'd gone on.
"Gone on," said owd Robin, "the dule's i' that yead,
Whey, everythin's happened just same as tha said ;
This is th' best trick tha's played sin' aw'rn wed to thee,
Nan ;
We'n made a good thing eawt o'th' lon'lord at th' Swan ;

HEAW TO RAISE TH' WOIND

Aw said aw'd a job, an' wur goin' deawn to start,
So he took me i'th' heawse, an' he fot me a quart,
An' said when aw'd brass, aw could co in an' pay,
So aw drunk off mi ale, an' aw bid him good day.
Wheer's mi cooat? Aw'll go tell Sam o' Dick's what aw've
done ;

It'll just pleos him rarely, he's fond o' some fun."
" Wheer's thi cooat?" said his woife. " Ah mi cooat, wheer's
it gone?

Come, be handy, an' bring it, an' let's put it on."

" Thi cooat, lad, thi cooat? Why, aw've put it up th'speawt ;
Does t' think aw'st foind thee drink an' sarve misel beawt?"
Eh, aw wish yo'd seen Robin when th' woife tow'd him that ;
He sprang eawt o'th' heawse witheawt jacket or hat ;
Went leatherin' deawn th' street to an uncle o' mine,
An' said iv he'd find him a pledge card, he'd sign ;
Th' woife had larnt him a less'n he'd ne'er larnt afoor ;
So that day he sign't pledge, an' ne'er touched drink moor.

TH' OWD BELLMAN

TH' OWD BELLMAN

THEY may talk o' Tum Breawn bein' as "soft as a cawve,"

But aw'll warrant th' owd Bellman t' be softer bi th' hawve ;
Scarce a day passes o'er but he's pooin' his face,
An' bleth'rin' an' "cryin'" all up an' deawn th' place.
Th' other day Snuffy Bet ud bumbaileys i'th' shop,
Gettin' ready for sellin' her besoms an' pop ;
An' amung other sundries wur th' owd woman's cat :
Well, aw'm blest, iv th' owd softy didn't "cry" abeawt that.

He "cried" when Dick Whiteside sowd off at his farm ;
Aw met him same day wi' his bell on his arm,
Soa aw axed heaw it wur he wur bawlin' so loud,
Iv th' things belunged him 'at wur beawn to be sowd.
"Nowe, indeed 'em," he said, "cryin's part o' my trade,
An' aw dar' say tha'd yeawl a bit, too, if tha're paid."
"Well," aw said, "ther's no tellin' what one may ha' t' do,
Aw know aw once cried o'er an onion or two."

A day or two sin aw wur goin' deawn th' street,
On a bit ov an errand, when whoa should aw meet,
But owd Jammie wi' th' bell, so says I. "What's up neaw?"
"Oh, nowt, nobbut Jonathan Smith's lost a ceaw,

TH' OWD BELLMAN

An' he's gan me a shillin' to go reaund an' cry :
Aw'm on duty, tha sees, so excuse me, good-bye."
" Stop a bit, mon," aw said, " as aw've nowt mitch to do,
Iv tha'll gi'e me th' tone haw've on't aw'll cry a bit too."

" Not to-day," Jammie said ; " aw con manage misel',"
Tong-tingle-tum, tingle-tum, tingle-tum-dell !
" Law-st a ceaw, 'at belungs unto Jonathan Smith ;
Thoose 'at foind it mun bring it to th' bellman forthwith,
At number nineteen, Betty Singleton's yard,
Wheer th' foinder ull meet wi' a han'some reward.
Neaw, yo' chaps, here's a job, mak' good use o' yo'r een ;
Foind Jonathan's ceaw ogen. God save the Queen !"

Well, aw seed him ogen, a week after or so,
He wur plaisterin' some mack o' bills on a wo ;
" Oh, Jammie," aw said, " what becoom o' that ceaw ?
Wur it feawnd t'other day, when tha cried it, or heaw ?"
" Feawnd ! aye, to be sure ; mon, aw knew wheer it wur ;
Aw'd had it ole th' toime hud at eawr back dur ;
When aw'd done goin' reawnd aw went whoam wi' mi bell,
Took th' ceaw, said aw'd feawnd it, geet th' brass for misel'."

" Eh, theaw rascal !" aw said, " to do tricks sich as these ;
Wherever does t' think tha'll ha' t' goa to when tha dees ?
Here, aw think aw con manage to foind thee a job."
Soa aw towd him aw'd lost one o'th' childer—cawr Bob ;—
An' aw gan him a papper o' what he had t' say,
An' a shillin' or two, an' then sent him away ;
Th' first corner he coom to he up wi' his bell,
Tong-tingle-tum, tingle-tum, tingle-tum-dell !

" Law-st, oather to-day, or else sometime to-morn,



TONG-TINGLE-TUM, TINGLE-TUM, TINGLE-TUM-DELL!

TH' OWD BELLMAN

As pratty a babby as ever wur born ;
It has cheeks like red roses, two bonny blue een,
Had its meawth daubed wi' traycle th' last toime it wur seen :
It's just cuttin' its teeth, an' has very sore gums,
An' it's gotten a habit o' suckin' its thumbs ;
Thoose 'at foind it may keep it, ther's nob'dy ull care,
For thoose 'at han lost it han lots moor to spare !”

Eh, ther' wur some rare laughin' when Jammie had done ;
Some o'th' women reet skreomed, they thowt it sich fun ;
But th' chap wur some mad, he threw th' papper on t' floor,
An' swore he'd ne'er “ cry ” o'er lost childer no moor.
Sin' that toime he's tried hard to keep eawt o' mi seet,
Still aw neaw an' then drop on him somewheer i'th' street ;
An' aw allus inquire iv he's wantin' a job,
Iv he is, he con go reawnd a-seechin' eawr Bob.

WHAT AW LOIKE

WHAT AW LOIKE

A TTENTION, please, an' look at me,
An' aw'll tell yo' what aw loike to see ;
Neaw aw loike to see folk doin' weel,
Heaw glad it allus mak's one feel !
For tho' aw'm gettin' grey an' owd
Mi heart is noather hard nor cowl ;
Aw feel as free an' strung on th' wing
As when aw first began to sing.

Aw loike to ceawer mi deawn i'th' nook
An' read a bit fro' some noice book.
Good books are th' thowtful student's gowd,
They'll pleos an' bless booath young an' owd.
Aw loike to join i'th' evenin' song
When th' days are short an' th' neets are long ;
Aw loike to mix wi' th' good an' true
To spend a pleasant heawer or two.

Aw loike to tak' a walk at neet,
When th' moon an' stars are shoinin' breet ;
When th' fleawers have shut the'r een an' said
" Good neet " to th' dew an' gone to bed ;
When youths are walkin' eawt i'th' grove

WHAT AW LOIKE

Wi' th' maidens 'at they fondly love,
An' mony an artless lover's tale
Is borne along on th' evenin' gale.

Aw loike to yer a good owd song,
Uphowdin' th' reet, deneawncin' wrong ;
A song 'at cheers one on his way
An' points him to a breeter day ;
A song o' gratitude to Heaven
For th' sheawers o' mercies freely given ;—
A song o' thankfulness an' love
Fro' man below to God above.

Aw loike to see an aged pair
Ceawered side bi side wi' silvery hair,
Waitin' wi' anxious tearful eyes
A call to "mansions in the skies."
Aw loike to read o' noble deeds,
Wheer rich men see to poor men's needs,
An' love to stretch the'r hands to bless
An' comfort thoose i' deep distress.

Aw loike mi friends, mi country too,
An' everythin' 'at's good an' true ;
Aw'm fond o' rhymes, an neaw an' then
Aw loike to tak' mi humble pen
An' paint some thowt 'at pleases me
For other curious minds to see ;
An' tho' mi pictur's fail to please
Aw'm satisfied an' feel at ease.

Aw'm fond o' trees, aw'm fond o' fleawers,
Aw loike to stroll thro' leafy beawers

WHAT AW LOIKE

Wheer th' merry song-birds meet to sing,
An' th' woods wi' th' echoes fairly ring;
When earth an' air unite to raise
One grand triumphant song o' praise,
While angel bands are hoverin' reawnd
As if entranced wi' th' joyful seawnd.

Aw loike to worship, not to scoff;
Aw loike mi foes—a long way off;
Mi cat an' dog aw loike to see;
Mi childer clamberin' reawnd mi knee;
Aw loike a bit o' good advice;
To kiss a pratty woman twice;
Aw've one loike moor, but shame to tell—
Well, this is it—aw loike misel'!

JOHN BOOTH AN' TH' VICAR

JOHN BOOTH AN' TH' VICAR

A CERTAIN owd Vicar, noan fur fro' this spot,
Amung other folk he looked after, had got
A chap coed John Booth—he'rn thowt rayther queer—
Everybody knew John when he'rn livin' on here ;
An' tho' it wur said he wur noan gradely reet
He'rn sharper nor lots 'at aw know, a fine seet.
Neaw th' Vicar ax'd John to do o 'at he could
To bring him some news, so he promised he would.

Well, one neet, when John were asleep in his bed,
He'd a very strange dreom coom into his yead ;
An' it seems when he wacken'd he didn't intend
To keep it so lung witheawt tellin' his friend,
For soon on i'th' mornin' to th' Vicar he hied.
As it happen'd, th' owd fellow wur'n smookin' eawtside,
So he see'd John come leatherin' deawn very fast,
Reet cromm'd full o' news, as iv ready to brast.

“ Well, John,” said the Vicar, “ how are you to-day?
You seem to have something important to say ;
What's the news? let us have it at once, if you please,
Then, no doubt you'll feel rather more at your ease.”
“ Well, then, iv yo' pleos, sir, last neet, when i' bed,

JOHN BOOTH AN' TH' VICAR

Aw'd a sort ov a dream loike coom into mi yead;
Aw thowt aw'rn gone up to heaven, dun yo' know?"
"Just so," said the Vicar, "I hope you *will* go;

"But how did you like the place? how did you fare?
And what did you see in your rambles up there?"
"Well, sir, iv yo' pleos, aw went straight up to th' dur,
But when aw geet theer couldn't ger ony fur;
So aw started an' pounced it wi' one o' these shoon,
For aw yeard they were singin' some mak' ov a tune,
An' thowt iv aw didn't mak' a middlin' big din
Aw should never be yeard, an' never get in.

"Well, sir, as aw stood theer, as white as a cleawt,
Peter oppen'd a window, an' bobb'd his yead eawt;
An' eyein' me o'er fro' mi yead to mi feet,
He ax'd what aw'rn wantin' at that time o'th' neet
(Aw think it wur then abeawt hawve-past eleven),
Aw tow'd him aw wanted to get into heaven.
Then he ax'd wheer aw'd lived, an' what wur aw co'ed;
But he'd no need t' ax that, for aw'rn certain he know'd.

"Well, aw said aw'rn livin' i' Smoshaw just then,
Wi' a uncle o' mine they co'ed 'Slavverin' Ben.'
Then he ax'd wheer aw went to o'th' Sundays when theer;
So aw tow'd him to th' church, when aw went onywhere;
Then he ax'd me to give him a bit ov a prayer;
But aw tow'd him aw couldn't, aw'd getten noan t' spare.
Eh, heaw he did sceawl at these owd clooas o' mine!
Aw dar' say he'd think aw're noan donn'd up so fine.

"Well, he poo'd in his yead, an' he bang'd th' window *deawn*,
An' then, sir, my hopes wur o very nee fleawn;

JOHN BOOTH AN' TH' VICAR

Aw ceawer't eawtside till aw'rn getten weel starved ;
An' felt rarely potted at th' trick aw'd bin sarved ;
For aw didn't think Peter wur'n sarvin' me reet,
To let me ceawer waitin' so lung wi' cowl feet :
Aw thowt one were hamper't an' clemm'd enough here,
Beawt goin' a-clemmin' an' starvin' up theer.

" Heawever, at last Peter oppen'd me th' dur ;
An' eh, what a foine-lookin' manshun it wur !
' Come forrud,' he said, ' an' aw'll reach thi a cheer,
But aw met as weel tell thi *tha'll know nob'dy hcre* ;
We'n had plenty fro' Owdham, fro' Royton, an' Lees,
Bur ther's nob'dy fro' Smoshaw no moor nor tha sees.
Aw'll tell thi what, John, tha may think it seems queer,
But tha'rt th' first 'at th' owd Vicar's e'er sent us up here !' "

BISHOP FRASER AN' TH' COLLIER

BISHOP FRASER AN' TH' COLLIER

SIT still, an' aw'll tell yo' a bit ov a skit,
I' which th' late Bishop Fraser once figur't a bit.
Iv yo'n year'd it afore, yo'll not think it's a crime
Iv aw tell it ogen i' plain Lancashire rhyme.

Well, th' Bishop, it seems, when on one ov his tours,
Had to praitch at a place they co' Bolton-le-Moors;
An', tho' so vast cliver, aw'm sorry to say,
He someheaw or other geet eawt ov his way.

Soa seein' an' owd collier a bit on ayea'd,
He're noan very lung 'fore he'rn at 'im an' said
"Can you tell me the best way to Bolton, my man?"
"Ah," said th' chap, lookin' up, "iv aw try hard aw can.

"An' tha seems to be carryin' a heavyish load;
Just walk on wi' me, an' aw'll put thi i'th' road."
Then he eyed th' Bishop o'er fro' his yead to 'is feet,
An', after bein' satisfied ut o ud be reet,

Th' collier poo'd an' owd pipe eawt, an' soon had it lit,
Then said, "Hond o'er thi bag, an' aw'll carry it a bit,"
Th' Bishop honded it o'er, an' what followed aw'll tell
As near as aw con as aw year'd it misel'!

BISHOP FRASER AN' TH' COLLIER

"It strikes me," said th' collier, "'at tha ne'er does no wurch :

Art a pa'son, or summat 'at's heigh up i'th' Church?"

"Well, yes," said th' good Bishop, "I cannot deny That I am in the Church, and may say rather high!"

Well, wheer does ta come fro'? an' who met tha be?
Tha's a fine shovel-hat, an' wears leggin's aw see."

"I'm the Bishop, my man, as you're anxious to know."

"Yo're th' Bishop?" said th' chap, starin' at him. "What!
Yo'?"

"Well aw never yeard th' loike! An' tha'rt th' Bishop, tha
says,

An walkin' wi' me, wi' mi black lookin' face!"

"Why shouldn't I?" said th' Bishop, still stridin' along,

"For in walking with you I can see nothing wrong."

"Well, happen its nowt nobbut reet 'at tha should ;

But ther' isno so mony Lord Bishops 'at would,

If tha'rt th' Bishop tha'll know th' road to Heaven, aw
guess?"

"Well," said th' Bishop, a little bit flutter't like, "Yes,

"I think, my good man, I may venture to say,

That I'm able—and willi' g—to point out the way ;

If you'll come to the chr'ch where I'm preaching to-night

I think we can manage to put matters right."

Said th' collier : "But aw'm noan so sure abeawt that ;

Tho' tha'rt th' Bishop, wears leggin's, an' fine shovel-hat,

If tha conno find Bowton beawt axin' off me,

Heaw theaw knows th' road to Heaven—well, aw conno
just see!"

POOR PUSSY

POOR PUSSY

T HEAW'RT one o' God's creatures, come in here, come in ;

Poor Pussy? Theaw art hungry lookin' an' thin,
Eawr John's just bin tellin' me heaw tha's bin used ;
It's shawmful is th' way 'at he's seen thi abused.
Poor thing ! an' tha'rt nobbut a kittlin' aw see ;
An' yet th' nowty lads couldn't let thi a-be ;
But tha's met wi' a friend at'll keep thi fro' harm,
So ceawer thi deawn here wheer it's cosy an' warm.

It's th' wrung time o'th' year to be takin' owt in ;
An' yet aw shall never be guilty o'th' sin
O' turnin' mi back on a creature i' need,
Iv it's nobbut a cat 'at aw'm able to feed.
Lie thi deawn close to th' hob, an' aw'll fot some moor coal ;
Tha shall join me at th' best 'at aw have i' this hole.
Wheer's thi mother, aw wonder? Well, that tha can't tell,
But tha'rt rayther to' young to turn eawt bi thisel'.

Neaw, then, here's a sope o' warm milk in a plate ;
Lap it up, an' be sharp, for tha needs summat t' ate.
Here, John, lad, thee slip into th' butcher's, th' next dur,
For a penn'orth o' leets, an' say what they're for ;

POOR PUSSY

He's a good-natured fellow is Alfred Maclure,
Iv he knows what they're for he may send rayther moor.
He's fond ov a dog, is th' owd lad—he is that ;—
Let's hope he con feel for a poor starvin' cat.

Here's John wi' thoose leets ; come an' have a “tuck in,”
An' we'll cure thi o' lookin' so famished an' thin.
Hasto getten nine lives? Some cats han, they sen ;
Well, stop here wi' me, an' tha'll happen ha' ten.
Come here, neaw, come here ; for tha mustn't go eawt,
Or tha'll get welly kilt wi' th' bad lads 'at's abeawt.
They think it foine sport to ill-use sich as thee ;
Jump up, an' aw'll howd thi a bit on mi knee.

Well, it's th' way o' this world! When one's powfagg'd an'
deawn,
An' friends 'at should care for us every one fleawn,
Ther's allus some ready—Tom, Harry or Dick—
To hurl us still lower, an' give us a kick.
Like some hungry vulture, 'at hovers areawnd,
An' fattens its carcase o' meat 'at's unseawnd,
So these, havin' passions degraded an' low,
Can feed upo' cruelty, revel 'midst woe!

Aw'd rayther this minute be clemm'd same as thee,
As friendless an' whoamless tha ceawers on mi knee,
Nor be cursed wi' mean actions, like some aw could name,
'At are soulless, an' heartless, an' “glory i' shame.”
Tha pricks up thi ears, an' tha howds up thi yead!
Tha met understan' every word 'at aw've said!
Theaw has as mitch sense—an' tha knows what to do wi't—
As that wretch 'at wur puncin' thi up an' deawn th' street.

POOR PUSSY

Well' aw'm thinkin' we've summat t' be thankful for, John ;
It's grand, lad, to do a kind act when we con ;
Aw've tow't thee a lesson aw want thi to heed,
Whenever tha meets a poor creature i' need.
Let's allus deal gently wi' th' sufferin' an' sad,
Then God will deal gently with us, mi dear lad ;
An' iv ever, loike th' cat here, we get cast adrift,
Ther's no deawt but what someb'dy ull give us a lift.

THANK YO', SIR!

THANK YO', SIR!

ON RECEIVIN' A KESMUS GOOSE FRO' A PARSON.

LAST Setturday neet, as aw're nursin' eawr Bob,
An' runnin' a toothry things o'er i' mi nob,
Someb'dy poo'd at eawr bell, so aw went to th' front dur,
An' when aw geet theer some astonished aw wur,
When a young woman muttered some sort of excuse,
An' said "If you please, Sir, I've brought you a goose."
"Mi good woman," aw said, "yo're mistacken, aw fear;
Aw think yo'll do wrong iv yo leoven it here."

"I am perfectly right, I assure you," hoo said,
Soa aw stood toothry seconds theer scrattin' mi yead;
An' this young woman stood theer quite fast what to do,
Whoile aw're lookin' sheepish, an' feelin' soa too.
At length aw said, "Well, iv it's eawr's bring it in,
But aw'm thinkin' it welly ameannts to a sin.
For poor folk loike we are to fare i' this style;
It's eawt o' eawr road this bi monny a long mile.

"Sheep yeads, an' red herrin', an' that mack o' stuff
Are moor i' eawr loine, an' are quite good enough:
For one hasn't a desoire to be th' same as owd Peel,

THANK YO', SIR!

'At dee'd th' other Sunday thro' livin' soa weel,
He ate so mich cabbage an' mate o' that kind,
'At he didn't leov heawse reawm enough for his woinde.
He'r a foine-lookin' fellow as ever one see'd,
Wur owd Mestur Peel, it's a pity he dee'd."

Well, yo'r reverence, aw'm forty year owd—rayther moor,
But aw've ne'er seen a goose coom i' eawr heawse afoor;
An' we dunno know heaw we're to cook sich like things,
Dun yo' eat ole th' job lot, th' tail, fithers, an' wings?
Dun yo' roast 'em, or boil 'em, or fry 'em, or what?
Eawr Jack says he dar' say they're done up i' fat,
Same as fish, cowed potatoes, an' stuff o' that mack,
But aw ne'er tak' noa notice at ole o' eawr Jack.

Well, my thanks, Mister Parson, for th' present yo'n sent,
An' aw hope 'at yo'll ne'er ha' no cause to repent
Havin' sent a poor fellow a goose to his dinner,
For it's one o'th' best ways o' convertin' a sinner.
Yo'r sermons, tho' good, aren't o' hawve as mich use
For rousin' one up as a savery goose;
If yo'd mak' an impression on sich loike as me,
Yo'll ha' to appeal to eawr stomachs, yo' see.

Neaw aw've noa deawt at ole but i' this sort o' weather
A goose spoiced wi' gospel would do weel together;
Eawr Saviour saw th' wisdom o' this, for we read,
'At He once gav' His hungry disciples a feed.
Well, aw'll drop it, yo'r reverence, aw've said enough neaw,
An' aw've managed to get thro' mi tale o' sumheaw.
One met go on further, but then what's the use?
Ole aw want to say's this—Aw'm obliged for that goose.

HELP YO'RSEL'S, LADS

HELP YO'RSEL'S, LADS

DUNNO steal, nor nowt, mi brothers;
That's noan what aw meon, not it,
Nowe, it's this—look less to others—

Try to help yo'r sel's a bit.
Neaw, aw'm noa great politician,
Up to th' een in't, same as some;
Aw believe a mon's position
May be mended mooast awhom.

Thirty year aw've been a toiler,
Th' mooast o'th' time i'th' cotton mill;
Sweat as hard as th' best among yo',
Ah, an' lads, aw'm workin' still!
Workin' when yo'r noicely dozin',
Workin' with a weakly frame,
Thinkin', feelin', an' composin',
Not to get mysel a name,

But to try an' raise mi brothers—
Thoose 'at labour by mi soide—
Sons o'th' same dear English mothers,
Britain's glory, strength, an' proide.
Oh, may God, i' heaven aboon us,

HELP YO'RSEL'S, LADS

Help me i' mi humble task!
Gi'e me th' will an' strength to do it!
Brothers, this is o aw ask.

Let's be thowtful, let's be sober,
Get eawr drinks fro' nature's wells:
Put less confidence i' others,
An' a bit moor i' eawrsel's.
Some consider th' Tories reet uns,
Friends o'th' workin' men an' sich;
Other some co th' Liberals breet uns,
Noan o' these can help us mich.

At th' elections here aw've yeard yo'
Set up mony a rare good sheawt;
Well, an' what will this wark bring us?
No mich cheese an' bread, aw deawt.
Bless yo' lads, it is but little
Anyone deawn here con do:
Th' best o' men are nobbut mortal,
Often selfish, seldom true.

Brother toilers, let's no langer
Trust to this or that big mon;
Th' chaps at Lunnun con do nowt mich,
Help yo'r sel's, lads, o yo' con.
Let me ax yo' t' give o'er drinkin';
Nob'dy's peawer to raise yo' up;
Nob'dy can prevent yo' sinkin',
While yo're slaves to summat t' sup.

Th' world's a ring—we're wrostlers in it;
Life's a conflict, let's "wire in,"

HELP YO'RSEL'S, LADS

Struggle monfully an' bravely,
Same as thoose 'at meon to win.
Iv successful, let's keep humble ;
Iv we ar'no, never heed ;
Th' best o' men mun sometimes tumble,
Th' bravest warriors sometimes bleed.

Toime's to' precious to be wasted ;
Life's to' short to fling away ;
Let's o set to work i' earnest,
Hopin' t' see a breeter day.
Dunno look so mich to others ;
Drink deep draughts fro' wisdom's wells ;
Carve yo'r own way eawt, mi brothers ;
Help yo'rsel's, lads ! help yo'rsel's !

FOOT PASSENGERS, KEEP TO THE RIGHT

FOOT PASSENGERS, KEEP TO THE RIGHT

IT'S been said 'at ther's sarmons i' stones ;
Well, judgin' bi thoose i' eawr fowd,—
Aw'm a bit i'th' same mind as Tom Jones,—
'At sich sarmons must feel rayther cowl.
This o' mine, tho' it's noan o'th' first stamp,
It's as good as this heart con indite ;
Mi text, ta'en fro' th' post ov a lamp,
Is "Foot passengers, keep to the right."

An firstly, aw'd ha' yo' beware
O'th' dandy 'at tak's greater pains
To convince us he's nice curly hair,
Than he does to convince us he's brains.
Ther's words o' deceit on his tongue,
Calculated fair prospects to blight :
Iv yo' tread i' his steps yo'll be wrong ;
Young fellows! keep on to the right.

Let th' standard yo' go by be true ;
Measure man by his mind, not his purse ;
Ther's mony a great squire 'at's a foo',
An' a drunken foo' too, an' that's worse.
We've lots o' rich men one could name,

FOOT PASSENGERS, KEEP TO THE RIGHT

'At are hurried whoam drunk every night ;
Well, this is a scandalous shame,
So, " Foot passengers, keep to the right."

Let th' motives 'at guide yo' be pure,
Proceedin' fro' hearts full o' love ;
Deal gently wi' th' errin' an' th' poor,
For kind acts are recorded above.
To lead folk to virtue an' God,
Exert o yo'r influence an' might ;
Bid 'em guard against fashion's smooth road,
Ask 'em kindly to keep to the right.

Keep eawt o' thoose traps 'at are laid,
Th' " Breawn Ceaw," th' " Black Horse," an' th' " Blue
Bell,"

Ther's a curse on the'r damnable trade,
An' on th' death-dealin' drink 'at they sell !
While yo' tramp throo this wearisome world,
Keep th' goal 'at yo' aim at i' sight ;
Let th' banner o' truth be unfurled,
Wi' this motto on—" Keep to the right."

Some tempter may come wi' his wiles ;
Try to get yo' to tread i'th' wrong track ;
Tack no heed to his words an' sweet smiles,
But, like Jesus did, say " Stand back !"
Tack no notice o' praises or freawns ;
Dunno fret o'er yo'r locks growin' white ;
Hoary heads 'll be glorified creawns,
To thoose 'at keep on to the right.

If dark gloomy cleawds should appear,

FOOT PASSENGERS, KEEP TO THE RIGHT

To o'ershadow yo'r hearths an' yo'r homes ;
Light yo'r lamps, an' tak' care they burn clear,
An' be ready when th' bridegroom comes.
Should th' sky appear cleawdless aboon,
An' yo'r prospects be hopeful an' bright,
Beware ! for a storm may come soon :
Be cautious, an' keep to the right.

When Death yo'r last summons shall bring
To be sharp an' pack up an' be gone.
Yo' con calmly, triumphantly sing—
“ Aw'll be wi' thi as soon as aw con.”
An' heaw th' angels i' heaven will rejoice,
When yo' bid us yo'r last “ good-night !”
An' yo'll hear Christ's own welcomin' voice,
“ Come up hither, my friend, to the right !”

FEIGHT FAIR

FEIGHT FAIR

EH dear! what foin' eawt ther' is;
It does look bad, for sure:
We'n th' young at logger'eads wi' th' owd,
An' th' rich at war wi' th' poor.
Professin' Christians quarrel too;
M.P.'s get eawt o' square;
A pity this: but come, mi lads,
Let's everyone feight fair.

While toddlin' thro' this world o' eawrs
Th' best on us gotten hit;
An', tho' we'd rayther live at peace,
We han to feight a bit.
Ther's wrongs one doesn't like to see;
We'n rights we conno spare;
Ther's allus summat t' feight abeawt;
But come, mi lads, feight fair.

We'n superstition t' battle wi',
Owd Prejudice an' o;
An' we shall foind it hardish wark
Opposin' these, aw know.
Ne'er mind, let's buckle to ogen,

FEIGHT FAIR

An' meet us, if they dare ;
They'll ha' to shift afore so long ;
Feight fair, mi lads, feight fair.

Ther's folk to feight 'at never larned
To aim a gradely blow ;
They'n noather science, skill, nor sense ;
Neaw, these are th' worst of o ;
They'll fire the'r shots, an' wheer they leet
They noather know nor care ;
Th' owd-fashund way o' arguin' this ;
But never mind, feight fair.

Well, then, ther's hollow-yeaded folk
(Of course, they'n lots o' tongue),
'At fancy the'r ideas are reet,
An' other folk's wrong.
Let's treat these kindly, pity 'em,
An' lay the'r follies bare ;
A dose like this may do 'em good ;
Let's try it, lads ; feight fair.

Yo'll ha' some roughish feightin' t' do,
An' rare hard tugs wi' some,
Altho' they know nowt, good or bad,
Bo what they'n larned awwhoam.
Wi' th' weapons these ull bring i'th' field
No deawt they'll mak' yo' stare ;
But, then, they're o they han to use,
They are, indeed ; feight fair.

When Error stonds i'th' way o' Truth,
An' Wrong i'th' way o' Right ;

FEIGHT FAIR

To clear the way, an' see fair play,
Set to wi' o yo'r might.
But act wi' reason, tak' yo'r time,
An' have a bit o' care;
Be firm, an' yet be gentle too;
Feight fair, mi lads, feight fair.

Feight fair wi' everyone yo' meet,
Wi' rich, poor, young, an' owd;
An' value noble actions moor
Nor oather fame or gowd.
An' lads, as far as in us lies,
Let's do what's reet an' square;
An' when ther's feightin' to be done,
Let's aim at feightin' fair.

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE TO WED WOMEN

NEAW, women, God bless yo'! yo' know aw'm yo'r
friend,

An' as lung as aw'm able to stur, aw intend
To do what aw con. booath wi' tongue an' wi' pen,
To praise yo', an' get yo' weel thowt on bi'th' men.
At th' same toime aw shall noan be for howdin' mi tongue,
Iv aw foind 'at yo're guilty o' doin' what's wrong.
Aw dar' say yo' know very weel what aw meon;
Aw want yo' t' keep th' heawses o' tidy an' cleon;

An' be sure—when yo'r husbands come in ov a neet—
To ha' th' har'stone new mopp'd an' th' fender rubb'd breet;
See 'at everythin's noicely put by in its place,
An' welcome 'em whoam wi' a smile on yo'r face.
When it's weshin' day, get done as soon as yo' con;
Aw'll assure yo' it's very unpleasant for John
To come into th' heawse ov a noonin' or neet,
An' foind th' dirty clooas spread abeawt at his feet.

Aw'll be hanged iv aw've patience wi' th' slatternly hags,
Sich as som'toimes aw see when aw'm goin' deawn th' flags;
It's no wonder the'r husbands should set off an' drink;
Will they stop wi' sich slovens as thoose, do yo' think?

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

Nowe, aw'll warrant they winnot, for *aw* never should ;
Aw'd "hook it" as sharply as ever aw could.
Whoa could ever expect one to ceawer in a hole,
Wheer a woman sits smookin', as black as a coal?

Iv a fellow gets wed to a cratur' like this—
Unless he's some very queer notions o' bliss—
Aw think he'll prefer bein' off eawt o'th' dur
To ceawerin' o'th' har'stone wi' someb'dy loike her.
But oh! a chap's blest when he gets a *good* woife,
To help him thro' th' world, and to sweeten his loife :
An' one or two youngsters to romp on his knee ;
Neaw, aw've tried it, an' know what it is, do yo' see.

It's noice when a little thing meets one on th' way,
An' sheawts, "Come on, daddy, come on to yo'r tay."
Eh, women, aw'll venture to gi'e mi owd hat
Iv yo'll foind ony music 'at's sweeter nor that.
Oh! it's grand when one enters th' inside o' the'r cot,
An' foinds 'at th' woife's made it a *heaven* ov a spot :
An' her stonidin' theer, bless her, to welcome yo' in,
Wi' o' 'at's abeawt her as clean as a pin!

An' it does seawnd some sweet when hoo tells yo' hoo's fain,
To see yo' come whoam weel an' hearty again.
Iv one's wantin' a bit o' *real pleasure*, it's here,
Bein' welcomed an' cared for bi thoose yo' love dear.
Ther's nowt 'at's moor dear to a chap i' this loife,
Nor th' breet smilin' face ov a fond lovin' woife.
Well, women, what are yo' for doin', neaw, come?
Will yo' promise an' try to keep th' husbands awhoam?

Let 'em feel—when the'r wark's done—at th' loveliest spot

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

'At the'r is under heaven, is *the'r own humble cot*.
Ah! ther's lots o' poor fellows aw've known i' mi loife,
'At's bin driven fro' whoam bi a slovenly woife :
When they'n come in at neet, wearied eawt wi' the'r toil,
I'th' stead o' bein' met wi' a sweet, lovin' smoile,
Ther's nothin' but black-lookin' holes met the'r een,
An' a woife an' some childer, a shawm to be seen.

Neaw, women, aw beg on yo', do what yo' con
To mak' things look summat loike reet for a mon ;
Ther'll be less drunken husbands, aw'm sure, if yo' will ;
An' less money spent across th' road, at th' "Quiet Gill."
Yo'll be paid for yo'r trouble wi' th' comfort it brings
An' havin' moor brass for foine bonnets an' things.
Iv yo' want to be happy, aw'd ha' yo' be quick,
An' practise th' advice o' yo'r friend, Uncle Dick.

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE TO SENGLE WOMEN

NO deawt it ud look a deol better o' me
To mind mi own wark, an' let th' women a-be ;
But aw'm anxious to gi'e yo' a bit ov advice,
For aw'm fond on yo', bless yo', yo' looken so noice,
Wi' yo'r bonny blue een, set loike gems i' yo'r yead ;
Aw very nee wish 'at aw'd never bin wed ;
But ther'd noan be mich chance iv aw wurno, perhaps,
For aw reckon yo'r th' mooast on yo' fitted wi 'chaps.

God bless yo', yo'r loike tender plants 'at's i'th' bud ;
Iv aw'd peawer to protect yo' fro' danger, aw would ;
When th' cowl winds are blowin', to keep yo' fro' harm,
Aw'd cover yo' up weel, an' keep yo' reet warm ;
An' aw'd tak' care 'at th' sun didn't spoil yo' an' o,
For aw'd nurse yo' loike folk nurses plants for a show,
Neaw, aw want a young woman, afore hoo gets wed—
To Willie, or Albert, or Jammie, or Ned—

To try an' foind eawt if he's fond ov his books,
Never mind what he wears, nor heaw pratty he looks ;
Never heed heaw he brushes an' fettles his yure :
These things are attractive to one to be sure ;
But let her forget his fine clooas, if hoo con,

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

An' mak' sure o' one thing—an' that is—at John's
Getten summat coed brains i'th' inside ov his nob.
Dunno ax iv he's gotten a watch in his fob ;

Dunno mak' so mich bother respectin' his age,
Nor what he can get in a week as a wage ;
For ther's mony a young fellow gets plenty o' brass
'At's never no business to cooart a young lass ;
For it's very weel known 'at he's nobbut a foo'
Th' street-corner's his chapel, an' th' ale-heawse his schoo'.
Neaw, a young woman acts very foolish, aw think,
'At gets wed to a fellow 'at's fond ov his drink ;

For hoo cannot expect to be happy, aw'm sure,
Hoo'll be likelier far to be wretched an' poor.
So' lasses' yo' bargain weel, whoile yo'r agate,
An' not ha' to after-think, when it's too late ;
For ther's lots o' poor deawn-trodden women aw know
'At once wur as happy as ony o' yo' ;
When they started a-cooartin' the'r prospects wur breet,
Walkin' eawt arm-in-arm wi' the'r lovers at neet :

The'r minds free fro' trouble an' cankerin' care,
An' as women are neaw, buildin' "castles i'th' air,"
Never dreomin' but what sich accomplished young men
Would be allus as lovin' as what they wur then.
But men are loike women—they sometimes do wrong—
An' loike 'em too, they mak' too mich use o' ther' tongue ;
It's surpraisin' what noice-seawndin' tales they can tell,
Aw dar'say aw'd tow'd mony a hundert misel'.

Well, lasses, iv ever yo' meon to get wed,
Prepare yo'rsel's for it. Aw once yeard it said,

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

'At a chap deawn i' Slawwit—a village close by—
Ax'd his newly-made woife t' mak' pottato pie.
Neaw, hoo never had made nowt o'th' sooart in her loife,
But hoo tow'd him hoo'd try, like a dutiful woife ;
So hoo geet some potatoes, some mutton an' stuff,
An' at first hoo appeared to get on weel enough ;

But, as th' tale gooas, it seems hoo went wur tor't th' last,
When hoo coom to put th' crust on, hoo geet gradely fast ;
Hoo couldn't for th' loife on her ger it th' reet size,
An' wondered why th' husband should want sich loike pies ;
Hoo rowled it, an' poo'd it, an' frabb'd a good bit,
But whatever hoo did, couldn't ger it to fit.
At last, when hoo'd done till hoo'rn getten reet stow'd,
Hoo went to her mother's,—a piece fur up th' road,—

An' tow'd her what bother hoo'd had wi' this pie ;
“ Well, come,” said th' owd woman, “ tha's no need to cry ;
Soa tha'rt fast, an' tha's come to thi mother to schoo' ;
Get a knife, an' then cut reawnd th' edges, tha foo' !”

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE TO SENGLE MEN

AS sengle young women have had some advice,
Aw think it ud hardly be fair or look noice
If friend Uncle Dick didn't set too ogen,
And try to say summat to sengle young men.
Well, as yo'r weel aware, lads, aw've bin young misel',
So a hint or two met be o' use—who can tell?—
Aw'm noan yet a very owd fellow, it's true,
Still aw've gone through a deol 'at yo'll have to go through.

Neaw th' bit ov advice 'at aw have to impart,
Let me tell yo's weel meant, an' comes warm fro' mi heart ;
For aw know very weel what it is to be young ;
Aw remember the toime when aw whistled an' sung
As aw used to be trudgin' along to mi wark,
As cheerful, as merry, as blithe as a lark ;
Little thinkin' 'at care 'ud o'ertak' me so soon,
To mar an' put everythin' reet eawt o' tune.

But we foind, while trampin' this rough world o' eawrs,
A great deol o' thorns, but a very few fleawers.
It's weel 'at it is soa ; wur this a good shop,
We should aim at no better, but want to stop.
Well, neaw, will yo' kindly excuse an owd mon,

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE

While he's tryin' to gi'e th' best advice 'at he con.
Beware o' bad habits: cigars an' strong drink
Are doin' moor harm to young folk nor they think.

Aw mony a toime wish eawr big men ud mak' laws
To punish young lads seen wi' pipes i' the'r jaws,
Neaw, isn't it a painful, a humblin' seet,
To witness mere children go smookin' through th' street?
Young lads! iv ever yo' intend to be men,
Shun pipes an' cigars; never touch 'em ogen.
Aw'm sorry to gi'e yo'r pet habits such raps,
But smookin' an' drinkin' oft ruin young chaps.

Well, aw reckon ther's some little cooartin' t' be done,
Some woman's affections 'at han to be won.
An' here let me warn yo' t' beware what yo' do,
If yo' mak' a bad match yo'll be certain to rue.
If tha meons to get wed, John, look eawt for a lass
Wi' some brains an' good fingers, care nowt abeawt brass,
For iv that's o tha gets tha'll repent o thi loife
At tha' didn't get howd of a sensible woife.

Neaw, chaps, dunno yo' be loike some 'at aw've seen,
Led away wi' red cheeks, rosy lips, an' blue een.
Pratty women are very attractive, aw know;
They'll do for us t' look at a bit,—but that's o.—
Neaw, dunno go tellin' it up an' deawn th' teawn
'At beauty's a thing 'at aw want to run deawn;
For a hon'some young woman tak's th' lead, ther's no deawt,
I' o th' bonny things at eawr Maker's turned eawt.

What aw want yo' to do, chaps, is this—get some woives
'At are loikely to wear well, an' sweeten yo'r loives;

UNCLE DICK'S ADVOICE

'At'll love yo' an' comfort yo' mony a lung day,
When age comes, an' beauty's o' faded away.
Get some woives 'at'll ha' some affection to show,
An' cling to yo' firmly i' weal an' i' woe.
That's th' best sort o' beauty 'at winno go cowl,
But sticks to a mon when he's helpless an' owd.

Well, aw'll drop it neaw, lads; aw'm at th' eend o' mi bant,
An' aw dar' say aw've said quite as mich as yo' want.
Aw've tried to appeal booath to th' heart an' to th' yead,
An' hope yo'll be better for th' little aw've said:
Jus tak' these few hints as they come fro' mi pen,
An' put 'em i' practice, young fellows, an' then—
Some day,—when yo' foind things are workin' so noice,
Yo'll thank Ucle Dick for his bit ov advice.

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE TO WED MEN

WHAT to say to wed fellows aw conno weel tell ;
Altho' aw've bin wed two or three toimes misel'.
It's a awkwardish job, an' it's noan very noice
To be actin' th' owd uncle, an' givin' advice.
But th' wed women keep botherin' an' wantin' me t' write,
Iv aw dunno, aw know they'll do nowt nobbut flite.
My woife's among th' rest, hoo kicks up a rare fuss,
An' says 'at ther's reawm for improvement i' us.

Well, aw dar' say ther' is, we're noan angels, aw know ;
Nowe, nowe, chaps, ther's nowt o' that stamp here below ;
Even women, as fair as they happen to be,
They're sent into th' world witheawt wings, one can see ;
An' it's weel as it is so, for if they could fly,
That woife o' Tom Breawn's ud be off up i'th' sky ;
An' ther's moor beside her 'at ud soon disappear,
For they're tired o' bein' hampert an' kicked abeawt here.

Neaw why should it be so? come, chaps, is this reet?
Aw'm for bein' reet plain an' straight-forrud to-neet.
Does tha yer, Tom? heaw is it tha treats wi' neglect
That woman tha promised to love an' protect?
Heaw is it tha'rt gradely wi' folk eawt o'th' dur,

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

But when tha gets whoam tha'rt so peevish wi' her?
Eh, Tom. iv ther's owt tha should love i' this loife,
Aw'm sure it's yo'r Poll, for hoo mak's a good woife.

Why, mon, tha's forgotten that mornin' aw'm sure,
When tha took her to th' altar, so fair an' so pure;
An' talk abeawt angels, an' bonny blue een,
To mi thinkin' a prattier lass never wur seen.
When yo' seet off to th' church, bells wur ringin' so sweet,
And th' nayburs God blessed her when passin' deawn th'
street,
An' her feyther an' mother—they mingled the'r prayers,
'At tha'd mack a good whoam for that dear lamb o' theirs.

Has ta done so, owd brid? nowt o'th' sooart mon, tha knows
'At hoo's sufferin' just neaw fro' thi kicks an' thi blows;
It wur nobbut last neet, tha wur on at th' "King Ned,"
An' becose hoo went for thi, an' ax'd thi t' go t' bed,
Tha up wi' thi fist, an' witheawt e'en a word,
Tha knocked her on th' paivin's;—it's true, mon, aw've
yeard.—

Eh, Tom, lad, aw'd oather be better nor thee—
An' keep off that mischievous drink—or aw'd see.

A chap when he's wed should feel sattled i' loife,
Stay at whoam of a neet wi' his books an' his woife;
An' if it so leets 'at ther's youngsters to nurse,
It's his duty to help, for ther's nothin' looks worse
Nor a chap to be gaddin' abeawt eawt o'th' dur,
An' his woife wi' th' nursin' an' th' wark left to her.
Neaw aw'm sure it ud look far moor monly an' fair
If we stay'd in to help 'em, an' did th' biggest share.

UNCLE DICK'S ADVICE

Aw con fancy aw yer someb'dy say "Uncle Dick!
Aw wish yo'd stop gabblin' an' talkin' so quick.
Let's have a word wi' yo', it's o very noice
For a chap to be writin' an' givin' advice;
But we wanten yo'r woife here, no deawt hoo could tell
Heaw toime after toime yo'n bin guilty yo'rsel';
When ogen yo'r inclined to give others a rap,
Think on an' begin at Jerusalem, owd chap."

Well, well, lads, aw will, for aw'm guilty, no deawt;
We'n o bits o failin's—we're noan on us beawt.—
Even th' best on us, when we're weel polished an' breet,
Winno bear a good siftin' nor bringin' to th' leet.
So let's start an' mend, let's begin an' be good,
For eawr woives ud be rarely set up if we would.
Let's prove eawrsel's honest an' monly an' true,
An' then th' women ull try, an' they'll mend a bit too.

HOMELY ADVOICE TO TH' UNEMPLOYED

HOMELY ADVOICE TO TH' UNEMPLOYED

THOO' unfit to tak' part i' loife's battles
Or feight wi' th' same pluck as befoor ;
As a comrade, an' late brother-toiler,
Aw feel anxious to help yo' once moor.
Aw've fowt lung an' hard as yo' know, lads ;
But aw'm gettin' near th' end o' mi days ;
Aw shall soon have to strip off this armour,
An' let someb'dy else tak' mi place.

Tak' advice fro' a grey-yeaded comrade,
Let justice be blended wi' blows :
An' be sure 'at yo' dunnot mak' th' blunder
O' mistackin' yo'r friends for yo'r foes.
Some o'th' wealthy deserve o they'n gotten ;
They'n been workin', an' savin' the'r gowd,
While yo'n had yo'r honds i' yo'r pockets,
Or, perhaps, played at marbles i'th' fowd.

Tak' an owd friend's advice, an' feight fair, lads ;
Be aware o' what's known as "bad blood ;"
An' whatever yo' do, keep fro' mischief ;
Breakin' windows will do yo' no good.
Yo' do reet to speak eawt when yo'r clemmin',

HOMELY ADVICE TO TH' UNEMPLOYED

An' let o yo'r troubles be known ;
But this can be done witheawt threat'nin',
Or endangerin' th' nation or th' throne.

Lads, aw know what it meons to be pinchin',
For aw've had a front seat i' that schoo' ;
Oatcake an' churn milk for a "baggin' "

An' a penny red herrin' for two !
It tries a poor starvin' mon's patience,
An' his feelin's are hardish to quell,
When he sees his rich neighbours are feastin'
An' he con get nowt nobbut th' smell.

This is one o' thoose wrongs 'at want reightin' ;
Ther's a screw loose i'th' job ther's no deawt ;
Ther's a foe hangin' reawnd 'at needs feightin' ;
Set to work, lads, an' ferret it eawt.
An' while battlin' for th' right, let's be "jannock ;"
Thoose 'at's reet have no need be afraid.
Are these wrongs browt abeawt bi eawr neighbours?
Or are they—what's likelier—whoam-made?

While th' wealthy are feastin' we're starvin',
An' for this, lads, ther' must be a cause ;
Aw know pratin' Tom ull put this deawn
To injustice an' th' badness o'th' laws.
Well, ther' may be some truth i' what Tom says,
But aw know what th' real cause is aw think :
For while Tom's woife an' childer are starvin',
He's spendin' his earnin's o' drink.

Yo' may prate o'er yo'r wrongs until doomsday,
An' blame what are coed th' upper class ;

HOMELY ADVICE TO TH' UNEMPLOYED

But ole yo'r complaints will be useless,
Till yo'n th' sense to tak' care o' yo'r brass.
Turn o'er a new leaf, fellow-toilers,
An' let common-sense be yo'r guide ;
If ther's one happy spot under heaven,
Let that spot be yo'r own fireside.

Get a ceaw, if yo' con, an' three acres,
An' i' future, employ yo'r spare heawers
I' readin' good books ; an' yo'r windows,
Fill these up wi' plants an' wi' fleawers.
Get yo'r wives an' yo'r childer areawnd yo',
Sing an' whistle among 'em loike mad ;
An' if this doesn't mak' yo' feel happier,
Throw th' blame on " A LANCASHIRE LAD."

TH' PEERS AN' TH' PEOPLE

TH' PEERS AN' TH' PEOPLE

CLEAR us a ring, lads, an' let's have a feight,
An' we'll soon have it settled whoa's wrung an'
 whoa's reight;

Th' People or th' Peers—which is it to be?
Let's have a reawnd or two, then we shall see.

Must these preawd Peers tak' possession o'th' helm,
An' quietly say whoa's to govern this realm?
Are th' Bees to eat th' lean, an' th' Drones to eat th' fat
For ever an' ever? we'll see abeawt that!

Widen that ring, lads; neaw up wi' yo'r sleeves,
An' we'll soon mak' short wark o' these lordlin's an' thieves;
Lancashire lads can march up to the'r graves
But can never be ceawards, or trators, or slaves!

Comrades an' friends, shall we give up for nowt
That freedom for which eawr brave forefathers fowt?
Nay, never, so lung as these feet are well shod,
We'll oather win th' battle, or dee upo' th' clod!

But why talk o' deein', or have ony fears
While ther's nowt i' eawr way but a hon'ful o' Peers?

TH' PEERS AN' TH' PEOPLE

Let 'em only feel th' tips o' eawr famed wooden shoon,
An' they'll look for a road eawt o'th' field, an' soon.

Clear us a ring, then, an' let's have a feight,
An' we'll jolly soon settle whoa's wrung an' whoa's reight.
Th' People or th' Peers—which is it to be?
Let's have a tussle, an' th' world shall soon see!

EXTRACTS FROM A "MUNICIPAL LAY"

EXTRACTS FROM A "MUNICIPAL LAY"

WE travel Life's journey together,
Hope to land i'th' same peaceful abode ;
Ole childer belongin' one feyther,
Then why should we quarrel on th' road?
Wouldn't th' world be much better to live in
If political strife were supprest?
Could we find e'en a sparrow soa foolish,
As to wilfully feaul its own nest?
Are *we* to be thowt ony wiser
If we sacrifice God-given peawers,
To forcin' a way among *brambles*,
When ther's one ready-made among th' fleawers!
Mi yead's grey wi' age an' hard thinkin',
An' yet aw feel beawnd to confess,
'At we needn't mitch trouble to look for
What's known as th' Millenium, unless
We resolve to put deawn that bad feelin'
'At *must* injure booath yo' an' us too.
Heaw con th' lion an' th' lamb lie together,
While they quarrel as mich as they do?
We're cursed wi' divisions an' parties,
Split up into sects o'er a creed ;
An' while we keep feightin' these shadows,
Heaw on earth con we hope to succeed!

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

WHAT! me have a seat i'th' Teawn Ceawncil? dear,
dear!

Why! what earthly use would a rhymster be theer?
An' e'en if aw went, unless th' May'r had good e'en,
If aw geet up to speak, aw should never be seen.

Besides, what con *aw* know o' sewerage an' things;
Or heaw con a honest mon join one o'th' "rings"
'At meet i' bar-parlours wheer plots may be laid
Disast'rous to th' borough, an' favourin' th' "trade?"
"Mister Ceawncillor Laycock" may seawnd very nice;
An' a child may be pleased wi' a paper o' spice.
But are we quite sure 'at sich acts would be reet?
Would th' child's tender stomach be better for th' sweet?
At ony rate, please to tak' notice o' this—
Aw shall ne'er be won o'er, or betrayed wi' a kiss.

An' what abeawt th' men i' eawr Ceawncil to-day?
Don't yo' think some o' these would be better away?
An' should I—whose sole tools are pen, paper, an' ink—
Turn eawt ony better nur these, do yo' think?
At ony rate one thing th' electors would find,
An' that is, aw've gotten no axes to grind;

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

An' aw wouldn't turn th' hondle for others 'at had,
Or sacrifice manhood to Tory or Rad.
But aw'm gettin' near boastin', it's toime aw should stop,
Or mi neighbours may fancy aw'm after a shop;
But aw'll tell yo' at once 'at it's nowt i' my line;
Spendin' th' ratepayers' money on "walnuts an' wine."
True, aw might see a wrong wheer another mon wouldn't,
An' could creep up a soof wheer an alderman couldn't;
But at licensin' donkeys—as most on yo' know—
Well! aw couldn't pretend to be in it at o;
An', as to that matter o' stuffin mi crop.
Why, aw couldn't find reawm for a bottle o' pop.

But if th' truth must be spoken, aw connot just see,
Heaw winkin' at evils could suit sich as me;
An' one's brains may as weel be lapped up in a cleawt,
As be bothered wi' plans 'at are ne'er carried eawt.
Ther' isn't mitch "fat" eawt o' scribblin' o' verse,
But bein' i'th' Teawn Ceawncil's a theawsand times worse
If one gives up his manhood, an' forks eawt his "tin."
As a bribe to th' electors to carry him in.
Aw'm stoppin' aw'hoam wi' my books an' th' owd lass;
An' aw'll give noather time, nor experience, nor brass
For bubbles 'at burst, or mere perishin' fame,
'At oft prove disæstrous, an' soil a good name.
Aw shall allus be willin' to fill up a gap,
When mi neighbours are getten hard up for a chap;
But judgin' bi th' meetin's they held t'other neet,
When *that* day arrives aw'st be gone eawt o'th' seet.

WHAT! ANOTHER CRACKED POET!

WHAT! ANOTHER CRACKED POET!

WHAT! another cracked poet! bi th' mass, Jim, owd
lad,

Aw thowt we'd enoo o' this mack;
An' iv tha'll alleaw me to say what aw think,
Tha desarnes a good stick to thi back.
Aw'll tell thi what lad, tha'll be awfully clemmed
Iv tha'rt thinkin' to live bi thi pen.
Iv tha wants to get on, get some porritch an' milk,
An' some good cheese an' bread neaw an' then.

Neaw, aw've had some experience i' this mak' o' wark;
Aw've bin thirty odd ye'r i' this schoo';
An' what have aw managed to larn, does ta think?
Well, aw've managed to larn aw'm a foo'!
Tha'll find 'at this scribblin's a very poor trade,
An' tha'd ger along better bi th' hawve,
Iv tha'd start as a quack, wi' a tapeworm or two,
Or a few dacent pills an' some sawve.

Iv tha still feels determined to turn eawt as bard,
Aw'd advise thi to let nob'dy know,
Or tha'll rue it to th' very last day 'at tha lives,

WHAT! ANOTHER CRACKED POET!

Tha'll wish tha'd kept quiet—tha will so!
Iv Betty o' Bowers at th' bottom o'th' lone
Happens t' lose an' owd favourite cat,
Very loikely th' first body tha chances to meet
Will ax thi to write abeawt that.

Iv a couple get wed, or a man licks his wife,
Or some chap in a train steals a kiss,
Aw'll warrant th' first gossip tha meets 'll say, "Jim,
Tha'll spin us a rhyme abeawt this."
Tha'll be loikely to feel a bit flattered at first,
An' think it a stunnin' good trade;
But let me impress just one fact on thi mind,
It's this, Jim, tha'll never get paid!

Iv tha's ony opinions 'at doesn't just square
Wi' thoose 'at are held bi thi friends,
They'll look on thi coolly, as iv tha'rn a thief,
An' turn thi adrift till tha mends.
Iv tha knows heaw to flatter, an' wink at men's wrongs,
Tha may manage t' get on very weel;
But, tackle the'r habits, expose the'r mean tricks,
An' they'll shun thi as iv tha'rn the de'il!

Well, aw've towld thi mi moind, tha can do what tha loikes,
Go on rhymin', or let it alone;
Iv th' latter, thi friends may provide thi a fish;
Iv th' former, they'll give thi a stone.
An' what abeawt sellin' thi poetry, Jim?
Neaw, tha'll foind that a job, aw can tell;
Iv tha'rt treated loike other poor Lancashire bards,
Tha'll ha' to go sell 'em thisel'!

WHAT! ANOTHER CRACKED POET!

Heaw would t' loike goin' reawnd wi' a bag full o' books?

Heaw would t' loike to go hawkin' thi brains?

Or, when tha's bin tryin' to do some kind act,

To be tow'd thar't a foo' for thi pains.

Aw can tell thi this, Jim, it's aboon twenty year',

Sin' aw wur set deawn as a foo' ;

An', tho' it's a charge 'at one doesn't loike t' own,

Aw'm beginnin' to think 'at it's true.

Thee stick to recitin', tha'rt clever at that ;

In fact, ther's few loike thee i'th' lond,

An' booath i'th' pathetic an' th' humorous vein

Tha'rt reckon't a very good hond.

But aw'll drop it, owd friend, for aw'm gradely fagg'd eawt ;

Booath mi brain an' mi hond 'gin to tire ;

Iv tha loikes tha can stick these few loines i' thi book ;

Or—iv tha prefers it—i'th' fire.

EXTRACTS FROM POEM TO

EXTRACTS FROM POEM TO A BROTHER BARD

BUT B——, just one word o' caution,
Don't look for a *livin'* i' song;
Iv tha's gotten a job 'at brings brass in,
Stick to it! or else tha'll be wrong.
Mon, it's ole very weel to get honour,
For it certainly cheers an' elates;
But money's a lot moor convenient,
When one's payin' his rent an' his rates.
Neaw, aw'm noan windin' yarns off at random,
Aw'm writin' abeawt what aw know;
One may labour for fame an' may get it,
But it keeps him as "poor as a crow."
Keep on wi' thi rhymin' bi ole means,
An' tha'rt certain o' mackin' thi mark;
But tak' an' owd scribbler's advice, lad,
An' see tha gets *paid* for thi wark.
We've theawsands o' drones drawin' pensions,
But what a commotion one sees,
If some Socialist ventures th' opinion
'At none should eat th' honey but th' *bees*!
Well, these are th' conditions at present,
A lot o' things seem eawt o' tune;

EXTRACTS FROM POEM TO

But we 'at are known as reformers,
Would alter these matters an' soon.
We want to see labour rewarded,
Be it done wi' a hammer or pen ;
In a schoo', or a shop, or a factory,
In th' earth, or on th' top on't, what then ?
Why, th' paupers 'at draw these big pensions
Are sendin' the'r tools up an' deawn,
To tell us 'at th' country's i' danger,
'At we're aimin' at th' Bible an' th' Creawn !
But we meon to go on as we have done,
Keep workin' an' peggin' away,
Til th' toiler gets th' fruits ov his labour,
An' th' poet gets paid for his lay.

“ONLY A POET”

“ONLY A POET”

“ONLY a poet,” a schemer o’ schemes ;
A weaver o’ fancies, a dreamer o’ dreams ;
Insanely eccentric, wi’ long flowin’ hair,
An’ eyes strangely bright, wi’ a meanin’less stare !
“Only a poet,”—that’s o, nowt no moor ;
An’, as everyone knows, often needy an’ poor ;
Tho’ that little fault may be remedied soon,
If th’ minstrel could allus get paid for his tune.
Then look what a lot the’r strange yarns often cost !
Just fancy five sov’rins for “Paradise Lost” !
Whey, for much less nur that, ther’ are theawsands o’ men
Who would not only *lose* it, but *find* it ogen !

Neaw supposin’ yo’ bowt some good clooas to yo’r back,
Some beef-steaks an’ onions, or owt o’ that mak’ ;
These would bring yo’ some comfort, an’ help yo’ to live,
But yo’ll dee if yo’n nowt but what poets con give.
“Only a poet,”—a gazer at th’ moon,
Or soarin’ aloft in some mental balloon ;
Ah, some of ’em wingin’ the’r way to God’s throne,
An’ seemin’ t’ forget they’n a whoam o’ the’r own,
Wheer a woife may be ceawer’t in an owd tattered geawn,
Very patiently waitin’ till th’ husband comes deawn.

“ONLY A POET”

“Only a poet,”—a spinner o’ rhymes,
An’ never caught worshippin’ “dollars an’ dimes.”

“Only a poet,”—a star-gazin’ bard
’At met tell yo’ th’ earth’s distance fro’ th sun to a yard ;
But question him closely on trade, or bank shares,
An he’ll soon show his ignorance bi th’ way ’at he stares.
Wanderin’ throo’ country lanes all the day long,
Gabblin’ strange jargon, or croonin’ some song ;
Pennin’ grand thowts ’at may mak’ a world stare,
Then dee in a mad-heawse, like poor John Clare !
“Only a poet,”—ah ! but what does that mean ?
Bein’ passed bi a neighbour witheawt bein’ seen ;
Becose just across there comes Alderman Stott,
An’ he gets th’ warm greetin’ th’ poor bard should ha’ got !
“Only a poet,”—he’s nowt he con spare ;
If his feelin’s *are* hurt a bit, what need yo’ care ?

For a poet is noan o’ mich use as a friend,
Since he’s nowt he con give one, nor nowt he con lend.
“Only a poet,”—so let him alone,
Or, if yo’ think fit, yo’ may fling him a bone ;
He lives o’ sich stuff—bones an’ owd meawldy books,
At least one would think so, to judge by his looks.
Yo’ keep eawt o’th’ way on him, folks, for he’s sure
To speak abeawt summat yo’n ne’er yeard on befoor ;
He’s likely to tell yo’ yo’n brains i’ yo’r yead,
An’ a soul ’at’ll live when yo’r body’s gone dead ;
He’ll talk about spirit-friends hoverin’ areawnd,
When yo’ know they’re asleep, fast asleep, deawn i’th’
greawnd.

He’ll offer to lead yo’ through nature’s sweet beawers,

“ONLY A POET”

An' bid yo' admire her grand fruitage an' fleawers.
Very grand an' poetical; nice food for kings,
Or bein's 'at flutter abeawt us wi' wings;
But one couldn't weel offer to clothe a bare back,
Or feed hungry bellies wi' stuff o' that mak'.
“Only a poet,”—like Bloomfield or Burns,
'At may happen amuse yo' an' vex yo' i' turns;
Neaw charmin' his readers wi' th' thowts fro his pen,
Thus winnin' the'r heartiest plaudits, an' then,
It may be th' next minute yo'r filled wi disgust
At some sarcastic hit, or some pointed home-thrust!

“*Only a poet*”!—What moor do yo' want?
Some narrow-souled parson to rave an' to rant
Abeawt th' heat an' th' dimensions, an' th' people i' hell,
Till yo' fancy 'at th' chap must ha' bin theer hissel.
Yet ther' are folk i'th' world 'at dont think it amiss
To pay hundreds a year for sich twaddle as this;
While others, entitled to love an' respect,
Are treated too often wi' scorn an' neglect!
“*Only a Poet*,”—what moor do yo' crave,
To sweeten life's journey fro' th' cradle to th' grave?
Which is th' likeliest—think yo'—to help us along,—
An owd musty creed, or a good hearty song?

STARVED TO DEATH

STARVED TO DEATH

STARVED to death, did yo' say? dear-a-me!
Why, bless us, wheerever i'th' world could it be?
Wur he somewheer i' Greenland, wheer th' north winds
blow?

Or ramblin' o'er th' moors, an' lost i'th' snow?
Or wur he away i' some lonely place
Wheer th' sun seldom shoines on a human face;
I' some far-away desert 'at's seldom trod,
Wher th' soil appears fresh fro' th' hands o' God?

Nay, nay, he're noan starved on a foreign strand,
But here, awhoam, i' this Christian land,
Wheer th' seawnd o'th' church-goin' bell is heard,
An' charity's preached in the name of eawr Lord.
Wheer th' priest an' th' Levite on luxuries dine,
An' nobles an' statesmen get fuddled wi' wine;
It wur here, i' owd England, this "Queen of the Isles,"
This garden o' eawrs, on which Providence smiles.

It wur here 'at he deed, i'th' lond ov his birth;
I'th' wealthiest city on God's fair earth,
Starved to death within seet an' seawnd
O'th' merchant princes 'at prosper areawnd!

STARVED TO DEATH

Ah, starved to death in a Christian land.
Eh, dear! this is hard to understand,
Yo'r brother an' mine lyin' stiff an' cowl,
In a city o' splendour, a mart o' gowd.

Starved to death! a loife flung away!
God's image starved eawt o'th' poor vessel o' clay:
A dear choilt o' som'b'dy's, a brother o' eawers,
Wi' similar feelin's an' mental peawers,
Thrown away as if nothin' worth;
Not one friend to assist him on ole God's earth.
O, brothers an' sisters, pray what can we do?
O, thinkers an' writers, here's sum'at for you.

Come, thunner it eawt i' clarion tones,
'At we're starvin' th' bees while we pamper th' drones.
Thunner it eawt, an' let it be known,
Fro' th' pauper i'th' warkheawse to th' queen on her throne,
We can boast o' eawr greatness an' prowess i' war,
An' eawr fame as a nation's oft talked of afar;
An' shall it, wi' truth, o' owd England be said,
That her sons an' her dowters are starvin' for bread?

Is this what we co feedin' th' hungry an' th' dry,
Or doin' to others as we'd be done by?
Nay, we rayther think not, we should think it wur queer
If we'rn deein' o' hunger, an' nob'dy coom near.
While one's livin' i' "clover," he's friends o reawnd;
If he's crushed wi' misfortune, they're hard to be feawnd.
Let us rectify o these sad blunders, an' try
To be brothers i' sorrow as weel as i' joy.

Yo' 'at preitch Christ's religion, come, practise it too;

STARVED TO DEATH

Here's a field for yo'r labour,—here's sum'at to do :
Look abeawt on th' wayside for some witherin' fleawer,
An' give it o th' help 'at may lie i' yo'r peawer.
Dunno fo into th' error o' wastin' yo'r breath,
In talkin' to th' hungry o' judgment an' death ;
Iv yo'r fishin' for souls, yo'n a very poor bait ;
Yo'll be loiklier to catch 'em wi' sum'at to ate.

We met as weel talk to a chap 'at's noan reet,
An' tell folk to walk 'at's lost th' use o' the'r feet,
As attempt to feed th' hungry wi' orthodox creeds,
Or quieten a stomach wi' crosses an' beads.
Let's scorn to insult wi' sich simperin' cant,
As to talk abeawt deein' to folk 'at's i' want ;
Let us act moor loike Christians, an' every one strive
To let 'em have sum'at to keep 'em alive.

TH' PULPIT AN' TH' PEWS

TH' PULPIT AN' TH' PEWS

DEAR, dear, whatever's comin' next!
It seems some parson's feawnd a text
At hints 'at God Almighty's vext
At th' English race.
An' why? becose we haven't th' wit
To mourn o'er sins we don't commit;
An' what's still worse, we haven't seen fit
To seek His face.

Does th' sun e'er sulk, or vent it's spleen,
Bi blightin' every lovely scene,
Becose folk dunno lift the'r een
An' look at *it*?
Or does it freawn on goodly seed,
An' smile on useless tares an' weed
Throo jealousy? Not it indeed;
Th' sun's moor wit!

It seems God's played on various strings,
An' vainly tried o macks o' things,
To get poor folk—an' even kings—
To own His peawer.
Well, these aren't themes for paltry jokes,

TH' PULPIT AN' TH' PEWS

Or even keen, sarcastic strokes ;
Still, th' job looks strange to common folks ;
It does for seaver.

It's said God plagued th' Egyptian kings,
Wi' sendin' locusts, lice an' things ;
But persecution seldom brings
One nearer God.
Ther's lots o' folk t' be feawnd i'th' lond,
To grasp, or kiss some patriot's hond ;
But th' number's very few 'at's fond
O' kissin' th' rod.

Another strange suggestion's made,
It's this : th' Almighty's damaged trade ;
Th' chap's makin' statements aw'm afraid
He conno prove.
What nasty filth some men con fling !
What serious charges these to bring,
Against a just and righteous King—
A God o' love.

We know, fro' what i'th' Book appears,
God's charged wi' causin' sighs an' tears,
An' laughin' at His children's fears !
What fiendish acts !
But will this kind o' twaddle wash ?
Can we accept this balderdash,
Or treat sich silly, drivellin' trash
As sober facts ?

God's ruined agriculture, too ;
Do thoose i'th' pulpit think this true ?

— TH' PULPIT AN' TH' PEWS

It seawnds like lies to us i'th' pew,
It does indeed.
Ther's just one chance for parsons yet,
If they wouldn't ha' th' "preachin' shops" to let,
Ther's one thing sure, they'll ha' to get
A better Creed!

Heaw th' parson knows what God intends,
Bi th' wars an' plagues it's said He sends,
Unless they're varry chummy friends,
Aw conno see.
It's hard to grasp these knotty themes;
They creawd one's mind as misty dreams;
We know God ne'er lays bare His schemes
To sich as me.

Aw'm but a feeble earthly worm;
What scientists might call a "germ,"
Neaw moulded to a human form,
An' slightly made:
An' yet, aw never feel aw'm missed;
Aw needn't raise mi puny fist;
Aw con let folk know aw still exist,
Beawt spoilin' trade!

Mysterious deeds are these, an' dark;
An' it may be wrong to mak' th' remark;
But to me it looks mere babby wark
To ruin crops!
An' this is th' greawnd wheer th' parson stands!
An' th' trash is sent to foreign lands!
Why, they wouldn't employ sich 'prentice hands
I' *earthly* shops!

TH' PULPIT AN' TH' PEWS

We'll ha' noa truck wi' jealous gods,
'At preawl abeawt i'th' world wi' rods,
An' shut poor devils up i' quods
 They'll never quit.
We want a God 'at's better drilled ;
Moor used to govern folk, moor skilled ;
One less inhuman, less self-willed,
 An' shows moor wit !

If these are pulpit thowts, try th' pews,
An' let's go in for nobler views,
Nur thoose we get fro' th' ignorant Jews,
 Or priestly drones !
Let darkness flee ! mak' reawm for leet !
Instead o' crutches, use yo'r feet ;
An', while we've good, seawnd, honest meat,
 Why pick at bones ?

God isn't a fiend, inventin' pains ;
A tyrant, bindin' slaves i' chains ;
Nor castin' blight i' fertile plains ;
 Becose he's vext ;
No ! " God is good ; " we see His peawers
I' woods, an' streams, i' fields, an' fleawers ;
This pratty world we live in's eawrs,
 An' so is th' next !

JOHN BULL AN' HIS TRICKS

JOHN BULL AN' HIS TRICKS

O H, forshame on thi, John! forshame on thi, John!
Tha murderin' owd thief 'at theaw art :
Tha'rt a burnin' disgrace to humanity, mon,
Tho' theaw thinks thisel' clever an' smart.
Tha'rt a beggar for sendin' eawt Bibles an' beer,
An' co-in it "Civilisation;"
While thee an' thi dear christian countrymen here,
Are chettin' an' lyin' like station.

Thee tak' my ādvice, John, an' get a good brush,
An' sweep well abeawt thi own door ;
An' put th' bit o'th' lond at tha's stown to some use,
'Ere theaw offers to steal ony moor.
An' let th' heathens a-be ; for tha's no need to fear
'At they're loikely to get into hell :
My opinion is this, if ther's anyone near
A place o' that mack, it's thisel'.

It's thee 'at aw meon, John, aneaw hypocrite, theaw ;
Wi' thi Sundayfied, sanctified looks!
Doesta think 'at o th' milk comes fro' th' paps o' thy ceaw!
Is o th' wisdom beawnd up i' thy books!
An' what abeawt th' mixture o' cotton an' clay,

JOHN BULL AN' HIS TRICKS

'At theaw thrusts on thi unwillin' neighbours?
Eh, John, tha'rt a "Cure," but tha'll catch it some day,
When tha's ended these damnable labours.

Tha may weel tell the Lord what a wretch theaw art, John,
For tha poos a lung face on a Sunday;
An', to prove what tha say's tha does o 'at tha con
To rob thi poor neighbours on th' Monday.
What business has theaw to go battin' thi wings,
An' crowin' on other folk's middin?
Doesta think thi black brothers sich mean cringin' things
As to give up the'r whoams at thy biddin'?

An' tha's th' cheek to thank God, when tha meets wi' success,
As iv He stooped to sanction sich wark!
Neaw one would ha' thowt 'at tha couldn't ha' done less
Than to keep sich loike actions i'th' dark.
Iv tha meons to go on wi' committin' these sins,—
Sins tha'll ne'er get weshed eawt or forgiven,—
Tha should try to keep matters as quiet as tha con,
An' ne'er let 'em know up i' heaven.

Tha wur allus a bull-yead, i'th' best o' thi days,
An' this o thi neighbours must know;
An', tho' tha seems pious, an' pulls a long face,
They con manage to see through it o.
But when tha goes sneakin' an' tries to che't God,
It strikes me tha'rt goin' to' far.
Aw'm noan mitch surprised at thi impudence, John;
Aw'm only surprised heaw theaw dar'!

What business has theaw to be sendin' eawt thieves,
To steal slices off other folk's bread?

JOHN BULL AN' HIS TRICKS

It would look better on thi to rowl up thi sleeves,
An' work for thi livin' instead.
Aw tell thi what, John—an' tak' notice o' this—
Tha ne'er knew a nation to thrive,
Wheer th' bees preferred feightin' to good honest wark;
They're like drones stealin' honey fro' th' hive!

Iv tha's th' sense ov a jackass tha'll tarry awhoam,
An' keep thi own garden i' fettle;
But tha'd rayther be eawt wi' thi Bible an' gun,
An' robbin' some other mon's kettle.
Neaw drop these mean tricks, this contemptible wrong,
An' behave a bit moor loike a mon;
Or aw'll gi'e thi another warm dose before long,
For aw'm gradely ashamed on thi, John!

LIFE

LIFE

LIFE'S a wearisome journey to travel ;
A battle wi' sun an' wi' dust ;
A terrible feight for existence,
For shelter, a drink, an' a crust !
It's a voyage across a wild ocean,
Wheer treacherous winds often blow ;
An' wheer we may get to at th' finish,
It's certain we none of us know.
It's a *race* for a goal 'at we see not ;
A conflict wi' th' world an' wi' sin ;
An' th' greawnd bein' so hard to get over,
A deol ov us have to give in ;
A *game* we may ole tak' a part in ;
Some failin' while others may score ;
A *play*, an' we're everyone actors,
Till th' curtain falls deawn, an' ole's o'er.

TO A CRICKET

TO A CRICKET

SING on, ther's nobbut thee an' me ;
We'll mack th' heawse ring, or else we'll see.
Thee sing thoose little songs o' thine,
As weel as t' con, an' aw'll sing mine.
We'll have a concert here to-neet,
Soa pipe thi notes eawt clear an' sweet :
Thee sing a stave or two for me,
An' then aw'll sing a bit for thee.
That's reet, goa on, mi little guest,
Theaw tries to do thi very best,
An' aw'll do th' same, then thee an' me
May get eawr names up yet tha'll see.
Whey, th' childer's listenin' neaw at th' door ;
Ther's creawds abeawt! ther' is forshure.
Heaw pleosed they seem,—dear little things!—
Aw'd sooner sing for them nur kings.

MALLY AN' JONAS

MALLY AN' JONAS

“COME, Mally, owd woman, it's near forty year,
Sin' thee an' me first coom together;
We've had mony a breet smile, ah, an' mony a sad tear,
An' experienced booath good an' bad weather.
As eawr 'Lizabeth's gone to look after thi geawn,
An' eawr Tum's rubbin' th' mare deawn i'th' stable,
What thinks ta, owd lass, iv we sitten us deawn,
An' have a nice chat while we're able?

Owd age is fast whitenin' eawr yeads one con see;
An' these shanks o' eawrs ar'no so nimble
As they wur when aw held thi th' first time on mi knee,
An' tha rapp'd me o'er th' yead wi' thi thimble.
I' fancy aw often look back to thoose days,
When tha lived wi' thi aunt i'th' Flag Alley;
Ther' wur nob'dy aw'm sure had a prattier face,
An' aw did think some weel on thi, Mally!

Aw bowt thi some ear-rings o' reet solid gowd,
An' some side-combs to stick i' thi hair;
An' when we walked eawt, aw wur lots o' times towld,
Tha wur th' han'somest lass i' o th' fair.
True, sin' then a great deol o' thi charms have gone dead,

MALLY AN' JONAS

An' tha'rt nowt near as lusty an' clever ;
But, spite o' thi wrinkles an' silvery yead,
Aw love thi as dearly as ever.

Ther's one thing aw've noticed, owd lass, an' it's this,—
'At whenever tha's had ony trouble,
An' tha's come an' pretended to borrow a kiss,
Tha allus would pay me back double.
Neaw, when ta'en an' compared wi' a woman like thee,
What's beauty, position, or riches !
But tha seems to be shapin' for cryin', aw see,
So get on wi' mendin' mi britches."

"Neaw, drop it, do, Jonas, tha's said quite enough ;
Mon, tha'rt worse nur tha wur when we're courtin' ;
An' at that time tha turned eawt a lot o' queer stuff,
'At needed some weedin' an' sortin'.
Aw'm surprised at a grey-yeaded fellow loike thee ;
Still, it's nobbut thi fun 'at tha'rt pokin' ;
An', someheaw, tha never con let me a-be
When tha'rt ceaw'rin' i'th' corner an' smokin'.

Aw see 'at ther's one o' thi waist-buttons gone,
An' one o' thi gallowses brocken ;
Tha needn't ha' gone abeawt this way, mon,
If tha'd oppen'd thi meawth an' just spoken.
Aw'm expectin' eawr 'Lizabeth here very soon :
An' eawr Will's just abeawt leavin' Jane Tupper ;
If tha'll push a few lumps o' dry wood under th' oon,
Aw'll see abeawt mackin' some supper.

As it's Setturday neet, we shall want summat nice ;
Heaw would t' relish some tripe or some trotters ?

MALLY AN' JONAS

As tha knows, lad, we've had some good stuff once or twice
At that shop th' next but one to owd Potter's.
If tripe doesn't suit thi when gooin' to bed
Aw con mak' thi a mess o' good porritch ;
We'n some capital meal 'at owd Carrier Ned
Browt wi' him fro' Gregson's at Nor'itch.

But tha mustn't forget tha's to wesh thi a bit,
An' go deawn to th' shop for some stuff ;
We want a few beons, an' some corn for th' owd tit,
An' tha wants some 'bacco an' snuff.
It's Sunday to-morn ! Oh, aw loike it to come,
For it's th' best day we have i' ole th' seven,
A day when one's soul can look on towards whoam,
An', on earth get a foretaste o' heaven !"

COARTIN' DAYS

COARTIN' DAYS

BREET days, heaw soon they pass away!
Th' best days Heaven sends to men!
Aw wish aw wurn't so owd an' gray
Aw'd cooart a bit ogen;
An' every spot wheer Kate an' me
Have often met befoor,
To sit an' tell eawr tales o' love,
Aw'd try to see once moor.

Ther's th' tree aw used to clamber up;
An' yonder's th' garden wo;
An' th' owd church clock on th' village green,
Aw think aw see 'em o.
Aw've noan forgotten th' chimney-nook,
That owd familiar place
Wheer Kate would often sit an' look
So fondly i' mi face!

Tho' years have passed sin' thoose breet heawers,
Aw'm noan ashamed to tell
Aw used to go an' gather th' fleawers
'At grew i'th' primrose dell;
An' these aw'd twoine i'th' nut-breawn hair

COARTIN' DAYS

O' Kate, mi darlin' pet ;
An' then th' dear lass would look so fair,
Aw think aw see her yet.

A kind an' thoughtful girl wur Kate,
An' gentle as a dove ;
Hoo never learned to scorn or hate,
Her heart wur full o' love ;
Her features allus wore a smole,
An' these o' mine wur th' same.
Aw used to ceawer me deawn at th' stoile,
An' whistle till hoo came.

Oft aw recall thoose happy heawers.
When 'neath the moonlit sky
Two lovers paced yon silent beawers—
Mi bonny Kate an' I.
One lovely neet, i'th' month o' June,
Whoile under th' hawthorn tree,
Aw axed her if hoo'd wed me soon.
Hoo smiled an' said —“ Aw'll see.”

Just then Giles Bloomfield drove his flock
Close by that owd church teawer ;
We lingered chattin' theer till th' clock
Proclaimed the midnight heawer.
That neet we named the happy day ;
An' aw remember still,
Heaw in the church aw heard her say—
“ Have Robin? Yes, I will !”



WE'RE BARE AN' NICELY MATCHED, US TWO.

TH' COARTIN' NEET

TH' COARTIN' NEET

PART FIRST.

IT'S time for me to leov mi wark,
An' wesh an' dress misel;
Becose to-neet, at th' edge o' dark,
Aw meet wi' Rosy Bell.
When leovin' th' lass o' Sunday neet,
Aw took her hont i' mine,
Aw said, aw'd go iv o wur reet,
An' th' weather middlin' fine.

We're rare an' nicely matched, us two;
That's plain enough to see;
For nob'dy could mak' moor ado
Than Rosy does o' me.
We allus meet abeawt one place,
At th' side o'th' garden wo;
Hoo grins an' laughs all o'er her face,
Aw grin an' laugh an' o!

Her mother looked as shy as owt
Th' first neet aw went i'th' heawse;
Aw dursn't speak, nor cough, nor nowt,

TH' COARTIN' NEET

But ceawer't theere like a meawse.
Aw think hoo seed what th' visit meant,
Before aw coom away ;
For, do yo' know, th' next time aw went,
Hoo axed mi to mi tay !

An' neaw aw'm just as welcome theer,
As ony lad i'th' teawn ;
They allus reach me th' two-arm cheer,
An' tell me t' sit me deawn.
Th' owd chap's a horse worth twenty peawnd,
Besides a lot o' ceaws ;
An' a bit o' rare good pasture greawnd
Wheer th' sheep an' cattle breawse.

Neaw, dunno think aw'm after th' brass,
For aw wouldn't thank for th' spot
Wi' th' pigs, an' th' ceaws, an' o he has,
Unless aw'd *her* i'th' lot.
But yonder Rosy comes, aw see,
Hoo's just shut th' garden gate ;
An' neaw hoo's lookin' eawt for me,
So aw mustn't let her wait.

TH' COARTIN' NEET

TH' COARTIN' NEET

PART SECOND.

A W'VE made it up wi' Rosy Bell;
We've booath agreed t' be wed;
But didn't th' lass have a cryin' spell!

An' didn't her face go red!
Aw axed her noicely if hoo wished
Mi bed an' board to share;
Hoo turned her yead aside an' blushed,
An' said hoo didn't care.

Neaw, dunno let this secret eawt,
Nor mention what aw've tow'd;
Aw wouldn't have it talked abeawt,
For fifty peawnd i' gowd
Keep quiet, wait on patiently,
Till th' rumour's made a fact;
An' then aw meon to let yo' see
Heaw *aw* intend to act.

Yo'll noan find me like some; for lo!
As soon as th' weddin's o'er,
Ther's sich a change, they're nowt at o

TH' COARTIN' NEET.

Like what they wur before.
Aw'll turn mi hond to ony job,
Keep Johnny eawt o'th' dirt,
Or sit bi th' hob an' nurse eawr Bob,
While Rosy mends mi shirt.

Aw never wish to be admired
For hondlin' broom or cleawt ;
But when aw see th' lass gettin' tired
Aw meon to help her eawt.
Aw'll try an' save her o aw con,
An' when hoo's noan so well,
Aw'll poo mi cooat off, like a mon,
An' wesh an' bake misel'.

So lung as th' har'stone's cleon an' white,
An' th' fender nice an' breet,
Aw shall allus feel it a delight
To stop i'th' heawse at neet.
Aw'll ne'er put Rosy eawt o' tune
Wi' daubin' th' parlour floor ;
But allus,—when aw've dirty shoon,—
Aw'll wipe 'em weel at th' door.

I' winter time, when th' neets are long,
Aw'll ceawer me deawn i'th' nook ;
An' while th' wife sews, aw'll sing a song,
Or read fro' th' Sacred Book.
Yo' may co it vain, conceited pride,
But a chap 'at conno see
Nice pictur's at his own fireside,
Well, he's nowt akin to me !

THANK GOD FOR O THESE

THANK GOD FOR O THESE BONNY FLEAWERS

THANK God for o these bonny fleawers
 'At grow abeawt one's feet ;
For th' silvery moon, an' th' million stars
 'At shine aboon at neet.
For rain an' dew, for sun an' shade,
 An' th' stormy winds 'at blow ;
For rays o' hope, an' snacks o' bliss,
 An' drops o' grief an' o.

Thank God for wealth, still moor for health,
 That boon o' priceless worth ;
A blessin' moor to be desired
 Nor th' breetest gems on earth :
Beawt this, what's peawer, or influence ?
 What's fame, or pomp an' show ?
Or life itsel' ? Why, bless yo', folk !
 They're just worth nowt at o !

Thank God for friends, kind hearts an' true,
 'At everywheer abeawnd,
Dispersin' sorrow, leetnin' care,
 An' spreadin' joy areawnd.
For lovely woman, Heaven's best gift,

THANK GOD FOR O THESE

Sent deawn i' human form ;
For ever lovin', allus th' same,
I' sunshoine, or i' storm.

Thank God for little childer, too,
Thoose "bonny brids" o' eawers,
Thoose "olive branches" 'at we love,
Thoose cherished garden fleawers !
Let's thank Him for these "hungry gifts,"
An' may he send us moor ;
A mon 'at's blest wi' lots o' these
Con never say he's poor.

Life's sweeten'd, too, wheer childer are,
They keep one's heart i' tune ;
They're gowden links connectin' us
Wi' th' angels up aboon.
Besides they ease life's burdens, too ;
They keep one's pockets leet ;
An' iv ther's ony traycle cakes
They'n side 'em eawt o'th' seet.

It's quite a treat to see 'em o
Come trailin' in at noon ;
They'll walk o'er every mat i'th' heawse
An' never wipe the'r shoon.
One youngster's torn his trousers leg ;
Another says he's hurt ;
A third come plastered up to th' een,
Wi' wadin' through some dirt.

Aw'm wed, an' th' woife says hoo is, too ;
An' childer ! bless mi soul !

THANK GOD FOR O THESE

Why, we can hardly ceawnt 'em o!
We han some noise i'th' hole!
Eawr Dick comes into th' heawse an' says
He's tumbled off o wo';
Eawr Billy's perched o'th' table top,
An' singin "Not for Joe."

Thank God we'n each a spoon a-piece,
An' summat for 'em t' do!
We'n every one a porritch pot,
An' plenty o' porritch, too.
An' tho eawr childer need so mich,
We mooastly get enough;
We seldom clem for th' want o' mate,
Unless we're short o' stuff.

"Ah, well!" says some owd bachelor,
"Yo'll rue i' toathry week."
What's he agate on do yo' think?
He's warmin' th' bed wi' breek.
To-morn he'll have his stockin's t' mend,
An' air his Sunday clooas.
Th' day after that, mop eawt his cote,
An' dress his geawty tooas;

Thank God aw'm noan a bachelor.
Beawt whom, an' all forlorn!
An' iv aw wur, aw'd choose a mate,
An' go be wed to-morn.
Aw would indeed! Another thing,
My conscience says aw'm reet;
Neaw, what think yo' abeawt it, folk?
Just weigh it o'er. Good neet.

“ 'SIXTY-SIX ”

“ 'SIXTY-SIX ”

GOOD-BYE, owd 'Sixty-Six;
Tha's welly played us o thi tricks;
We'n seen thi smoiles, an' felt thi kicks,
So neaw we'll say good-bye.
Tha's seen us sick an' sad;
Tha's seen us hearty, weel, an' glad,
Dancin' an' singin' here loike mad;
Tha's known some on us t' cry.

Bring in that poor owd form
'At's standin' shiverin' theer i'th' storm.
Wilt have a drop o' summat warm
To cheer thi, 'Sixty-Six?
Come in, an' sit thi deawn,
It's noan yet toime to goo, not it;
Come, warm them shanks o' thine a bit,
An' tell us wheer tha'rt beawn.

Tha coom here when tha'rn young,
An' eh! heaw noicely th' singers sung!
To mak' thee welcome th' bells wur rung;
An' neaw tha'rt beawn to goo.
Owd friend, tha'rt beawn to goo.

“ 'SIXTY-SIX ”

Well, come, ther's summat here to sup ;
Ger howd o'th' pot, an' drink it up ;
Drink th' New Year's health, neaw do !

That's reet, neaw rest thisel',
For one can see tha'rt noan so well ;
Hast ony good owd tales to tell ?
Iv so, let's have 'em neaw,
It's latish on i'th' day.
It's after eight o'clock, owd friend ;
Tha'rt gettin' near thi journey's end,
Tha's noan so lung to stay.

He's faintin', dear-a-me !
Bring him some wayter in a cup ;
Let's raise his yead, an' let him sup ;
He's very bad, aw see ;
Give him a 'drop o' wine.
We munno goo an' let him dee
Till th' New Year comes to set him free ;
Th' church clock's just strikin' nine.

Three heawrs ull see him off,
Poor thing ! he's gotten a weary cough ;
It racks him up, altho' he's tough ;
It shouldn't use him so,
Th' owd mon's i' pain, aw know.
He'll noan be with us here so long ;
Then let's strike up a farewell song,
An' sing it soft an' slow.

Then leov him to hissle',
He's happen summat on his mind

“ 'SIXTY-SIX ”

He'd loike to try an' leov behind,
Hush! hush! yond's th' owd church bell,
Biddin' th' Owd Year farewell.
O listen, friends! heaw soft an' sweet,
An' yet heaw sad it seawnds to-neet!
Toll on, toll on, church bell.

He's deein' neaw, be still;
Heaw thick an' short he tak's his breath;
He's lyin' neaw i'th' arms o' Death,
Beyond eawr care an' skill,
Good-bye, owd Sixty-Six.
Tha's played thi pranks, an' done thi tricks,
We'n seen thi smoiles an' felt thi kicks,
So neaw, Owd Year, good-bye.

GOOD-BYE, OWD 1889!

GOOD-BYE, OWD 1889!

GOOD-BYE, Owd Ye'r; tha'rt goin' soon, aw reckon:
Well, one thing's sure, tha's been no friend o' mine;
Soa go thi ways to thoose tha's treated better;

Thoose tha's supplied wi' honour, wealth, an' wine.
Aw've watched thi marlocks ever sin' tha coom here,
An', that bein' so, aw couldn't help but see
Tha's had thi friends, an' these tha's nursed an' petted,
While tryin' t' throw cowl wayter on to me.

Be off! an' leov thi reawm for som'b'dy better;
An' tak' thi pampered favourites wi' thi too;
Clear eawt ole th' hangers-on tha has abeawt thi,
An' give us th' chance o' tryin' summat new.
What! me ungrateful! here, neaw, just one minute;
Dost meon to tell me 'at aw owe *thee* owt?
Neaw, here's a plain, straight-forrard question for thi;
Come, shew me what tha's oather sent or browt!

Well, let that pass; aw bear no malice, mind thi:
Tha'rt clearin' eawt, an' one thing's very sure,
'At when we hear th' church bells ring eawt at midneet,
Tha'll tak' thi hook, an' trouble me no moor.
Still, one thing rayther plagues me, neaw aw think on't;

GOOD-BYE, OWD 1889!

Heaw wilta get fro' Blackpool, 'Eighty-Nine?
We've noa trains leov so late as twelve o'clock; but
P'raps tha meons to walk, as th' neet's so fine.

At ony rate, sit deawn, an' warm thi shanks weel;
Tha's gotten twenty minutes yet to stop.
Sarah, bring up another cob o' coal, lass,
An' bring this pilgrim here a sope o' pop.
Wheer are thi friends to-neet,—thoose pets tha's favoured?—
They're dinin' off a goose at th' Queen's Hotel.
There isn't *onc* to shake thi hond at partin';
Aw've ole these kindly acts to do misel'.

Neaw, sup that pop, an' ate this bit o' parkin;
Tha's far to goa, an' noan mitch brass to spend.
Shove him a moufin in his pocket, Sarah;
He'll need it ere he gets to th' journey's end.
Aw'm noan a very *bad* sort, after ole, mon;
A chap may love his enemies, tha sees.
Aw think he'll find that moufin rayther dry, lass;
Tha'd better let him have a bit o' cheese.

Neaw wheer does t' find tha's met wi' th' nicest treatment?
At th' seaside cot? or 'mongst thi wealthy friends?
Well, never mind, but get thi cooat an' hat on;
Two minutes moor, an' then eawr campin' ends!
Neaw what's to do? Come, come, tha'rt cryin', ar'to?
Aw've touched thi feelin's, have aw? Well, o reet!
Tha met ha' feawnd thi *friend* eawt twelve months sooner:
But time's neaw up! Well, 'Eighty-Nine, good-neet!

EIGHTEEN - NINETY

EIGHTEEN - NINETY

THA'RT here, arto, Eighteen-Ninety?
Does ta' come as foe, or friend?
Wilta treat us weel or badly?
Heaw's thi twelve months' stay to end?
Summat th' same as th' last, aw reckon;
After sarvin' th' peawers 'at be,
An' tha'rt pumped as dry as peawder,
Tha'll come sneakin' here to me.

True, i'th' past aw've been to' lenient,
Been a little bit to' soft;
Still, it's possible mi temper
May be roused up once to' oft.
Anyheaw, aw'll tell thi plainly,
Iv tha leovs me eawt i'th' cowl,
Tha's no need to come here spongin',
When tha gets worn eawt an' owd.

Choose thi favourites, iv tha pleases;
But aw want thee just to see
I, for one at least, shall never
Let 'em wipe the'r shoon on me!
Th' world's a ring—aw meon to wrestle;

EIGHTEEN - NINETY

Life's a race—aw meon to run ;
Trot us eawt a' worthy champion,
Then yo'll see a bit o' fun.

If ther's ony goals to tackle,
Bring thi men, an' bring the bo' ;
Clear us th' fielt, an' aw'll soon show yo'
Aw con kick a bit an' o.
Pike thi crew eawt, Eighteen-Ninety ;
Leov me eawt, if tha's a mind ;
For no deawt ther's som'b'dy waitin'
'At's an axe or two to grind.

Let 'em play ; aw'll stond an' watch 'em ;
Watch 'em kick, an' dodge, an' tup ;
Then aw'll strip,—play “centre-for'ards,”
An' we'll see who collars th' cup !
Favourite-mongers, praise yo'r pets up ;
Slash my wark booath hip an' thigh ;
Aw con do a bit i' that line ;
Onyheaw, aw meon to try.

Aw'm on th' warpath, Eighteen-Ninety ;
Mon, aw've held mi peace to' long ;
What's th' result? this, other scribblers
Wear my honours, steal my song.
Isn't it time to speak eawt plainly,
When one sees sich tricks as these?
Whoa con show mooast claim to th' honey?
Idle drones, or workin' bees?

Mix wi' th' gentry, iv it suits thi ;
Join 'em in the'r mirth an' wine ;

EIGHTEEN - NINETY

Shun true worth, an' worship Mammon,
Same as th' owd ye'r, Eighty-Nine :
But,—an' this tha'll pleos remember—
Iv tha turns thi back on me
Till tha'rt ragg'd, an' starved, an' hungry,
Aw shall be no friend to thee.

What, tha'rt sulkin' at me, arto?
Vexed or pleosed, it's ole the same ;
Do thi own ; but let me tell thi,
Aw shall watch thi little game !
Treat me well or treat me badly ;
Gi'e me kisses, gi'e me blows ;
“ Tit for tat ” shall be my motto ;—
Neaw, tha hears me ;—off tha goes !

ODE TO TH' SUN

ODE TO TH' SUN

HAIL, owd friend! aw'm fain to see thi:
Wheer has t' been so many days?
Lots of times aw've looked up for thi,
Wishin' aw could see thi face.
Th' little childer reawnd abeawt here,
Say they wonder wheer tha'rt gone;
An' they wanten me to ax thee
T' show thisel' as oft as t' con.

Come an' see us every mornin';
Come, these droopin' spirits cheer;
Peep thro' every cottage window;
Tha'll be welcome everywheer.
Show thisel' i' o thi splendour;
Throw that gloomy veil aside;
What dost creep to th' back o'th' cleawds for?
Tha's no fau'ts nor nowt to hide.

Flashy clooas an' bits o foinery
Help to mend sich loike as me:
Veils improve some women's faces,
But, owd friend, they'll noan mend thee.
Things deawn here 'at we co'en pratty



ODE TO TH' SUN

ODE TO TH' SUN

Soon begin to spoil an' fade ;
But tha still keeps up thi polish,
Tha'rt as breet as when new made.

Tha wur theer when th' hosts o' heaven
Sweetly sang the'r mornin' song ;
But tha looks as young as ever,
Tho' tha's bin up theer so long.
An' for ages tha's bin shinin',
Smilin' on this world o' eawrs ;
Blessin' everythin' tha looks on,
Makin' th' fruit grow—oppenin' fleawers.

It wur thee 'at Adam looked on,
When i'th' garden bi hissel' ;
An' tha smoiled upon his labour,
Happen helped him, who can tell ?
It wur thee 'at Joshua spoke to
On his way to th' promised land ;
When, as th' good owd Bible tells us,
Theaw obeyed his strange command.

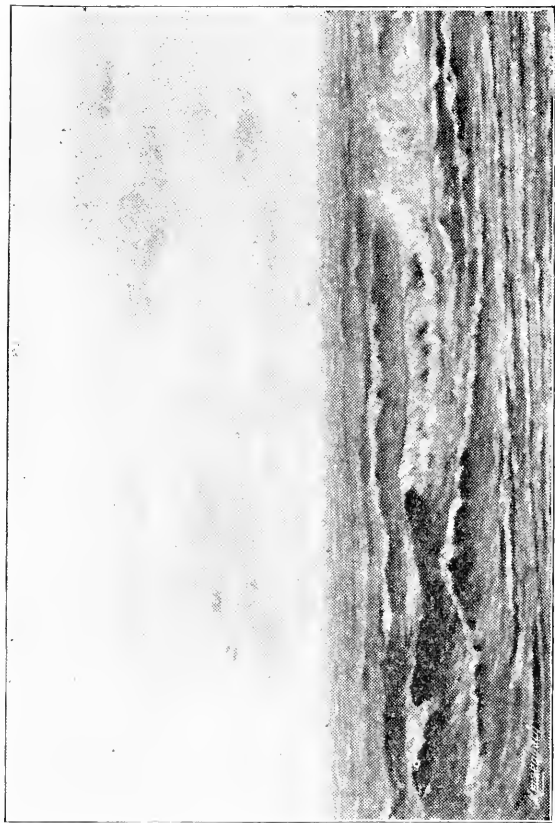
Tha'll ha' seen some curious antics
Played deawn here bi th' human race ;
Some tha couldn't bear to look on,
For tha shawmed an' hid thi face.
Mony a time aw see thi blushin',
When tha'rt leavin' us at neet :
An' no wonder, for tha's noticed
Things we'n done 'at's noan bin reet.

After o tha comes to own us,
Tho' we do so mich 'at's wrong ;

ODE TO TH' SUN

Even neaw tha'rt shinin' breetly,
 Helpin' me to write this song.
Heaw refreshin'! heaw revivin'!
 Stay as long as ever t' con;
We shall noan feel hawve as happy,
 Hawve as leetsome, when tha'rt gone.

Oh! for th' sake o' folk 'at's poorly,
 Come an' cheer us wi' thi rays;
We forgetten 'at we ail owt
 When we see thy dear owd face.
Every mornin' when it's gloomy
 Lots o' folk are seen abeawt;
Some at th' door-steps, some at th' windows,
 Watchin' for thi peepin' eawt.



ROWL AWAY ITHEAW GRAND OWD OCEAN

ROWL AWAY

ROWL AWAY, THEAW GRAND OWD OCEAN

ROWL away, theaw grand owd ocean,
Dash thi spray on th' pebbly shore ;
Like some giant i' devotion,
Singin' praises evermore.
Talk o' true an' earnest worship !
Great revivals ! dear-a-me !
Why, ther' isn't a sect i'th' nation
'At con hawve come up to thee.

Baptists, Independents, Quakers,
Followers o' Young an' Joe ;
Ranters, Unitarians, Shakers ;
These are nowt, tha dreawns 'em o.
Organ, singers, parson, people,
Let these mak' what noise they will ;
Ring o th' bells they han i'th' steeple,
Tha poipes eawt aboon 'em still.

Oh, aw loike to yer thi roarin' ;
Loike thi when i gradely trim ;
When wi' mighty voice tha'rt pourin'
Eawt some grand thanksgivin' hymn !
Priests han mumbled, people muttered,

ROWL AWAY

What's bin looked upon as foine ;
Still the'r praises ar'no uttered
Hawve as heartily as thoine.

Oh, heaw charmin' 'tis at midneet !
Heaven's breet lamps lit up aboon ;
Thee deawn here, like some vast mirror,
Silvered o'er wi' th' leet o'th' moon !
What are these 'at look like childer,
Bi the'r mother gently led ?
Th' moon's browt th' stars to have a bathe here
Just afore they'rn put to bed !

Th' sun may shed his brilliant lustre ;
Th' moon display her queenly peawer ;
Th' bonny twinklin' stars may muster
All the'r force at th' midneet heawer.
Th' woind may roar i' wild commotion,
Or may blow a gentle breeze :
Still, ah, still owd briny ocean,
Theaw can charm me moor nor these.

Oh, aw loike to yer thy music,
Moor nor th' bells 'at sweetly chime ;
For thy voice is ever seawndin'
Grandly solemn an' sublime !
Eawr poor efforts, tho' inferior,
Very often have t' be bowt ;
But, tho' thine's so mich superior,
Tha never thinks o' chargin' owt.

When God's people fled fro' bondage,
Tramp'd thro' th' wilderness so long ;

ROWL AWAY

An' fair Miriam played on th' timbrel,
Did ta help 'em i' the'r song?
When preawd Pharoh's host o'ertook 'em,
An' th' poor things i' terror stood ;
Do we read 'at theaw forsook 'em?
Nay, but helped 'em o tha could.

Londin' here fro' th' great Atlantic,
Sometoimes tha does use us bad ;
Foamin', ravin', fairly frantic ;
Tossin' ships abeawt loike mad !
Other toimes tha's bin quite different.
Noather awk'art, cross, nor nowt ;
Same as if tha'd bin asleep theer,
Just as calm an' still as owt.

Oh, we cannot blame thee, ocean ;
Oftentoimes we've yerd it said
'At tha uses th' gentlest motion,
When tha'rt movin' nearest th' dead.
Whoile a mon's o reet an' hearty,
He may foind thi rayther rough ;
Iv he lies theer deod an' helpless
Then, owd friend, tha'rt kind enough.

Folk 'at feel ther's summat wantin' ;
Drinkers deep o' sorrow's cup ;
These should yer thy merry chantin',
Bless us, tha'd soon cheer 'em up !
Oh, an' tha'rt a kind physician ;
Well it is tha wants no fee ;
Weakly folk i' my condition
Couldn't pay, they'd ha' to dee.

ROWL AWAY

Mony a toime aw've sit deawn, sadly
 Broodin' o'er mi load o' woe,
Feelin' gradely sick an' badly,
 Crush'd wi' cares 'at few can know.
O at once these cares han vanished;
 Not a fear left, not a deawt;
Every gloomy thought's bin banished,
 When aw've yeard thee poipin' eawt.

Folk 'at live i' teawns an' cities,
 Conno yer thee same as me;
Oh! but it's a theawsand pities!
 Everyone should hearken thee.
Rowl away, then, grand owd ocean;
 Dash thi spray on th' pebbly shore;
Tha ne'er flags i' thy devotion—
 Allus singin'—evermore.

TH' STORM AT BLACKPOOL

TH' STORM AT BLACKPOOL

MARCH, 1876.

A W tell thi what, friend, tha's bin carryin' on strangely ;
Tha's bin on for a bit ov a "marlock," aw think,
An' tha seems eawt o' humour wi' summat or other,
What's to do wi' thi loike ? Hast bin havin' some drink ?
Tha's bin rayther "top-heavy" lately, that's certain,
An' they sen tha's bin "cuttin' thi capers" i'th' street ;
Aw know for a fact tha wur damagin' th' railin's,
An' spoilin' us th' promenade rarely one neet.

Howd thi noise, for it's no use attemptin' t' deny it,
For aw've catched thi agate o' this mischief misel ;
Tha wur busy one day pooin' th' hulkin' to pieces,
Between th' new Aquarium an' th' Royal Hotel.
Aw seed thi, mon, rippin' an' tearin' away theer,
An' squanderin' th' cobbles an' th' timbers abeawt ;
Tha made a rare hole i'th' sea fence, aw con tell thi,
An' tha's made a foine hole i' mi pocket, aw deawt.

T'other day aw turned eawt to admire thi performance,
Intendin' to write a few lines i' thi praise ;
But tha quenched every spark o' poetical fervour,
When tha wet mi best clooas, an' spat i' mi face.

TH' STORM AT BLACKPOOL

One loikes to be friendly an' gradely wi' strangers,
When they come deawn to spend a few days wi' us here ;
But iv this is thy way o' returnin' a kindness,
Tha'll have but few friends deawn at Blackpool, aw fear.

Before tha goes back aw've a job 'at wants doin'—
It'll keep thi fro' mischief—at least for a day ;
Ther's a cart-load o' shingle tha's thrown on my doorstep,
Aw'll thank thee to set to an' shift it away.
Aw've cleared it off twice, but tha's bin here i'th' neet toime
(For tha conno for shame do thi tricks before men),
An' when th' lamps have bin eawt, an' tha thowt nob'dy'd
see thi,
Tha browt a great lot o' this rubbish ogen.

Aw'm fond o' that song " Sweep abeawt yo'r own doorsteps,"
An' aw've often ta'en th' brush eawt to sweep abeawt mine ;
An' aw'm still very willin' to side mi own rubbish,
But aw cannot just say 'at aw loike shiftin' *thine*.
Ther's nob'dy i' Blackpool mich fonder nor I am
Of seein' a regular stunnin' good storm ;
An' tha's certainly gan us some grand entertainments ;
Still tha costs us a deol when tha comes to perform.

When a thing's really good we're quite willin' to pay for't,
But tha knows me an' t' neighbours are never so rich ;
We should like thy excitin' performances better,
Iv it wurno for one thing, tha charges to' mich.
Tha'rt clever, no deawt, an' a mony 'at's heard thi
Have bin, loike misel, fairly melted to tears ;
But look what a whoile tha's bin howdin' thi concerts !
Tha's bin practisin' thy songs for theawsands o' years !

TH' STORM AT BLACKPOOL

Tha'rt a very good sarvant, but shockin' bad mestur ;
Tha'rt as harmless as owt while tha'rt kept within
beawnds ;
But tha neaw an' then gets in a terrible passion ;
An' tha mak's weary wark when tha'rt havin' thi
"reawnds."
Tha'll remember aw praised thi at th' first when aw knew thi ;
Then th' seawnd o' thi voice wur grand music to me ;
But aw've had rayther moor nor aw bargained for lately,
An' we're nearer relations sin' then, dusta see !

Iv tha wants to be friendly wi' thoose 'at admire thi
Tha'll have to set to abeawt mendin' thi ways ;
For tha cannot expect a poor fellow to like thi
Iv tha wets his best clooas, an' spits in his face.
Well, mi porritch is ready, so good-neet, owd ocean ;
Tha'd better be off, as it's gettin' so late ;
Iv tha finds it convenient to'ard th' end o' September,
Slip o'er here, an' pay me my promenade rate.

BISPHAM

BISPHAM

BISPHAM here pratty?
Aw think it *is* pratty;
Foind me another spot
Lookin' soa "natty."
Hedgerows are bloomin',
Ole th' village perfumin',
An' garden beds put on the'r pleasantest looks.
Th' good childer's new weshed, love,
An' th' bad one's new threshed, love,
While th' dullards are kept to the'r slates an' the'r books.

Bispham here pratty?
Why bless thi loife, Matty,
Thee on wi' thi bonnet
An' come here to-neet;
Throstles are singin',
An' th' village bells ringin',
An' daisies are growin' reet under one's feet.
Fling away sadness, love,
Frettin' is madness, love;
Come thi ways here an' tha'll see a grand seet!

An' deawn on thi shanks, lass,

BISPHAM

Return God thi thanks, lass ;
We've never deserved
These dainties 'at's served.
Why, look up aboon,
At th' breet queenly moon,
Heaw grandly hoo pours deawn her silvery leet !
Look at th' stars creawdin' near,
Loike childer gone theer
To see the'r dear mother, an' bid her good-neet.

Bispham here pratty ?
Aw think it *is* pratty ;
Then come thi ways, Matty,
An' see for thisel ;
Come while it's May, love,
For th' fleawers fade away, love,
An' th' east winds may silence ole th' songsters i'th' dell.
Aw've tidied mi garden walks,
Shifted th' owd beon stalks,
An' dusted mi parlour, expectin' tha'd come.
Soa if tha's a bonnet, lass,
Look sharp an' don it, lass,
An' visit th' owd bard in his countryfied whoam.

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

PART FIRST.

HE'S just come whoam fuddle't ogen,
An' flung hissel deawn on th' bed ;
One's sick o' such low drunken men,
An' aw'm sure ther's noan worse nor eawr Ned ;
For he spends nearly o he con get ;
What to do, aw'm as fast as a thief ;
Ole th 'cubborts an' drawers are "to let,"
An' eawr Jane's gone to ax for relief.

As for good, dacent clooas, we're o beawt,
An' we've nowt to stond up in but rags ;
To tell th' truth, aw'm ashamed to turn eawt,
If it's nobbut when swillin' eawr flags.
An' he knows heaw we are very weel,
But he's gotten so harden't wi' drink,
'At it's eawt ov his nature to feel,
He gets madder nor ever, aw think.

When he's drunk, he'll come in ov a neet,
An' ceawer like a pig upo' th' floor ;
Then aw wish he'd get eawt o' mi seet,

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

An' never come near me no moor.
Yo' may think me a hard-hearted wife,
An' tell me aw'm sadly to blame ;
But aw think ut iv yo' lived my life,
Yo'r actions would be abeawt th' same.

Look! he ceawers wi' his yead upo' th' hob ;
For a pillow, he's gotten his cap ;
An' his face is as black as a cob ;
Dear-a-me, neaw, whatever's yon rap!
It's lon'lord, he's comin' for th' rent,
But we haven't a farthin' i'th' hole ;
Th' last three-haupence we had has been spent
On a quarter ov a hundert o' coal."

"Howd on, lass, aw've summat to say
Abeawt th' blame bein' thrown on to me ;
Aw know aw've bin drinkin' to-day,
But it's ole on it owin' to thee.
Aw'm not th' only sinner i'th' place,
Tho' aw'm willin to own aw've done wrong ;)
Let me tell thi straight eawt to thi face,
'At tha's done it thisel' wi' thi tongue.

Tha knows 'at tha's scores o' times said
'At a sup o' whoam-brew'd would do good ;
Tha's made th' spot 'at should shelter mi yead,
Well, as mitch like a hell as tha could!
When aw come in at neets fro' mi wark,
It's a job for me t' get in at th' door ;
An' tha's th' heawse very often i'th' dark,
An' th' wesh-tub an' th' clooas abeawt th' floor.

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

Aw know aw'm a bit of a foo',
An' aw know we've no bread up o'th' shelf;
But aw know this,—an' so does tha too,—
Tha's bin th' cause o' this misery thyself.
When aw took thi as bride fro' thi whoam,
I' that bonny breet month o' May,
Does t' think aw intended t' become
Th' drunken sot 'at tha sees me to-day?

Not I! an' aw tell thi what, wife,
This longin' for drink is so strong,
'At ther'll soon be an end to mi life;
Aw shall noan be i'th' road on thi long.
Ther's just one little favour aw crave;—
Aw hope tha'll be able to see
'At th' drunkard 'at's gone to his grave,
Attributes his deawnfall to thee!"

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

PART SECOND.

HE'S just signed a pledge, has eawr John,
An' for once he's just done as he said ;
Whey, to see him a reet dacent mon,
Welly mak's me feel wrong i' mi yead.
If th' lad brings o his wage wi' him whoam,
It will be a wonderful seet :
Heawever, aw want it to come,
An' wish it wur th' reckonin' to-neet.

Eh, aw wonder what th' neighbours 'll think,
When they see mi new bonnet an' cap ;
Aw con fancy aw see a sly wink,
'At may meon 'at aw've had 'em on th' strap.
They'll wonder what's up wi' th' owd lass,
Wearin' silk, wheer hoo once wore rags ;
Won't aw look at misel' i'th' glass !
But aw hear John's clogs upo' th' flags.

Well, tha'rt here, lad ; aw thowt it wur thee :
But bless us ! theaw art some an' weet ;
Is it rainin' like that ? dear-a-me !

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

Get these warm carpet shoon on thi feet.
Aw'm just thinkin' heaw Skinflint 'll stare.

When aw co at his shop for some beef;
He'll say he's no bones he con spare,
For he'll think aw've co'd in for relief.

What's th' lon'lord at th' "Angel" to do,
Neaw tha's turned a teetotaller, John?
They'll be gradely surprised deawn at th' "Q"
When they find eawt the'r customer's gone.
Won't thi grey-yeaded feyther be glad!
Ah, an' th' owd woman too, when hoo's tow'd;
But aw'm sure tha'll be hungry, mi lad,
Get thi baggin', thy tay'll be cowl.

Ther's some nice buttered toast on th' hob,
An' th' hawve ov a herrin' theer, see;
Aw browt it to pleos eawr Bob,
But aw've saved a bit on it for thee.
Neaw, tha'rt owd enough t' get what tha needs;
Ther's some celery, see, an' some sawt;
An' some nice curran' loaf witheawt seeds,
If tha'rt short it'll be thi own fawt.

"Ther's plenty, mi lass, an' to spare;
An' aw'm sure it o looks very nice;
Tha's provided some capital fare,
An' ther's no need for axin' me twice.
Wheer's eawr lads? Are they o gone to bed?
Has t' put some warm breek to the'r feet?
Aw feel rayther uneasy o'er Ned,
But let's hope 'at he'll soon get reet.

A LITTLE BIT O' BOATH SIDES

Aw wish tha'd bring th' taypot this way,
An' teem me a sope i' mi cup:
But ther's summat gone wrong, lass, eh!
Whatever i'th' world is ther' up!
Ther's a waist button gone, bi the mass!
Why, aw must ha' bin atin' to' mitch:
Well, it conno be helped neaw, mi lass,
Get thi needle an' give it a stitch.

Ther's mi haliday shirt i'th' owd chest;
Aw shall want it next Sunday, does t' know:
Tha mun mak' it reet nice abeawt th' breast;
Starch th' neck weel, an' th' wrist-bands an' o;
For owd Turner, an' young Jemmy Birch
Are co'in for me an' eawr Ned;
Tha may stare, but we're o beawn to th' church;
Bless me, lass, aw ne'er been sin' we'rn wed!"

E AWR JIM

E AWR JIM

A W hardly know what to do wi' eawr Jim,
For he's drunk every neet ov his life ;
He's crackin' a skull, or breakin' a limb,
An' often ill-usin' his wife.
He's as mad as a bull when he's drink in his yead,
An' he gabbles an' talks like a foo' ;
An' it's every word true what mi gronny's oft said,—
“ If he doesn't stop drinkin', he'll rue.”

They've a nice cherry-raced thing ov a brat,
'At aw've met deawn i'th' lone as aw've come ;
Aw bowt him some parkin off owd Betty Platt,
An' towd him t' be sharp an' get whoam.
If his feyther 'd some wit, an' would put it to use,
He'd buy th' lad a pair o' new clogs,
But he'd rayther be spendin' his time at “ Th' Owd Goose,”
Makin' matches wi' pigeons an' dogs.

It pains me to look at his poor, patient wife
'At wur once so good-lookin' an' fair :
Sich a harrasin', wretched, an' comfortless life
Must drive her to hopeless despair.
We wur talkin' this o'er i' eawr heawse th' other week,

E A W R J I M

Eh! but heaw mi poor mother did cry!
Big tears trickl't deawn her pale furrowed cheek,
An' mi feyther's an' mine wurno dry.

It's seldom my een are much troubled wi weet,
But mi feelin's aw couldn't restrain;
Let's hope 'at th' big tears 'at escaped us that neet,
Won't be shed otogether i' vain.
An' then,—ther's th' wife's parents—owd Dinah an' Dave,
Livin' deawn i'th' thatched cottage below;
This worthy owd couple are hastenin' to th' grave,
Full o' trouble o'er Mary, aw know.

Th' owd chap's often talked ov his troubles to me;
It wur nobbut last Setturday neet;
'At he said he could lay his grey yead deawn an' dee,
If eawr Jim would be sober an' reet.
What gloom an' depression this drink does create!
Where once nowt but sunshine wur seen.
Neaw heart-broken friends sit lamentin' the'r fate,
Wi' big scaldin' tears i' the'r een!

ADAM AN' MARY

ADAM AN' MARY

ON th' borders o' Scotland, a long toime ago,
Lived a chap an' his wife, an' the'r names, yo' mun
know,

Wur Adam an' Mary—good folks i' the'r way,
But fond o' the'r whisky, aw'm sorry to say.
Neaw th' neighbourin' parson used to go theer,
To talk o' religion, an' taste o' the'r beer ;
He wur summat like th' pa'san 'at lives eawr way,
He could oather praitch, wroastle, drink whisky, or pray.

One mornin' as Adam an' th' woife sat i'th' heawse,
Watchin' th' cat play her pranks wi' a newly-catch'd meawse,
Ole at once summat coom into owd Mary's yead,
An' turnin' reet sharply to Adam hoo said—
“Aw say, Mestur Bell may be comin' to-day.
An' we'n getten no whisky: go fetch some, aw pray ;
Tak' th' bottle an' th' brass, an' be sure to mak' haste.
An' see 'at tha doesn't poo th' cork eawt to taste.’

Well, Adam set off an' soon londed i'th' teawn,
But his woife's gentle warnin' appears to ha' flown ;
For, findin' his bottle wur rayther to' smo,
He thowt to hisselt ther'll be no harm at o,—

ADAM AN' MARY

Considerin' 'at th' day wur so stormy an' cowl,—
I' drinkin' what th' bottle wurn't able to howd;
Well, he drank it, an' just as drink had done afoor,
It gan him th' idea 'at he wanted some moor.

As Adam wur trudgin' tort whoam i' great haste,
He felt rayther dry, an' wur tempted to taste;
But remembered what woife said afoor he set eawt;
If he'rn fuddle't th' owd lass ud go on he'd no deawt;
He knew if he tasted the'r Mary could tell;
Heawever, he thowt he met just have a smell;
He poo'd th' cork eawt, an' did so, an' then yo' may think,
Heaw th' poor foolish chap ud be tempted to drink.

Well, he tasted an' tasted, then took a good swig,
Till at length th' silly chap wur as "drunk as a pig."
As he'rn goin' tort whoam, the'rn a great pile o' stones,
'At soon coom i' contact wi' poor Adam's bones;
For, trudgin' along, at a moderate pace,
Wi' his een welly shut, he fell slap on his face.
"Oh, dear, dear!" said Adam, "aw'm very near killed,
An' aw've brocken mi bottle, an' th' whisky's o spill'd!"

Ther he lay, wi' his face welly covered wi' blood—
Aw wish aw could draw yo' his likeness, aw would;—
Heawever, th' owd chap wur a pitiful seet
When he londed at th' dur ov his cottage that neet.
When th' woife fun it eawt 'at ole th' whisky wur gone,
Ther' wur a rare noise i' that auction, bi th' mon!
Just then, as hoo're turnin' her yead o' one soide,
An' glancin' deawn th' meadow th' owd pa'son hoo spied.

Well, hoo did carry on! Hoo stamped wi' her feet;

ADAM AN' MARY

An' bawled eawt to Adam, "Be off, eawt o'th' seet!"
Th' owd pa'son wur in in a minute or two,
An' could see plain enough ther' were summat to do;
Soa thowt it his duty to give her a slice
'At he culled fro' th' owd Book—namely—spiritual advice;
"Can you tell me," he ax'd, "how it was Adam fell?"
"Well, aw could do," hoo said, "but aw'd rayther not tell."

Th' owd mon wur reet capp'd at a answer like that,
An' shapin' for goin, geet howd ov his hat;
"Well, Mary," he said, "since you don't chose to tell
"Can you tell me," he ax'd, "how it was Adam fell?"
I am sure you could tell me,—at least, if you tried,—
Where the guilty transgressor attempted to hide."
Mary, neaw fairly pinn'd, to her husband did sheawt,
"Mon, he knows ole abeawt it, tha'll ha' to come eawt!"

A "SMART" WAY O' CURIN' DRUNKARDS

A "SMART" WAY O' CURIN' DRUNKARDS

THER'S a capital tale comes across the Atlantic,
An' aw think aw shall hardly be doin' owt wrong,
Iv aw put it i' some mak' o' form for recitin',
Or—iv yo' prefer it— a Lancashire song.
Neaw aw hardly need tell yo' 'at Yankees are c'ever ;
They're "cuter" nor English folk are a foine seet ;
One reason is this, ther's less drinkin' amongst 'em,
An' aw've not the least deawt that's a lot to do we't.

Well, Tom Jones an' Miss Sharp, bein' weary o' coartin',
An' ceawerin' eawtsoide till the'r noses wur red,
Bethowt 'em they'rn fools to go starve the'rsel's this road,
An' they'd stand it no longer, but goo an' get wed.
So they went an' they stood before th' Rev'rend John
Fleeceum,

Who, wi' th' aid ov a book or two teed 'em reet fast.
When they'd paid him his charges they went away singin'
"We're cured o' cowl feet an' cowl noses at last."

Neaw one neet Tom stayed eawt rayther later nor usual,
But at length woife beheld him come staggerin' in ;
An' at th' first when hoo seed him hoo thowt he wur poorly,
But soon feawnd it eawt he smelled strongly o' gin.

A "SMART" WAY O' CURIN' DRUNKARDS

Well, it pained her to foind her dear Tom wur a drunkard,

An' hoo said to herself, "I must cure him of this.
You are ill, my dear husband, lie down on the sofa ;
Oh, whatever's to do, love? whatever's amiss?"

"Jane, run off for old Doctor Bell, and be handy ;
And ask him to bring a few pills and his lance ;
And tell Widow Thompson to come with her leeches,
For my husband must have some assistance at once."
When th' sarvent had gone hoo geet howd o' some mustard,
An' plaistered it weel o'er his honds an' his feet.
Neaw, aw dar' say yo'll some on yo' co eawt "Poor fellow!"
While others will laugh, an' say "Just sarves him reet."

Well, th' doctor soon coom, an' th' chap's pulse wur
examined,
An' he soon made th' discovery 'at th' fellow wur "tight ;"
"Let him lie here," he said, "until ten in the morning,
And I think you will find he will then be all right."
"Oh no!" said his wife. "Sir, you must be mistaken ;
I am sure my dear husband is dangerously ill ;
You must shave him his head, sir, and then apply blisters,
Or else I shall send for a doctor who will."

So they shaved him his yead weel, an' then it wur blistered,
But still ole the'r efforts to rouse him wur vain ;
For he kept snoorin' on until dayleet i'th' mornin',
When he wackened, an' seemed to be conscious o' pain.
"What does this mean?" he said, as he felt his bald cranium.
"You are sick," said his wife, "and must lie very still."
"You're mistaken," said th' husband, "yes, greatly mistaken ;
Now I ought to know best, and I'm sure I'm not ill."

A "SMART" WAY O' CURIN' DRUNKARDS

"You are rambling, my dear. You have got the brain fever ;
The doctor and I have been working all night."

"I should think so," said th' husband, "by what I can gather
I seem to be left in a very sad plight.

What's to do wi' mi feet?" groaned aloud the poor victim.

"Why, I've never been this way before in my life !

Oh, how I am punished with mustard an' blisters !

Do take all these plasters away from me, wife !

"And if ever I get in this way any more, love,

Don't send for a doctor, or trouble a bit."

"Oh dear ! but I shall, I shall feel so much frightened.

I am sure you would die in an apoplex fit."

Neaw yo' women, 'at's husbands 'at mak' the'rsel's poorly,

Yo' set too an' give 'em a dose o' this mak' ;

An moind yo', aw dar' bet mi loife to a haupney

Yo'll never be plagued wi' a second attack.

MI GRONNY

MI GRONNY

HOO'S turned eighty-one—mi gronny is neaw,—
An' yet for her age hoo's reet clever ;
An' her silvery locks spread abeawt o'er her brow
Mack her look just as bonny as ever.
Aw wur theer t'other neet, an' aw thowt to misel'
God bless her ! hoo's farrently lookin' !
An' it wur a grand seet, as wi' tears in her een,
Hoo sat readin' her Bible an' smookin'.

Hoo wur browt up i' Yorkshur, 'mong th' fields an' fleawers,
An' drank wayter pure fro' th' spring ;
An' hoo loved to get up when th' sun geet up,
An' hearken th' cuckoo sing.
Th' owd folk had a farm, an' they'd lots o' milk,
An' hoo geet it warm fro' th' ceaw ;
An' it did her good, an' nourished her blood,
Or hoo metn't ha' lived till neaw.

Hoo's a widow, an' has bin for th' last forty year,
So hoo hasn't a bad husband to bother ;
Hoo's a dowter 'at hasn't said "I will" yet,
An' hoo tarries awwhoam wi' her mother.
Neaw this dowter an' her they baken an' done,

MI GRONNY

An' sell potatoes, boath English an' foreign ;
An' other odd matters i'th' grocery loine,
Sich as sceawerin' stones, candles, an' herrin'.

Neaw, mi Gronny's a Christian, aw'd ha' yo' to know,
Says her prayers at th' bed-soide every neet ;
Gi'e her customers measure an' weight for the'r brass,
An' as fur as hoo knows hoo does reet.
So God bless mi owd Gronny, God bless her, say I ;
May that heart o' her's never grow cowl
Till hoo's baked o her fleawr up an' sowd o her bread,
An' gotten a hundred year owd !

MI GRONFEYTHER

MI GRONFEYTHER

A W'VE just had a ramble to th' owd farmheawse,
Wheer mi gronfeyther lived at so long ;
So aw'll draw eawt a bit ov a sketch, which aw hope
Will noan be a bad sort o' song.
I'th' first place, aw feel very sorry to find
'At th' place isn't same as it wur,
For th' diamond-shaped windows have o been poo'd eawt,
An' they've ta'en th' wooden latch, too, off th' dur.

They've shifted that seot wheer mi gronfeyther sat,
When at neets he read eawt o'th' owd Book :
An' aw couldn't find th' nail wheer he hung up his hat,
An' th' potshelf wur gone eawt o'th' nook.
Ther's th' dog-kennel yonder, an' th' hen'cote aw see,
An' th' clooas-prop justs stonds as it did ;
Ther's a brid-cage hung up wheer mi gronfeyther's wur,
But aw couldn't see owt ov a brid.

A rare fine owd fellow mi gronfeyther wur,
Wi' a regular big roman nose ;
An' tho' nearly eighty, he're lusty an' hale,
An' his cheeks wur as red as a rose.
Ther' wur nowt abeawt him 'at wur shabby or mean ;

MI GRONFEYTHER

As to sense, well, his brain-pon wur full.
He wur allus straightforrad i' o 'at he did,
An' owd-fashioned Yorkshur John Bull.

He'd a farm 'at he leased, an' a nice little pond,
Wheer we used to go feeshin' for treawt ;
An' aw haven't forgotten when th' hay-time coom reawnd,
For we childer had mony a blow eawt.
An' when th' "heawsin'" wur done, eh, we had some rare fun,
Wi' tipplin' an' rowlin' on th' stack ;
An' then mi owd gronfeyther 'd come wi' his pipe,
An' carry us abeawt on his back.

When aw wur a lad abeawt thirteen year' owd,
Aw used to ha' mony a good ride ;
For mi gronfeyther kept a young horse or two then,
An' a donkey, but th' poor thing died.
He'd a bit ov a garden, at th' backside o'th' heawse.
Wheer eawr Bobby an' me used to ceawer
'Atin' goosebris, an' curran's, an' rhubarb, an' crabs ;
In fact, owt wur reet 'at wur seawer.

Neaw, mi gronfeyther, bless him ! reet doated on me ;
An' he'd tell me aw geet a fine lad ;
An' he'd mony a toime say—as aw've sat on his knee,—
" Eh, bless thee ! tha favvours thi dad !"
Then he'd say to mi gronny, " Gi'e th' lad here some spice,"
An', whenever hoo happened to bake,
He'd tell her to reach deawn a pot o' presarves,
An' mak' me a nice presarve cake.

Well, he's long been gone ; but a kinder owd mon
Never lived nur owd Abram wur !

MI GRONFEYTHER

Th' last toime aw wur o'er theer, an' seed him alive,
He wur sittin' eawtside his dur.
He geet howd o' mi hond when we parted that day,
An' aw think aw shall never forget
Heaw he looked i' mi face when aw're goin' away:
It wur th' last time 'at ever we met!

A week or two after th' owd fellow 'd a stroke;
An' fell off his cheer on to th' floor;
They lifted him up, an' they took him to bed,
But he never wur gradely no moor.
Good-bye, dear owd gronfeyther! nob'dy i'th' world
Could be fonder nur aw wur o' thee;
An', if in the future dear bonds are renewed,
Tha'rt one 'at aw'm hopin' to see!

“WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?”

“WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?”

Lines written on receiving a card bearing the inscription,
“What is Home Without a Mother?” the writer’s wife being
away at the time holiday making:—

THAT depends; if hoo’s bad tempered,
Fond o’ givin’ th’ bairns a “seawse,”
Puncin’ th’ cat for bein’ hungry,
Ther’s no peace when hoo’s i’th’ heawse.
If hoo’s one ’at tak’s to drinkin’,
Puttin’ th’ husband’s clooas i’ pop;
One ’at never mends her stockin’s,
Let her “tak’ her hook,” an’ stop!

If hoo’s one ’at’s fond o’ gossip,
Leavin’ th’ heawse i’th’ childer’s care;
Puttin’ th’ weshin’ off till Friday,
That’s a mother we can spare.
Idle mothers, dirty slatterns,
Lost i’ filth fro’ morn to neet;
Hair teed up wi dirty garters,
These are best when eawt o’ seet!

But a mother nicely tempered;
One ’at’s wisdom mixed wi’ mirth,

“WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?”

Wheer hoo dwells—yo’ may depend on ’t—
Home’s a little heaven on earth!
Would to God we’d moor o’ this sort,
Happy homes wheer concord dwells
Less domestic scenes o’ discord,
Fewer heart-breaks, fewer hells!

Doctor Watts (aw think it’s th’ Doctor),
Tells us little birds agree;
Well, if they con do beawt wranglin’
When together, cannot we?
Homes are what we pleos to mak’ ’em.
Never better, never worse;
Some are breetened up wi’ blessin’s,
Others blighted wi’ a curse.

What is home beawt prattlin’ voices,
Ringin’ eawt fro’ morn to neet?
Still we never seem to miss ’em,
Till they’re dead an’ eawt o’th’ seet!
Home’s not *walls*, but summat grander;—
Lovin’ hearts, an’ tender fleawers;
Let’s protect an’ prize these jewels,
While they’re with us, while they’re eawrs.

Wintry winds may come an’ smite ’em,
Smite ’em while i’ youthful bloom;
While we’re feastin’ on the’r beauties,
Drinkin’ in the’r sweet perfume.
What is home without a mother?
Lonely, cheerless, heartless, cowl;
Wealth can never warm that homestead,
Tho’ it’s floors are paved wi’ gowd.

“WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?”

Have we answered th’ question fairly?

Come, neaw, dunno be to’ hard:

Con yo’ hope to get owt better

Fro’ a poor an’ wifeless bard?

Birds can warble best when mated,

Hutched together, so they sen;

Well, aw hardly need to tell yo’

’At it’s just that way wi’ men.

Let th’ owd brid ’at sits here mateless,

Frettin’ on a leafless tree,

Croonin’ songs o’ grief an’ sadness,

Once ogen his partner see;

Then he’ll tune anew his harp-strings,

Warble once ogen i’th’ grove;

Pipe eawt notes o’ hearty welcome,

Sing to th’ mate he’s learned to love.

FORTY-EIGHT

FORTY-EIGHT

FORTY-EIGHT? Wheer's th' lookin' glass?
Eh, dear! aw'm gettin' grey, bi th' mass!
An' yet it seems but yesterday,
Sin' aw'rn a little lad at play.
One must ha' calculated wrung;
Aw've hardly bin i'tu world soa lung;
Besides, aw foind aw'm middlin' streight,
An' yet aw must be forty-eight.

Wheer's th' Bible? that'll tell mi age:
Oh, here it is, next th' title page.
Here's Abram's name, an' Betty's too—
Two little things aw never knew.
An' here's mi brother John's aw see;
He's o'er two year' a-head o' me,
An' here comes moine, it must be reight,
Aw'm forty-eight, ah, 'forty-eight.

Heaw toime does jog along for sure!
Does t' yur, lass; someb'dy's punsin' th' door.
Eh! Jim, owd lad, heaw's theaw got here?
Come forrud mon, poo up that cheer.
Owd brid, aw do feel some an' glad!

FORTY-EIGHT

But, eh, theaw art some altered, lad!
Tha'll stop an' have a cup o' tay,
Aw'm forty-eight year' owd to-day!

It's forty year' sin' thee an' me
Geet thrashed for climbin' th' apple tree.
Tha'll recollect that Friday, too,
When o us lads ran off fro' th' schoo'
To goa a catchin' fish i'th' river—
Awst ne'er forget that Friday—never.
Aw've noan forgot bein' strapped i'th' fowd
Altho' aw'm forty-eight year' owd.

Let's see, what age will theaw be, Jim?
Owd brid! theaw looks i' daycent trim;
But then—ther's this in't, doesta see—
Theaw hasn't bin wed as oft as me.
Perhaps tha'll think aw've been to' soft,
An' wed a toime or two to' oft.
Well, theer it is, lad, wrung or reight;
Ther's foolish folk at forty-eight.

An' mon, ther's ups an' deawns i' loife,
An' will be, whether a chap's a woife
Or livin' beawt one, same as thee;
Ther's single folk worse off nor me.
An' it isn't allus thoose 'at's th' brass
'At's th' happiest: is it, Sarah, lass?
Well, come, owd wench, let's have some tay,
Aw'm forty-eight year' owd to-day!

TH' OWD DUR SNECK

TH' OWD DUR SNECK

THER'S nowt very grand in an owd dur sneck,
But its value lies here, do yo' see,
It belongs to th' heawse dur wheer aw lived when a lad,
An', of course, it's most precious to me.
Aw wur born i' that cottage, at least so they say,
But can hardly remember th' event ;
Aw didn't stir abeawt mitch for th' first twothri days,
For they kept me lapt up in a fent.

Aw've been thrashed i' that heawse, not becose aw'd done
wrong,
But becose aw'd noa peawer to do reet ;
Aw'd two glarin' faults, gettin' hungry to' soon,
An' wearin' mi clogs off mi feet.
But heaw could aw help mi owd clogs gettin' worn ?
Dunnot childer get hungry neaw ?
These seem to be two o'th' "original sins"
'At we cannot shake off us, someheaw.

Whether Adam an' Eve wur to blame for this wark,
Aw'm noan i'th' position to say ;
But there's one thing we know—we 'at have it to find—
Ther's a lot o' good mate thrown away.

TH' OWD DUR SNECK

Well, abeawt this owd sneck : it's been middlin' weel worn
Like mi neighbour Tom Harlow's owd hat ;
It's bin hondled an' rubbed abeawt th' edges a deol,
But my thumb's helped to do some o' that.

Aw'm sorry th' owd heawse is unoccupied neaw,
Still aw never goa past but aw co ;
For it brings to mi mind childish acts an' events,
Moor nor onythin' else 'at aw know.
Th' bit o' garden's theer yet, but th' gardener's dead
An' th' fleawers are o gone to decay ;
When aw look at th' dear spot, it brings tears to mi een,
An' aw have to turn sadly away.

Soa aw value th' dur sneck as a relic o'th' past,
It's a sort ov a heirloom to me ;
Seein' this, aw con live mi young days o'er again,
Kneel once moor at mi dear mother's knee.
It wur deawn on that floor 'at aw lisped mi first prayer ;
It wur theer 'at aw sung mi first stave ;
But th' kind Christian parents 'at tow't me these things
Have long been asleep i' the'r grave.

They lie side bi side ; brother Robert's theer too ;
An' neaw ther's but two on us left ;
Aw'm like a knife-blade—gettin' worn deawn an' thin,
An' ready to drop eawt o'th' heft.
Th' mainspring's gettin' cranky a bit, aw can feel,
An' th' rivets are ole workin' loose ;
When aw've scraped a bit lunger they'll fling me away,
Like a thing 'at's o' noa further use !

Aw'm rough abeawt th' edges, like other owd knives,

TH' OWD DUR SNECK

An' can "hack" a bit when ther's occasion;
An' it's needed at times, though it's dangerous wark,
Often endin' in mortification!
But aw'm ramblin' away fro' mi subject, aw find;
Still yo'n pleos to excuse me this time;
An' aw'll bring to a close these few triflin' remarks
'At aw've tried to work up into rhyme.

Aw shall value th' owd sneck as one o' thoose things
'At aw've hondled an' looked on when young;
An' shall store it amongst other treasures aw have,
Till my very last song has been sung.
An' while Flora may value her jewels an' pearls,
'At so gracefully hang on her neck;
Aw'm content wi' a relic fro' th' home o' mi birth,
An' shall stick to mi owd dur sneck!

TH' "BONNY BRID'S" BIRTHDAY

TH' "BONNY BRID'S " BIRTHDAY

IT'S thi birthday, mi love, come, ger on mi knee ;
That's a darlin'. Heaw owd arto neaw? Let me see,
Four year' owd! Is that o? Well, theaw art a foine girl!
An' this is thi birthday! Well, give us a curl.
Run an' fot us some toffy, John, that's a foine lad,
Th' "Bonny Brid" shall ha' goody, to-neet, wi' its dad.
It isn't so often yo' get owt at's sweet,
But aw've made up mi moind 'at yo' shall ha' to-neet.

Here he comes! here he comes! eh, what goody ther' is!
Neaw, what does't say for it? Come, gi'e me a kiss.
Oh, that wur a sweet un! Another, an' then
'Theaw shall poo thi dad's whiskers weel for him ogen.
Neaw, John, lad, come here, an' look after thisel',
For theaw'rt longin' t' have howd ov a bit aw con tell.
What! eawt ov o this is ther' noan theaw con spare
'Neaw aw'm sure theaw owt t' let brother John have a share.

Come, let me divoide 'em. Neaw, then, let me see :
Howd thi hond, love, ther's nuts, an' ther's cumfits for thee.
Here, John, ther's some humbugs for thy share, mi lad,
Theer, yo' han 'em between yo', ther's noan for yo'r dad.
Neaw, aw want yo' t' be good, an' as still as yo' con,

TH' "BONNY BRID'S" BIRTHDAY

Whoile aw read a nice tale eawt o'th' Bible. Neaw, John!
Art theaw tryin' to beg sister's cumfits, or what?
Aw shall be very cross iv aw know theaw does that.

Oh! dear, dear, my whiskers! aw'll warm thi iv t' does;
Theaw'rt allus i' mischief, theaw meddlesome puss;
Leov off, do, this minute. Oh! dear-a-me, choild!
Here, aw'll put thee on th' floor, for theaw'rt gettin' reet
woild.

Aw con read noan to-neet, so aw've no need to try:
Here, Jane, tak' this book, lass, an' put it safe by.
Theaw'rt agate ogen, arto? oh, dear, theaw art rough!
Go an' poo thi doll's toppin', aw've had quite enough.

Ther's a beggar at th' dur, John, go give him some bread;
For he favvurs eawr poor little Robert 'at's dead.
Poor fellow, he'rn allus so playful an' fond;
But his mother an' him lie i'th' graveyard up yond.
Well, come, han yo' done? for it's toime to go t' bed;
Mrs. Carter across is undressin' the'r Fred.
Here, Jane, lass, tak' Hannah, an' poo off her shoon;
An' aw wish theaw'd just sing 'em some pratty hymn tune.

When the'r mother wur here to undress 'em at neet,
Hoo sung such noice songs whoile they'rn warmin' the'r
feet;
Then they'd booath kneel 'em deawn, an' they'd lisp eawt
the'r prayers;
When they'd done, we used t' kiss 'em, an' tak' 'em upstairs.
Neaw, then, love, come here, it's thi birthday, is this,
So before theaw goes t' bed aw shall want one moor kiss.
What! art luggin' ogen? Do give o'er, dear-a-me!
When theaw gets a bit bigger theaw'll catch it, theaw'll see.

TH' "BONNY BRID'S" BIRTHDAY

Jane, rub 'em the'r faces an' honds o'er a bit,
An' then see iv that neet-geawn i'th' corner ull fit ;
It's one 'at the'r gronmother browt t'other neet ;
Aw dar' say theaw'll foind it to fit her o reet.
Come, neaw, kneel yo' deawn, get yo'r prayers noicely said,
Then Jane shall leet th' candle, an' tak' yo' to bed.
Amen. Come this way, just one smack ; oh, heaw sweet !
Neaw then, away wi' yo'. God bless yo'—good neet !

READ AT "BONNY BRID'S" WEDDING

READ AT
THE "BONNY BRID'S" WEDDING PARTY,
8TH NOVEMBER, 1886.

WELL, Schofield, tha'rt welcome to Hannah;
Tho' aw'm troubled a bit, as tha'll see;
But if ther's one moor nor another
'At th' lass 'll be safe wi', it's thee.
For twenty-three year, or near on it,
Aw've had th' pleasure o' callin' her mine;
But tha's 'ticed her away fro' my brid-cage,
An' coaxed her to go into thine.

Well, bless her! aw've done th' best aw could do,
An' noa deawt tha intends to do th' same.
Let's hope 'at hoo's made a good bargain
I' changin' her cage an' her name.
When hoo gets to her whoam at New Moston,
May her neighbours eawt theer be as kind
An' as anxious to mak' her feel happy,
As thoose 'at hoo's leavin' behind.

Neaw, it's pleasant to ha' one's good wishes,
An' these yo'll tak' wi' yo' aw'm sure;
An' what is ther' moor to feel preawd on
Than a hearty "God bless yo'!" fro' th' poor.

READ AT "BONNY BRID'S" WEDDING

A lovin' an' good mother's blessin'
Is o' far greater value nor gowd;
Yo' may find human nature i'th' crescent,
But yo'll find a deol moor on't i'th' fowd!

Two year sin' tha sought my acquaintance,
An' admired oather me or mi song;
At least tha pretended to do so:
But aw saw throo thi game ole along.
We had eawr nice walks in a mornin',
An' mi company then wur o reet;
But ther's one little matter aw noticed,
Thi een wur on th' brid-cage at neet!

It's o very weel to be laughin',
But youth allus did laugh at age;
Tha'rt desarvin' a reet deawn good thrashin'
For stealin' mi brid eawt o'th' cage.
Well, ne'er mind; iv tha'rt suited tha'rt welcome;
An' aw've noa deawt but thi motives are pure;
So aw'll not ha' thee ta'en up for robb'ry
Iv tha'll promise to do it no moor.

These presents fro' friends an' fro' neighbours
Are expressive o' love an' good-will;
They're o very pratty an' useful,
An' some on 'em samples o' skill.
When they get to "Rose Cottage," New Moston,
They cannot but serve to remind
O'th' years 'at yo' spent here at Blackpool,
Wi' thoose 'at yo're leavin' behind.

We shall think on yo' kindly an' often.

READ AT "BONNY BRID'S" WEDDING

Altho' yo're away eawt o'th' seet :
We shall miss Hannah's footsteps on th' threshold ;
We shall miss, too, her well-known "good neet."
Well, yo' go wi' a father's good wishes ;
Yo're united for better or worse ;
Yo'll booath ha' to draw i' one harness,
An' join at one bed, an' one purse.

An' neaw—just one word to thoose present—
Aw'm fairly surprised, aw must own,
At th' manner yo'n treated th' young couple,
An' th' good neighbourly feelin' yo'n shown.
Yo'n flung a few fleawers i' life's pathway,
An' Royalty couldn't do moor ;
These presents, kind words, an' good wishes
Will long be remembered, aw'm sure.

TO MY DAUGHTER BERTHA

TO MY DAUGHTER BERTHA, ON HER
TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

BERTHA, mi lass, it's twenty year'
Sin' theaw first coom amongst us here,—
Th' latest bird.

Noa message left eawr humble whoam,
Proclamin' th' glorious news tha'd come;
Not a word!

We made no bother,—made no noise,
As if we'd feawnd some valued prize,—
Not a bit;
Nor did we ax folk in to see
A miracle or owt;—not we,—
We'd moor wit.

We'd seen sich "Miracles" before,
An' had to feed some hawve a score;
Clog 'em too.
An', tho' we'd one moor meawth to fill,
Yo'r mother, wi' her care an' skill
Made things do.

Th' sky, then, wur nobbut darkish, lass;

TO MY DAUGHTER BERTHA

Like others, we were short o' brass,
Friendless, poor.
But th' cleawds have partly pass'd away,
An' neaw we thankfully can say
Bread's moor sure.

It's true success wur dearly bowt,
But every foe wur fairly fowt,
Bravely met.
An', tho' th' remark may smack o' pride,
We've ne'er done nowt we wish to hide,
Never, yet!

Well, tha's been with us twenty year',
Seen mony a smoile, an' mony a tear;
Some tha's shed.
We've had a thorn for every rose;
Ther's links been severed, as tha knows;
Two are wed.

An' five frail fleawers have drooped an' died;
They're sleepin' yonder, side bi side,
'Neath a yew!
We feawnd it hard wi' these to part,
An' moor nor one poor weawnded heart
Lies their too!

Well, thoose we still have wi' us here,
Do ole they con eawr hearts to cheer,
Neaw we're owd.
We value these dear, tender ties;
These kindly acts yo'r parents prize
Moor nor gowd!

TO MY DAUGHTER BERTHA

An' should it ever be yo'r lot
To have to leov eawr humble cot,
 May yo' find
Yo'r future whoam's as snug an' pat,
An' every way as good as that
 Left behind!

An', here aw end mi humble lay;
Aw've gotten nowt no moor to say,—
 Nobbut this;—
That, while tha roams thro' Nature's beawers,
We hope tha'll meet wi' lots o' fleawers,
 Lots o' bliss!

TO MY SON JOHN EDWARD

TO MY SON JOHN EDWARD ON HIS BIRTHDAY

JOHN Edward, it's thi birthday, lad: it's th' twenty-ninth o' May:

Theaw should be gettin' on a bit, tha'rt eight year owd to-day.

Aw recollect that Sunday morn when first aw seed thi here;
Thi gronny had thi on her knee, sit deawn i'th' rockin' cheer.

A little tiny thing tha wur—a pratty babby too!—

We wur some pleased to see thee, mon; we did mak' some ado!

We lapped thee up i' flannel cooats, for fear tha'd get a cowl,

An' couldn't ha' cared moor for thee, choilt, iv tha'd bin made o' gowd.

What change sin' then! thi gronny's deod, hoo'll ne'er come here no moor,

To pick thi tops an' marbles up when t'lets 'em fo on th' floor;

Thoose arms wheer oft tha'rn used to ceawer, han long bin stiff an' cowl;

For when hoo deed tha'rn nobbut young,—a year an' three months owd.—

TO MY SON JOHN EDWARD

Thi dear owd grondad's deed an' o, an's wi' thi gronny laid ;
Not mony weeks afore he deed he bowt thi a wooden spade ;
Aw recollect he coom i'th' heawse, an' hondin' it to me,
He said he'd just bin deawn to th' fair, and bowt it theer
for thee.

Soon after this bad toimes set in, when theawsands had to
clem :

What made things wur for us, we'd twins, an' had to do
for them ;

We'd two moor then t'rigg eawt wi' clooas, an' two moor
meawths to feed ;

An' this went on for seven months, when little Sarah deed.
We laid her in a stranger's grave ; this pains mi heart to
tell :

We thowt it hard to put her theer, an' leov her bi hersel'.
We'rn noan beawt troubles, then, mi lad, we'd summat t'
bear tha sees :

Aw hope tha'll never ha' to feight wi' pinchin' toimes loike
these.

Just six months after this event, another babby coom,
An' bless it ! tho' we'rn quite full up, we'rn loike to foind
it room.

We co'd it Robert, doesto know ? a bonny little lad ;
An' when aw had him on mi knee aw used to feel so glad !
But summat used to tell me then 'at we should ha' to part,
An', oh ! the very thowt o' this would pierce me reet to th'
heart.

Mi fears wur soon o realised,—th' poor little thing geet
cowl ;—

He'd th' measles, an' they took him off when nobbut ten
months owd.

TO MY SON JOHN EDWARD

Well, toime went draggin' on, until, one dull December morn,

We'd one moor little stranger coom, for th' "Bonny Brid" wur born.

An' bless it! it wur welcome, too,—we'rn fain to see it come;—

Aw tow'd it t'try an' settle deawn, an' mak' itsel' awhoam.

Eh, lad, we wur some busy then! we'rn welly fast, dost' see;

We'rn short o' pobbies, clogs an' stuff, for little Joe an thee;

An', so to let th' choilt have a share, an' mak' things tee an fit,

Thi mother, me, eaw'r Joe an' thee, we'rn forced to pinch a bit.

But, lad, aw've th' worst to tell thi yet, for th' truth mun neaw be tow'd,

Thi mother ventured eaw't to' soon, an' so hoo geet a cowl.

We laboured hard, an' prayed to God, that dear one's life to save;

But o wur vain, hoo deed, an' neaw hoo's restin' in her grave.

An' Lizzie's gone! that bonny iass 'at went wi' thee to th' schoo';

Yo used to romp abeaw't i'th' fields, an' play at bab-heawse too;

A lovin' little thing hoo wur, her feyther's hope an pride;

His heart wur welly brocken, lad, that mornin' when hoo died.

Aw've never held mi yead up reet sin' aw'd that heavy blow;

An' what aw've suffered i' mi moind ther's very few 'at know;

Aw cannot feel reet settled neaw, whatever aw may do,

But allus live i' fear an' dread lest aw should lose thee too.

TO MY SON JOHN EDWARD

It may be 'at aw shannot have this bitter draught to drink ;
God may see fit to bless me moor nor aw con hope or
think.

At onyrate, aw feel resolved to trust Him as i'th' past,
These trials may prove blessin's yet, an' turn eawt reet at
last.

Let's hope for th' best. Well, come, mi lad, aw think we'rn
beawn to bake,

An', as tha loikes 'em, tha shall lave a noice oon bottom
cake ;

An here's a penny for thi, too, tha'rt fond o' summat sweet,
So ware a haupney on it neaw,—save t' other whoile to-
neet.—

Neaw, then, look sharp, be off to th' schoo', aw've tow'd thi
o aw want :

Tha'll foind thi bag an' slate i'th' nook, an' here's thi top an
bant ;

Be sure tha comes streight whoam at noon. we're havin' pie
to-day ;

We allus get thee summat noice for th' twenty-ninth o' May.

TH' QUEEN'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

TH' QUEEN'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL, TO OPPEN TH' EXHIBITION

SOA th' Queen's been to Liverpool, bless her ;
An' after a rayther long spell
O' mournin' her loss i' retirement,
Hoo's fairly come eawt of her shell.
Sin' " Albert the Good " wur ta'en from her,
Her surroundin's—'at once wur so breet—
Have often been darkened wi' sorrow,
An' hoo's kept a good deal eawt o' seet.

E'en Queens have the'r troubles an' trials ;
Royal hearts have oft cause to be sad ;
Beside losin' husband an' dowter,
Queen Victoria has buried a lad.
An' parents 'at's lost the'r dear childer
Know well what sich parents must feel ;
An' it's th' same booath i'th' cottage an' th' palace,
An tho' th' Queen, hoo's a mother as weel !

It's true we'n been rayther impatient,
While th' lady's bin mournin' her loss ;
But we little know th' wearisome burdens
O' thoose 'at are bearin' the'r cross.

TH' QUEEN'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

An' before we come forrud as judges,
Or proneawnce ony verdict as true,
It's needful to learn by experience,
An' study a bit i' that schoo'.

Con we think any worse o'th' dear widow,
For mournin' i' secret so long?
Shall we blame a poor heart-broken singer?
If sadness is mixed wi' her song?
Nay, rayther let's cherish these feelin's,
An' do all 'at ever we con,
To soothe wounded hearts 'at are mournin',
An' frettin' for thoose 'at are gone.

Queen Victoria's a woman, God bless her!
An' tho' hoo's an Empress an' Queen,
Hoo isn't ashamed at her subjects
Should see her wi' tears in her een;
An' yet, hoo's a keen sense o' humour;
Heaw hoo took everyone bi surprise,
When hoo beckoned o'th' Mayor to kneel deawn theer,
An' then said, "Sir David, arise!"

Wurn't that a grand piece o sly fencin'?
Wurn't that a mooast wonderful sight?
A Queen—as if actin' by magic—
Transformin' a Da' to a K (night)?
It's a womanly act, ther's no deawt on't;
A queenly act too, an' that's moor;
An' one 'at will long be remembered
Bi Sir David Radcliffe, awm sure.

Aw wish hoo'd come see us at Blackpool;

TH' QUEEN'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

Eh, but wouldn't we do the thing grand!
We'd everyone meet her at th' station,
Wi' th' Lifeboat an' th' Fisherman's Band.
We'd have a review o'th' Artillery,
An' shew her heaw battles are fowt;
Hoo should ride on th' Electric Tramways,
An' o this free—gratis—for nowt.

Talk o' wayter! why Liverpool's nowheer!
They'n no sea 'at's worth namin' eawt theer;
Thoose 'at want to see grand exhibitions,
Should pack up the'r traps an' come here.
What! compare th' bit o'th' Mersey to Blackpool!
Why, th' idea would amount to a sin;
It's plain we could lick 'em quite hollow,
Wi' th' Thames up at Lon'on thrown in!

Neaw, aw dunno like braggin' or boastin',
But aw think aw may say this is true,—
That if th' Queen would come see us at Blackpool,
Hoo'd have no occasion to rue;
For hoo'd get sich a noble reception,
An' find it soa pleasant a shop,
That aw'll venture to prophecy this much,—
Hoo'd want to tack rooms here, an' stop.

DICK O'TH' MERRYDALE

DICK O'TH' MERRYDALE

LADS, poo off thoose caps for a minute or two,
While aw try to unfold a tale
Of a warm-hearted friend 'at e'en God couldn't mend,
Known as "Dick o'th' Merrydale."

He're a farmer wur Dick, an' a doctor as weel,
Conversant wi o macks o' ills :
He'd churn milk an' ham collops for th' hearty an' hale,
An' for poorly folk plaisters an' pills.

Dick's fame as a doctor wur very weel known,
But moor soa i'th' country parts ;
Thoose 'at fractured a limb would go limpin' to him ;
He're famed too for bunions an' warts.

Th' last time aw wur theer, th' wife wur brewin' yarb-beer,
An' th' new milk stood i'th' pantry i' mugs ;
At th' back side o'th' heawse, piled up on some drawers,
Wur pill-boxes, bottles, an' drugs.

But he's gone is th' owd chap, an's neaw tackin' th' last nap
Wheer ther's nowt to disturb his long rest ;
One's had mony a good friend, an' dear chums witheawt
end.

But th' owd doctor aw rank among th' best.

ISAAC BRADSHAW

ISAAC BRADSHAW

O WD Isaac Bradshaw keeps a shop
Th' next dur to Nancy Wood's ;
He's carrots, turnips, apples, eggs,
Red cabbages, an' spuds :
He's scrubbin'-brushes, idleback,
Mop-yeads, an' wooden pails ;
He's besoms, ladin' cans, an' mugs,
Oil, candlesticks, an' nails.

He does a bit i'th' quackin' line,
An' mendin' brocken limbs ;
At curin' th' toothwartch he's a brick ;
He's cured mi Uncle Jim's.
Aw'll tell yo' heaw th' owd covey does,
Yo'll think he's fawse no deawt ;
He sets a pair o' pincers on,
An' poo's the beggars eawt.

One day mi feyther hurt his thumb,
Wi' helpin' t' kill a cawve ;
Owd Isaac cured it in a week,
Wi' some o' his green sawve.
It's true ; iv onybody deawts,

ISAAC BRADSHAW

Go ax mi Uncle John ;
He're wi' mi feyther when he went,
An' seed him put it on.

He's yead-wartch pills, owd Isaac has,
An' pills for purgin' too ;
He says they'll oppen " Chatwood's Safes ; "
But that'll hardly do.
Aw dunno think he lies so mitch,
Or cheats his dullest friends ;
Unless bi doin' so he finds
It suits his private ends.

He tricked one fellow nicely once,
'At he met at th' " Risin' Sun ; "
But he didn't intend to hurt th' poor chap,
It wur nobbut done for fun.
Joe Brown once went an' bowt some sawve
For a corn 'at hurt his toe ;
Ike tow'd him t' rub some on his nose,
An' ate a bit an' o.

A rare good doctor Isaac is,
Just reet for ailin' folks ;
For thoose 'at dunno like his pills,
Are sure to like his jokes.
Aw coed at th' shop one Friday neet,
An' axed iv he wur in ;
Well, Isaac veard me, so he bawled,
" Nawe, he's gone eawt, long sin ! "

Well, are yo' wantin' owt he has,
Mop-yeads, or besom stails ;

ISAAC BRADSHAW

Mugs, ladin' cans, or idleback,
White sond, or wooden pails;
Or do yo' want some good yarb pills,
For curin' pains i'th' back;
If so, he keeps a stock on hand,
An' he says they're good to tak'!

He's lately ta'en a patent eawt,
For a dodge he claims as new;
It's this—when shiftin' pain away,
He shifts his patients too!
Well, neaw, it's time aw stopp'd this rhyme,
An' aw've said enough to show
Wheer pills an' fun together run,
So gie th' owd chap a co!

SAM BAMFORD

SAM BAMFORD

BORN 28TH FEBRUARY, 1788. DIED 13TH APRIL, 1872.

TH' owd veteran brid's toppled deawn fro' his pearch,
He'll charm us no more wi' his singing' ;
His voice has been hushed i'th' melodious grove,
Wheer feebler voices are ringin' !
He sang in his youth, in his green owd age ;
An' he sang when i' monly prime ;
Then, loike other warblers, he meaunted aloft,
To a fairer an' sunnier clime.

He sang fifty year sin', ere some o' us brids
Had managed to creep eawt o'th' shell ;
An' sweetly an' grandly he poiped i' thoose days,
As th' owd Middletonians can tell !
Unloike other warblers an' songsters o'th' grove,
He ne'er changed his fithers, nor meawted ;
For th' lunger he lived, an' th' harder he sung,
An' faster these ornaments spreawted.

He wur dragg'd fro' his nest once, at th' dead-time o'th' neet,
An' him an' his mate had to sever,
But it ne'er made no difference to him—not a bit,

SAM BAMFORD

For he sang just as sweetly as ever.
He warbled his notes in his own native shire,
When his pearch wur surreaunded wi' dangers ;
An' he ne'er changed his tune when he'rn hurried away,
An' imprisoned 'mongst traitors an' strangers.

Owd Sam seldom flattered wi' owt 'at he wrote,
But for truthfulness allus wur famed ;
When he feawnd ther' wur owt needed smitin', he smote,
An' cared nowt whoa praised or whoa blamed.
An' they wur songs, wur his,—not that maudlin' stuff,
Would-be poets spin eawt into rhyme ;—
Ther's a genuine ring i' what great men sing,
Summat sweet, summat grand, an' sublime !

He warbled when Waugh wur a fledglin' i'th' nest,
An' had ne'er had a thowt abeawt meauntin' ;
An' young 'Lijah Rydin's had hardly begun
To give us his "Streams fro' th' owd Fountain."
Th' owd loom heawse i' Middleton rang wi' his notes,
An' his shuttle kept toime to his songs,
Ere he led up his neighbours to famed Peterloo,
To deneounce what they felt to be wrongs.

He sang when his mate drooped away at his side,
Not a song o' rejoicin' or gladness,
But a low, plaintive dirge, softened deawn an' subdued,
Wellin' eawt ov a heart full o' sadness.
He sang, too, when th' spoiler bore off his lone lamb,
Tho' his heart wi' deep sorrow wur riven ;
Still he didn't despair. for he'd faith to believe
'At his dear ones had gone up to heaven.

SAM BAMFORD

He sang when th' breet sunshine illumined his path,
An' th' fleawers wur o bloomin' areawnd ;
An' he sang, too, when th' storm-cleawds coom sweepin'
along,

An' threatened to crush him to th' greawnd.
He sang when his een had grown tearful an' dim,
An' his toppin' had turned thin an' grey ;
An' th' muse never left this owd veteran bard,
Till Death coom an' took him away.

Thus he sung till he deed, an' his soul-stirrin' strains,
Never failed to encourage an' bless ;
For he loved to rejoice wi' thoose hearts 'at rejoiced,
An' sorrow wi' thoose i' distress.
God bless him, an' iv ther's a spot up aboon,
Wheer dwell th' noble-minded an' pure,
Wheer th' songsters are gathered to strike up a tune,
Th' owd brid's perched amongst 'em we're sure !

TO MY FRIEND, EDWIN WAUGH

TO MY FRIEND, EDWIN WAUGH

DEAR Waugh, aw must say aw feel sorry
To see 'at tha'rt poorly, owd friend;
But aw'm glad to read th' pappers this mornin',
An' find 'at tha'rt likely to mend.
Get on wi' thi mendin', owd songster;
It's noa time for deein' i'th' spring,
When th' hedge-rows burst forth into beauty,
An' th' birds are beginning to sing.

Do get eawt o'th' hands o' thoose doctors,
For tha'll ne'er do no good while i' bed;
Let th' pills 'at tha tacks be steak dumplin's,
Then tha'll get weel i'th' spite on 'em, Ned.
Aw've been badly misel' this last winter—
Lumbago, an' o macks o' ills;
But aw'm happy to tell thi aw'm better,
In spite o' the'r blisters an' pills.

Tha'd see that description o' Brierley's,
Wheer aw'm pictured as nearly o yead;
Well, it's certainly noan very flatt'rin',
Tho' mi friends think it true what he said.
But aw'll care nowt abeawt it, would theaw, Ned;

TO MY FRIEND, EDWIN WAUGH

It's nobbut the'r fun, one can see ;
It's a very good joke, an' quite harmless ;
They're pleased, an' it doesn't hurt me.

But we'll get back to th' subject—tha'rt poorly ;
An' aw'm sorry theaw art soa, owd mon ;
An' this is th' advice aw shall gie thi—
Get better as soon as tha con ;
For ther's nowt could to me be more painful
Than to goa to a funeral o' thine ;
Except it wur this (heaw outrageous),
Seein' thee at a funeral o' mine.

Well, Ned, thee get whoam to New Brighton,
Wheer aw hope tha'll enjoy thisel' long ;
An' when thar't again i' good fither,
Pipe eawt a sweet Lancashire song.
“Too owd,” does ta say? nowt o'th' sort, mon !
It's true theaw may have a grey yead ;
But tha'rt one o' thoose strangely strung craturs
'At live when they're thowt to be dead.

But why should aw trouble thee neaw, friend ;
Just neaw, when ther's gall i' thi cup?
Well, for this—an' for no other reason—
Tha'rt deawn, an' we're wantin' thi up.
Is it likely a chap can feel happy,
When, i' lookin' o'er th' pappers, aw see
'At my friend Edwin Waugh's lyin' badly,
Witheawt tryin' t' cheer him? Not me !

An' awm noan bi misel i' this matter,
For ther's theawsands o' hearts leap an' beawnd—

TO MY FRIEND, EDWIN WAUGH

O'erjoyed wi' th' good tidin's at reach us—

'At tha'rt in a fair way to come reawnd,
Well, Edwin, owd crony, God bless thee!

This may seawnd rayther strangely fro' me;
But, 'mong ole mi good friends an' dear kindred,
Ther's noan aw like better nor thee!

An' neaw, Waugh, ta-ta for the present,

Aw shall think on thee kindly tha'rt sure;
An' tho' we're booath owd, an' not worth mitch,
Aw'm hopin' to see thee once moor.

Keep thi pluck up, be cheerful an' hopeful;

An', Edwin, don't worry an' fret;
A chap at's so honoured as theaw art,
Should dee noan, at least not yet.

READ ON THE OCCASION OF

READ ON THE OCCASION OF A PRESENTATION
TO EDWIN WAUGH, APRIL 11TH, 1887

WELL, aw'm fain thi good friends here han gan thi
this stick,

To help thi a bit on th' way here while wick.

It connot i' thy case be truthfully said,

'At th' honour's kept back till th' poor author's gone dead.

Mon, these Lancashire folk are a warm-hearted lot ;

They nobbut want ticklin' a bit i'th' reet spot,

An' tha's managed to do this job grandly, owd bird,

Soa as noa other songster i'th' grove ever did.

So tha'rt seventy year' owd, friend, thi toppin's turned grey ;

It's wi' thee as wi' me, gettin' latish i'th' day.

These cuts 'at we're weavin' will soon be wove eawt ;

An', Edwin, they ar'no' quite faultless, aw deawt.

But whoa is ther' perfect, beawt blemish or spot?

One weaver i'th' world, Ned? Aw rayther think not.

Ther'll be flaws feawnd i'th' pattern, an' faults among th'
fleawers,

If the'r work's nobbut held up to th' leet same as eawrs.

Well, for mitch 'at aw've done, Waugh, aw have to thank
thee ;

READ ON THE OCCASION OF

When aw first saw "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me,"
It worked on mi mind like a charm or a spell ;
Th' result wur, aw started o' scribblin' misel' !
It's to thee 'at aw owe mi *first* Lancashire lay ;
It's for thee 'at aw'm croonin' this *last* un to-day ;
But we're noan here to listen to owt abeawt *me*,
But to mak' thee a present, an' talk abeawt *thee*.

Tha'rt seventy year' owd, an' for th' hawve o' that time,
We'n fairly been charmed wi' thi Lancashire rhyme.
Tha started wi' mendin' up th' fire wi' a cob,
An' puttin' some nice bacon collops on th' hob ;
An' tha's kept goin' on till we'n roared at thi wit,
Or been melted to tears at some tenderish bit.
If we'n sixpunce to spare, an' dull axes to grind,
Tha's gan us a hint wheer we're likely to find

A soft-lookin' lad,—very mitch like a foo',—
'At would rayther turn hondles nor go to a schoo'.
Still, aw think tha macks Enoch a trifle to' bad,
I' keepin' that sixpunce he promised to th' lad ;
An' it doesn't mend th' matter—at least to my mind—
Enoch givin' th' young urchin "a lifter behind."
After o, it's a sample o'th' world's cruel tricks ;
Even poets must get fewer haupneys nor kicks.

Well, worthy owd songster, it's pleasin' to see
Heaw thi grateful admirers are honourin' thee.
Tha'rt sure ov a pension as long as tha'rt wick ;
Th' other week tha'd a banquet ; to-day tha's a stick ;
But what are grand banquets, or purses o' gowd,
To a Lancashire poet 'at's seventy year' owd !
Mon, tha'd rayther walk eawt i'th' breet sunshine, an' sing,

READ ON THE OCCASION OF

Nur be petted an' placed on a throne like a king!

We're honourin' thee *neaw*, while tha'rt livin', tha sees;
An' not keepin' back these good things till tha dees.
'At we love an' respect thi we want thi to *know*;
But heaw con we tell thi when sleepin' below!
Costly urns raised to worth may be o reet enough,
But to thoose 'at han left us it's o useless puff.
An' it's seldom these matters get into one's yead,
Till th' scribbler's been hurried fro' th' warkheawse—dead!

But we're rayther moor fair to these wielders o'th' pen;
While we prize th' gowden eggs we tak' care o'th' owd hen.
We're preawd o' eawr bards here, an' th' bit 'at we give,
While it softens the'r death pangs, it helps 'em to live.
Ther's no jealousy here among th' bards; oh, no;
An' ther's no need ther' should be; ther's reawm for us o.
On one point at least aw feel perfectly clear,
Tha'll play on th' first fiddle as lung as tha'rt here!

Aw'm content wi' a meaner place, somewheer at th' back;
Turnin' th' leovs o'er for th' players, or owt o' that mack.
Mon, aw shouldn't consider aw're stoopin' to' low
If aw pieced thee thi strings up, an' rosin'd thi bow.
It's respect for th' owd bard 'at's induced me to come
Fro' th' comforts an' joys o' mi sea-side whoam;
But aw'll risk gettin' cowl,—ah, aw'll risk a damp bed,—
To tak' part in a meetin' to honour thee, Ned!

Tha'rt seventy year owd; may thi last days be th' best;
May th' owd brid long be spared in his snug, cosy nest!
Tha'd warbled thi notes, an' tha'd addled thi wage,
Ere some o' us brids had been hatched i'th' cage;

READ ON THE OCCASION OF

An' we're feelin' to-day 'at it's time to begin
To do what we owt to ha' done lung sin!
Heawever, we're glad 'at tha'rt lookin' so wick,
An' hope tha'll be spared to mak' use o' that stick.

When tha's that i' thi hond,—as tha'rt trudgin' on th' way,—
Tha'll think o' thi friends, an' this meetin' to-day;
An', noa deawt, tha'll have larned,—fro' presents we've
browt,—

'At tha hasn't been livin' an' thinkin' for nowt;
But 'at th' country 'at's th' honour o' givin' thee birth
Has decided, tho' late, to acknowledge thi worth.
Perhaps we may venture to hope an' expect
'At tha'll kindly forgive us for past neglect.

Aw'm obliged to mi friends here for bein' so kind
As to gie me this chance to unburden mi mind;
As aw've hinted before, worthy friend, I for one,
Feel indebted to thee for a deol 'at aw've done.
Tha's lit up life's journey wi' mony a breet ray,
For which let me publicly thank thi to-day!
An' i'th' last words aw'll say o will join me, aw'm sure,
May God's blessin' rest on *thi own* silver yure!

TO MY FRIEND, ISAAC BARDSLEY

TO MY FRIEND, ISAAC BARDSLEY.

I ' thoose lines 'at tha's sent,—
Which aw'm sure are well meant,—
Tha tells me I am no' to fret ;
If aw'll follow thy plan,
An' attend th' inner man,
Aw've other ten years to live yet.

Well, aw try o aw con
To be cheerful, but, mon !
Aw find it vast hard aw can tell ;
It's a terrible task,
An' aw'm tempted to ask,
If tha's ever been poorly thisel' !

Mon, this owd neck o' mine
Isn't red, same as thine ;
An' th' yead-wartch aw'm seldom witheawt.
An' tho' tha looks breet,
Wi' thi stomach ole reet,
Tha'll know what that meons, no deawt.

It's hard wark to cheer up,
When life's bitter cup

TO MY FRIEND, ISAAC BARDSLEY

Is constantly under one's nose ;
But this looks like eawr doom ;
Some fade, others bloom ;
One's a thorn, another's a rose.

After ole, mi dear lad,
One has cause to be glad,
When he knows he's noan laboured for nowt ;
If aw've done as tha says,—
Cheered thi earlier days,—
It's a grand an' encouragin' thowt !

Then tha coes me a Bard
Says mi song, " Bowton's Yard,"
Has boath pleased folk an' mended 'em too !
An' 'at Jammie wi' th' bell
Has made theawsands to yell ;
Neaw that's just what aw meant 'em to do.

Then tha names other rhymes,
'At aw've published at times—
" Bonny Brid," " Ode to th' Sun," " Thee an' Me ;"
An' tha'rt bold to proclaim
These'll add to mi fame ;
But that's hardish to tell—we shall see.

Th' next tha coes me a praycher,
A plain whomly taycher,
Whose sarmons contain good advice.
Well, aw've tried, aw must say,
I' mi own humble way,
To give yo' booath Med'cine an' Spice.

TO MY FRIEND, ISAAC BARDSLEY

Then tha names lookin' back
Upo' life's rugged track,
 'An says it must cheer a chap's mind
To know what he's writ
Must have helped folk a bit,
 An' thus leetened th' cares o' mankind.

Well, good neet, dear friend B. ;
An' aw'll try not to dee
 Till aw've finished mi wark here below ;
An' when yonder aboon
Aw strike up a new tune,
 Tha'll be somewheer abeawt me aw know !

TO HENRY NUTTER

TO HENRY NUTTER, ON RECEIVING A VOLUME OF HIS POEMS IN 1890

DEAR Nutter, accept mi best thanks for thi book;
An' aw tell thi what mon, tha'rt a capital cook!
Or tha wouldn't ha' had th' wisdom an' wit to invent
Sich a wonderful banquet as this 'at tha's sent;
An' th' man 'at can't sit deawn an' have a good feed,—
Well,—he must have an awful bad stomach indeed;
Th' food's wholesome, an' easy to tak', an' what's th' best,
It winna lie heavy, it's sure to digest.

Like me, tha's employed a good deol o' thi time
I' treatin' thi friends to epistles i' rhyme;
But while theaw may be blamed for producin' bad verse,
Aw've been turnin' eawt stuff 'at's a theawsand times worse.
Well, tha writes wi thi heart quite as mitch as thi yead,
For tha's said a good word abeawt some 'at are dead;
Among others, tha mentions Job Hartley, aw see,
Abeawt whom tha seems t' howd th' same opinions as me.

Edwin Waugh, died 30th April, 1890.

Ben Brierley, died 18th January, 1896.

Henry Nutter, died 8th December, 1897.

Samuel Laycock, died 15th December, 1893.

TO HENRY NUTTER

Hast yeard owt o' Job sin' he left top o'th' teawn?
Poor Job! mon, he hardly knew wheer he wur beawn!
Let's hope he's arrived i' some happier sphere
Than ony he longed for, or sowl when here.
What a lot o' strange subjects tha's touched i' thi strain:
Eawr Matty will have it tha's "Burnley on th' brain."
Ther's birthdays, an' weddin's, an' dinners, an' trams,—
O come in for praise—ther's not one 'at tha damns.

Tha's rhymin' epistles to young an' to owd:
Even drivers o' engines aren't left eawt i'th' cowl;
While th' women,—'at oft change the'r mind,—as we see,
Are sure ov an able defender i' thee.
But this isn't what aw wur wantin' to say,
When these subjects tha's treated allured me away;
Aw wur wantin' to thank thi for th' book 'at tha's sent,
Tho' thanks winno pay thee thi rates, nor thi rent.

Still, some folk imagine 'at this is enough;
An' 'at poets con live upo' honour an' stuff.
Aw con tell thee aw've starved upo' that mak' o' cake,
Till aw'm gettin' to look like a donn'd-up rake.
Tha mentions poor Waugh, an' his funeral i' May;
Mon, ther' wur some sad hearts an' wet een that day!
Ah, an' Nutter, owd friend, we feel th' loss on him still,
For a gap wur then made it's noan easy to fill.

Ben Brierley's here still, but it's plain enough t'see
'At he's toddlin' toward th' grave very fast, like me;
A few moor unsteady scratches wi' th' pen;
A few moor milestones to pass, an' then—
Two other owd Harps will ha' snapp'd a string;
And two other brids will ha' ceased to sing!

TO HENRY NUTTER

A few moor races may have to be run,
Then th' laurels will oather be lost or won!

TO MY FRIEND, SAMUEL ASHTON

TO MY FRIEND, SAMUEL ASHTON

HOWD thi noise, Sam Ashton, wilta,
What's this bother, o this fuss?
Ax me t' write ogen if t' dar' do,
Tha'll be in for't iv tha does.
Does ta think aw've nowt else t'do mon,
Nobbut write for folk loike thee?
Iv tha does, tha'rt off it rarely;
Come on here, an' then tha'll see.

Tell thi friends i' Hyde an' Newton,
Those 'at's wantin' summat new,
Aw'll noan write till aw'm i'th' humour,
Nowe, aw'm beggared iv aw do!
Are o th' owd uns read aw wonder,
Those to Wed an' Single Men?
Ax 'em—iv they sey'n they'n read 'em,
Tell 'em t' read 'em o'er ogen.

Here aw am at th' soide o'th' ocean,
(Eh, mon, it's a whoppin' dam!)
Iv tha's never been to see it,
Hie thi come an' see it, Sam.
Talk abeawt that dam at th' printworks,

TO MY FRIEND, SAMUEL ASHTON

On theer past th' Commercial Broo!
Whey, mon, when compared wi' th' ocean,
That owd stinkin' hole's a foo'!

Howd thi noise abeawt th' broad wayter;
Never mention th' Brushes Clough;
Aw could sup what thoose contain mon,
Iv aw're nobbut dry enough!
Mon, yo' folk 'at live at Newton
Ne'er see nowt worth namin' theer;
Blackpool's th' place for seets worth seein',
Lots o' wayter sturrin' here!

Heaw art gerrin' on neaw, Sam, lad?
Lookin' cuts aw reckon yet?
Tha'll ha' *thy* cuts looked o'er some day,
Tha'll be in for 't then aw'll bet.
Well, ne'er moind; heaw's th' wife an' childer,
Mitch as usual? Well, that's reet.
We're o weel at present, thank thee;
Compliments, owd chum, good neet!

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES WHITTAKER

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES WHITTAKER, THE POPULAR AND WELL-KNOWN VOCALIST

BORN 8TH MARCH, 1850, DIED 16TH JUNE, 1889

WHEN one's friends are cast deawn wi' bereavements
an' cares,

An' the'r hearts are nigh brocken wi' grief,
It's a difficult matter to know what to do,

To console 'em, or give 'em relief;
An' this is th' position aw'm in just neaw;
For aw've friends 'at are mournin' the'r loss;
An' aw'm anxious to help 'em as mitch as aw con,
While they're bearin' the'r heavy cross.

But when troubles o'ertak' us heaw helpless we feel,

An' con do nowt but murmur an' groan,
If we try to help others, we stagger becose

We're o'erburdened wi' cares o' eawr own.
Well, it's strange 'at a songster soa charmin' an' sweet
Should be ta'en away from us so soon!

But, it may be, it's o for th' best, an' let's hope
'At he's singin' i'th' mansions aboon!

Yo'n been favoured at Failsworth wi' two men at least—

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES WHITTAKER

'At have made life moor joyous an' breet :
Aw refer to th' esteemed an' reneawnd "Ab o'th' Yate,"
An' th' dear friend 'at's just gone eawt o' seet.
'An' tho' yo' sit wringin' yo'r honds i' despair,
Yo'n surely some cause to rejoice
At what Brierley's so cleverly done wi' his pen,
An' James Whittaker's done wi' his voice.

No deawt yo'll feel preawd o' yo'r notable "Pow,"
An' yo'r handicraft's often been praised ;
But ther's one thing yo' owt to feel preawder on still,—
An' that is—th' grand men 'at yo'n raised !
It's likely enough 'at yo'll murmur an' fret,
For one on 'em's knocked eawt o' tune,
An' the other one's toddlin' slowly abeawt,
An' must finish his journey soon !

Yo'll excuse me, aw hope, for intrudin' neaw,
For aw couldn't help pennin' a line
To tell yo' if sympathy meets yo'r case,
Yo'r heartily welcome to mine.
An' it's ole aw con give, an' ole 'at yo' need ;
For riches can never console
Wheër Death's been an' hurried some loved one away,
Nor mack a poor brocken heart whole.

TO TH' OWD DERBYSHIRE BARD

TO TH' OWD DERBYSHIRE BARD, JOSEPH COOPER

SUPPOSIN' one felt a desire for a stroll,
An' happened to wander as fur as Eaves Knowl,
Would he find an owd Bard ceaw'rin' quietly i'th' nook
Enjoyin' hissel wi' his poipe an' his book?
He's very weel known i' that quarter o'th' globe
As an ardent admirer o'th' Patriarch Job.
On th' owd veteran's virtues he glories to dwell,
Tho' its seldom he puts 'em i' practice hissel'.
He's a garden at th' front, an' another behind,
Wheer he reckons to ceawer a bit, when he's a mind;
An' his friends are delighted to visit these beawers,
An' sniff the sweet fragrance 'at comes fro' his fleawers.
He's a widower, that is, he hasn't a wife,
Nor no childer to harrass, or sweeten his life.
He's a member o'th' Schoo' Board, a Guardian o'th' poor,
An' aw think he's some moor posts; but am no' quite sure.
He gets thro' his wark without mackin' mitch din;
He's a foine flowin' beard hangs at th' end ov his chin.
They coed him "Joe Cooper" when dabblin' i'th' drink,
But neaw he's teetotal, its "Joseph" aw think.
He's past middle age, walks abeawt rayther slow;

TO TH' OWD DERBYSHIRE BARD

Some sayn he's some "brass," he's some heawses, aw know.
He's a horse, an' a trap 'at he rides in sometimes,
When he isn't in his cot manufacturin' rhymes.
Aw think he's a kind ov a "Ranter" bi trade ;
But, of course, i' religion he's noan to a shade ;
He's a chap 'at believes i' good *livin'*, noa deawt,
But good *decin'* he never says nowt mitch abeawt.
It's been said—tho' it hasn't been proved as a fact—
That he's loike other Bards, he's a little bit crack't.
If yo' meet wi' a chap wi' a slit in his yead,
'At's wider nor th' shop wheer he munches his bread—
An' yo' see ther's some 'bacco abeawt it 'at's reechin'—
Send me word, if yo' pleos, for that's th' chap 'at aw'm
seechin'.

TO AN AGED AND INFIRM FRIEND

TO AN AGED AND INFIRM FRIEND

THESE strokes come thick an' heavy, mon ;
But bear 'em bravely iv tha con,
Brother Bard.

Tha's had thi share o' grief, aw know,
An' fowt loife's battles here below
Long an' hard.

That yead o' thine is gettin' gray ;
Aw see it's lateish on i'th' day
Wi' thi, lad.
But come, cheer up, mon, things ull mend,
Aw dunno loike to see a friend
Lookin' sad.

Aw've had mi cares as weel as thee ;
Tha's noan had mony moor nor me,
That aw'm sure.
But, then, tha knows ther's nob'dy beawt,
So th' ills we conno get witheawt
Let's endure.

O' sickness, death, want, grief, an' care,
Ther's some folks get a biggish share—

TO AN AGED AND INFIRM FRIEND

Moor nur's sweet.
It's noan so pleasant kissin' th' rod ;
But come, mon, put thi trust i' God,
He'll do reet.

Tha's noan so fur to tramp, owd friend,
Tha's welly reached thi journey's end,
Trudge along.
Thi fiddle's mony a toime bin strung,
An aw've noa deawt but what tha's sung
Mony a song.

But, neaw, owd mon, thi days are few,
So iv ther's owt tha has to do,
Do it soon.
An' th' bit o' toime tha has to stop,
Get ready for another shop
Up aboon.

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND

EXCUSE me, dear friend, for intrudin' ;
An' don't think me a troublesome mon ;
For aw see tha looks sad, so aw'm wantin'

To cheer thi a bit iv aw con.

Aw'm aware it may seem rayther foolish

To attempt to give aid or relief

To a spirit 'at's bowed deawn wi' losses,

Or a heart 'at's been smitten wi' grief.

Aw know what it meons to see cheeks fade ;

To miss th' childish prattle i'th' fowd ;

Aw'm familiar wi' coffins an' graveyards,

An' leovin' th' dear caskets i'th' cowl !

Mon, it cuts up a poor fellow's feelin's,

An' gives to his nerves a rude shock ;

When, i' lookin' areawnd on his homestead,

He misses a lamb fro' his flock !

It's hard to see eyes growin' dimmer,

Ah, eyes 'at so lately wur breet ;

To miss th' merry ring o' the'r voices,

When wishin' us ole "good neet !"

But away wi' this useless repinin' ;

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND

It's folly one's troubles to nurse ;
Aw'm wantin' to cheer, not to sadden ;
To mak' thi feel better, not worse.

Look up, friend ! for tho' it's neaw darkish,
An' th' Spoiler's dismantled thi beawers,
We shall soon be made happy wi' springtime,
Wi' singin' birds, sunshine, an' fleawers !
An' th' dear little childer 'at's left us,—
Tho' they seem to be lost—they're feawnd ;
They're neaw wi' the'r guardian angels,
An' treadin' celestial greawnd !

TH' VILLAGE PEDLAR

TH' VILLAGE PEDLAR

TH' village pedlar's a jovial owd brick,
A merchant o' great local fame ;
He goes trudgin' abeawt wi' his basket an' stick,
An' a few useful things 'at aw'll name.
He's needles, an' bodkins, an' thread,
An' buttons, an' bobbins, an' tape ;
An' hair-pins, 'at girls use (before they get wed),
To keep the'r hair nicely i' shape.

He's worsted a haupney a bo,
Blue-peawder, an' furniture paste ;
An' he's capital mustard i' packets an' o,
Well, he says thoose 'at deawt it con taste.
Neaw th' owd pedlar ne'er gets eawt o' tune,
Tho' he's bother'd wi' o sorts o' folk :
If they vex him a bit, he forgets ogen soon,
An' passes it off as a joke.

He's carried his basket so lung,
'At it neaw seems to act like a charm ;
An' he tells us he feels as if summat wur wrung,
If he hasn't it hung on his arm.
E'en at church,—well,—at least soa aw'm tow'd,

TH' VILLAGE PEDLAR

When his mind should be free fro' sich cares,
He's ole ov a shiver, his arm feels so cowl,
For th' want ov his basket an' wares.

He's a Christian i'th' spite ov o this ;
Oh, aw've often yeard th' owd fellow tell
'At he thowt he could boast o' moor genuine bliss
Than even eawr Queen could hersel'.
Earthly jewels one sees up an' deawn
He will tell yo' must crumble to dust ;
But he's livin' i' hopes o' possessin' a creawn
'At 'll noather turn faded nor rust.

Owd pedlar, tha'rt happy aw'm sure,—
Trampin' reawnd wi' thi basket an' wares ;—
Leavin' blackin' an' blessin's at everyone's door,
An' tryin' to leeten folk's cares.
When tha claps deawn thi basket to dee,
Ther'll be some weet een aw'll be beawnd ;
For it's allus affectin' an' painful to see
An' owd favourite laid i'th' greawnd !

Th' little childer,—when th' daisies appear,—
To that spot wheer tha'rt buried will throng ;
An' sadly they'll say “ Th' dear owd pedlar lies here,
So let's sing him a nice little song ! ”
Then they'll deck thi green grave wi' wild fleawers,
Wi' th' idea 'at they're keepin' thi warm ;
An' say,—as they leave thi alone a few heawers,—
“ God bless him ! he's tackin' no harm ! ”

TH' OWD PEDLAR'S GONE WHOAM

TH' OWD PEDLAR'S GONE WHOAM

TH' owd pedlar's packed up an' gone whoam ;
He'll go eawt wi' his basket no moor.
Who is ther' 'at doesn't remember owd John
Comin' reawnd once a week to the'r door?
An' whoa isn't sorry he's dead?
Soa kind an' soa gentle was he!
Alas! it's too true what we've often yeard said,
"Thoose we love th' best are oft th' first to dee."

Thank God! he's neaw londed safe whoam,
Wheer th' weary an' careworn can rest!
Wheer noa mack o' grief nor misfortune can come,
An' noa foe can disturb or molest.
Then let's noan to frettin' give way,
Although ther's nowt wrung in a tear;
We shall noan see his equal for mony a lung day;
He're a favourite amongst us when here.

When hearty he loiked a good joke;
An' often he'd merrily chat;
But his dear lovin' partner drooped deawn at his side,
An' he never looked reet after that.
He sawntered abeawt wi' his wares,

TH' OWD PEDLAR'S GONE WHOAM

An' tried to cheer up, as i'th' past ;
But his sorrow wur moor than he're able to bear,
An' he had to give in to 't at last.

Th' owd basket he carried so lung,
We'll carefully treasure as gowd ;
For th' arm wheer it hung, once nimble an' strung,
Neaw lies by his side stiff an' cowl.
We've ta'en him an' put him i'th' grave,
Wheer his dear wife an' childer are laid ;
Ther's noa stone to mark th' spot ; it's a green grassy
meawnd,
Happ'd an' patted wi' th' owd sexton's spade.

Th' armcheer 'at he's ceawered in for years,
We've carefully laid by i'th' nook :
An' oft are these een o' eawers wetted wi' tears,
As on that dear relic we look.
For we loved that owd chap wi' th' grey hairs,
An' he's missed bi ole th' neighbours i'th' street ;
For he'll come here no moor to exhibit his wares,
Or bid us his well-known " Good neet !"

He're a honest owd creatur' wur John ;
An' his bobbins an' thread wur first-class ;
An' whoever had th' fortune to trade wi' th' owd mon,
Geet plenty o' stuff for the'r brass.
But he's made his last bargain deawn here,
An' ther's just one indulgence we crave,—
An' that is,—to neaw an' then drop a warm tear,
To moisten th' wild fleawers o'er his grave.

JOE AN' ALICE

[The Author has occasionally introduced the Yorkshire Dialect in the foregoing verses, but the following verses contain as much, or perhaps more, of the Yorkshire than of the Lancashire Dialect.]

JOE AN' ALICE

A YAWSHUR TALE

A W yeard a chap tell a good tale t'other neet,
An' aw think it's to' rich to be kept eawt o'th' seet ;
Iv yo'll lend me a minute or two o' yo'r time,
Aw'll try an' repeat it i' Lancashire rhyme.
Well, a couple i' Yawshur—at least so it's said—
After coartin' awhile, made it up to get wed ;
But ther's nowt abeawt that oather strikin' or queer,
It's nobbut what's done bi th' young folk abeawt here.

Heawever, accordin' to th' tale aw've yeard tow'd,
In a year or two they'd a young stranger i'th' fowd ;
A noice little dowter, wi' bonny blue een ;
It' mother said, " Th' noicest 'at ever wur seen."
Neaw this couple lived reet up at th' top ov a moor ;
It wur seldom a stranger e'er darken'd the'r door ;
But one day an owd fellow co'd Solomon Crook
Went marchin' i'th' heawse wi' a register book.

He said, " I've been told by a man I've just met
That you've got a young child, have you christened it yet ?"
" What's that yo' sen, Maister, yo' token so fawn ;

JOE AN' ALICE

Is it sum'at abeawt this new babby o' mawn?"

"Has the baby been christened? that's what I would know."

"Whaw, aw am no' reight suir; but aw'll sheat o' yaar Joe."

"Oh, there's no need of troubling your husband, good dame;

Tell me this—Has this youngster of yours got a name?"

"A name: Oh, a name! Nowe—at least aw think so;

Heigh! aw say; does ta yer up i'th' choamber theer, Joe?

There's a felley fro' Lunnon or sumwheer, just called,

An' he's wantin' to know iv we'n kersun'd yaar chawld!"

"Well, nowe, lass, its nivver been kersun'd, aw think;

Slip i'th' cellar an' fotch him a pot-full o' drink;

An' then, when he's supped it, just ass him to look

An' see iv he's toathry nawce names in his book.

So hoo gete a quart pitcher, an' fot him some ale,

Or rather some greawt, for it looked dreadful pale;

"Neah, Maister," hoo said, "ther's a cheer, sit yo' daan,

An' taste o' yaar drink, there's nowt lawk it i'th' taan;

An' then, when yo'n done, iv yo'n gotten a mawnd,

Yo' shall see if yo'n toathry nawce names yo' can fawnd."

So to pleos her he supped a few drops o' this greawt;

But when Alice wurn't lookin', he squirted it eawt.

"Well, Misses," he said, "I will read a few names;

There's Albert, John, Edward, Charles, William, and
James;

Augustus, Emanuel, Christopher, Duke,

Cornelius, Jonathan, Isaac, and Luke."

"Stop, Maister, there's Awsuk; that seands varry nawce;

Aw've seen that i'th' Bawble, aw think once or twawce.

Heigh, Joe! dusta yer? stop that weighvin' a bit;

JOE AN' ALICE

Ther's Awsuk, here, dusta think Awsuk ull fit?"

"Oh, ah! varry weel, varry weel, that'll do;

Iv aw am no' mista'en, it's a Scriptur' name too."

"It is," said owd Crook, "and I'm proud of your choice;
I am sure the name Isaac will sound very nice."

"It will, mun, it will; soa yo'll just put it daan;

Guid day to yo', Maister, aw reckon yo're baan;"

Well, th' name wur put deawn, an' th' chap off eawt o'th'
door,

He'd ne'er come across folk loike these were afoor.

Neaw he hadn't bin gone eawt o'th' heawse very long,

Afoor Alice bethowt her they'd happen done wrong,

Soa hoo bowted to th' bottom o'th' steers, an' hoo bawled,

"What thinks ta, is Awsuk th' reight name for yaar chawld?

It seands varry mich lawk a lad's name to me,

An' this babby o' yaars is a lass, dusta see?"

"Well, Alice, it does seand lawk one o' that mack;

But, ne'er mawnd, it'll do, aw'd ne'er cole on him back."

CURE FOR TH' TOOTH-WARCH

CURE FOR TH' TOOTH-WARCH

I ' this wonderful age ov invention we find
'At medical science is noan fur behind,
Tho' it seems 'at i' this field o' knowledge an' skill
Important discoveries are tackin' place still.
One o'th' latest an' th' breetest 'at's knockin' abeawt,
Bein' a safe an' chep method o' pooin' teeth eawt.
Neaw this is no second-hond, owd woman's tale,
Trumped up, same as mony a thing, merely for sale ;
It's a fact, this, at least it's related as such,
One o' that sort 'at conno' be mended so much.

This discoverer, as fur as aw'm able to larn,
Wur a chap up i' Yorkshur, they co'd "Joe o'th' Barn."
Like mony a poor sufferin' sinner beside,
He'd th' tooth-warch so bad he could hardly abide.
He went grinnin' an' grumblin', an' slavverin' abeawt,
So th' neighbours advised him to ger it poo'd eawt ;
But Joe wur beawt brass, Joe had spent it o up
At th' "Fiddle an' Hayfork" on summat to sup.

Time went on, an' Joe's tooth geet to warchin' so bad,
'At he stamped abeawt th' heawse loike someb'dy gone
mad ;
But a brilliant idea flashed upon him at last,
As is often th' case when a mon's gradely fast.

CURE FOR TH' TOOTH-WARCH

A foo' when he's put to 't, con mak' some good hits,
An' th' tooth-warch it seems help'd to sharpen Joe's wits.
While feelin' abeawt in his pockets he feawnd
A piece o' good bandin' 'at looked strong an' seawnd.
Well, one eend o' this he made fast to th' oon dur,
Th' other eend to his fang, (th' owd plague at it wur).
Then he geet howd o'th' poker, an' put it i'th' fire—
An act his friend Bob couldn't help but admire.—
On this bein' done, an' proneawnced "very good."
Joe stepped back, an' made th' bandin' as tight as he could.
"Neaw then, lad," he said, "let's ger on wi' this job,
Look iv th' faur-poker's reight-daan red, wilta, Bob?"
"Red!" said Bob, "ah, my word lad, aw think it is soa ;
What doest' reckon tha'rt wantin' to use it for, Jooa?"
"Thee do what aw tell thi," said Joe. "Well, neaw then ;
Touch maw nooaz wi' 't, as soon as ta yers me say *when*."
Bob expressed hissels willin' to do what he could ;
Iv it lay in his peawer to obleege him he would.
Joe at once sheawted "When!" Bob drew th' fire-poker
eawt,
An' put it reet gently to th' eend o' Joe's sneawt.
Th' effect one may guess at, th' oon dur stood it greawnd,
An' th' band did it duty, it proved to be seawnd ;
So when Joe smelt at th' poker it made him start back,
When eawt coom his troublesome tooth in a crack ;
It seem'd rather vex'd, th' ittle pest 'at it wur,
For it flew like a bullet slap bang at th' oon dur.

Joe wur cured, an', believin' th' invention first-class,
He's for gettin' a patent as soon as he's th' brass ;
I'th' meantime, he declares he shall mak' thoose repent
'At use his invention witheawt his consent.

JIM LEE, AN' TH' POOAST OFFICE CLERK

JIM LEE, AN' TH' POOAST OFFICE CLERK

WHAT strange foalk we have i' this world, to be sure
Aw've yeard tell o' ignorant numbskulls befoor,
But one's hardly prepared to have such a display
O' what we cole "greenhorns" at this toime o'th' day.
Well, a fellow fro' somewheer i' Smoshaw, aw think,
'At had muddled his reasonin' tackle wi' drink,
Went into a pooast office near to th' teawn end
Wi' a sooart ov a letter he'd gotten to send;

An' not bein' up to these pooast office ways,
He said to a clerk 'at wur writin' i'th' place—
"Does theaw know a young chap they co' Abrum Lee?"
"Not I," said the clerk, "Why do you ask me?"
"Well, nowt o' mich consequence; only aw thowt
Aw should loike thee to send him this letter aw've browt.
Aw've a sister i' Owdham 'at's hurt her big toe!
An' aw thowt aw should just loike eawr Abrum to know."

"Now, just look you here," said the clerk in amaze,
"Put a stamp on your letter, and then go your ways;
You silly old goose, I should just like to know
What I have to do with your sister's big toe!
Get your hat, and be going, you ignorant elf,

JIM LEE, AN' TH' POOAST OFFICE CLERK

And keep your weak heads and sore toes to yourself ;
I cannot be bothered with fellows like you,
So get out of this office, whatever you do."

"Aw'm sorry," said th' chap, "iv aw've done owt amiss,
But ther's no need at ole ov a rumpus loike this.
Aw should think theaw may see aw'm no angel wi' wings.
What should aw know abeawt sendin' letters an' things?
Ole aw wanted wur this—at mi brother should know
'At mi sister at Owdham had hurt her big toe!—
Iv ther's owt wrong i' that, well, aw'm sorry aw've come,
An' aw'll poike up mi letter, an' tak' it back whoam."

"Do make yourself scarce here, you silliest of men,
And pray never darken this doorway again.
What with letters unstamped, saucy words, and sore toes,
And rubbish like this, why, Heaven only knows
What I have endured since you entered in,
With your ignorance that almost amounts to a sin.
Now let me advise you before you depart,
To endeavour to get just one lesson to heart:—

"That lesson is this—never trouble another
With matters concerning a sister or brother ;
Go join the Mechanics', and spend a few pence
On that much-needed article called "Common Sense ;"
Take that pipe which I see sticking out of your breast,
And fling it away as a nuisance and pest ;
Take that nose, which appears to have been in a plight,
To the temperance folks to be doctored. Good night."

"Good neet to yo', mestur. Aw'll toddle back whoam ;
But alleaw me to tell yo' aw'm glad 'at aw've come.

JIM LEE, AN' TH' POOAST OFFICE CLERK

Yo're reet i'th' remarks yo'n bin makin', aw think,
For Ignorance is often th' twin sister to Drink.
Aw've been a great foo' up to neaw, to be sure,
But nob'dy's ne'er shown me mi folly befoor.
Henceforth an' for ever aw'll try to do reet.
No drinkin' nor smookin' i'th' future. Good neet."

EAWR POOASTMEN

EAWR POOASTMEN

A S aw'rn sittin' one day i' mi cottage,
An' runnin' things o'er i' mi knob,
Aw seed a few wrongs needed tacklin';
Soa aw buckled misel' to th' job.
Aw wur thinkin'—'mong other odd matters—
Abeawt these big sal'ries we give
To theawsands o' drones 'at ne'er do nowt,
While we've bees 'at have hard wark to live.

As an instance o' this, ther's eawr pooastman,—
A very deservin' owd breck,—
Well, aw'm towld 'at he tak's eawt ole th' letters
For a paltry five shillin's a week.
Neaw, yo' couldn't ha' thowt it soa, could yo'?
But it's perfectly true as th' tale goas;
An' further nur this, aw can tell yo',
They don't even find him his clooas.

Neaw, aw've noa wish for gettin' up taxes,
Soa dunno throw that i' mi face;
But to think o' what taxes are paid for,—
Why, folk, it's a burnin' disgrace!—
Aw should just like to know heaw it happens

EAWR POOASTMEN

'At numbskulls wi' nowt i' the'r yead
Are up to the'r shoulders i' clover,
While others are starvin' for bread.

Heaw is it 'at some men are honoured
For bringin' us into disgrace,
While others are deein'—neglected—
Real friends to the'r country an' race!
Can England believe in her Bible!
An' at th' same time consider it reight
To starve an' neglect her real heroes,
While we pay men to plunder an' feight?

What does war do but bring want an' ruin!
An' soa long as we've th' "piper to pay"
It's eawr interest, as well as eawr duty
To sweep these dire evils away.
Whoa amongst us would harbour a greyhound,
If it did nowt but worry an' bark?
If we've sense wi shall pay nob'dy wages,
But thoose 'at do good honest wark.

Let's clear eawt ole th' drones 'at are useless,
An' get workin' bees into th' hive;
An' let nob'dy eat honey 'at mak's noan,
Then eawr commerce an' trade may revive.
But soa long as we keep public sarvants,
To give us the'r time an' the'r aid,
Let's treat 'em as men should be treated,
An' see 'at they're properly paid.

An' whoa's more desarvin' than th' pooastmen?
What a lot o' hard wark they get through!

EAWR POOASTMEN

An' yet, wheer are th' Government sarvants,
 'At get as ill paid as they do?
Th' idea of a mon in his senses,
 Gooin' splashin' thro' mire an' thro' clay,
Th' public sarvant for o'th' folk i'th' village,
 For less nur a shillin' a day!

Neaw, iv aw'd a noice seot at Saint Stephens,
 Aw'd regulate th' sal'ries, an' soon ;
Why, bless us ! a poor country pooastman
 May spend ole he gets upo' shoon !
But aw'll write up to th' Pooastmaister General,
 An' tho' aw know th' Government's poor,
Aw'll try if aw connot persuade him
 To give th' chap a "bob" or two moor.

SKETCHES IN PROSE

IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE MANAGED TO GET A NEET'S LODGIN'S

THER'S noan mony folk abeawt here but what knew owd Billy Armatage. He kept toothry ceaws, an' a horse or two once, but he's swallowed 'em o lung sin'; for he wur terribly fond ov his drink, wur Billy, an' mony a rare scrape it's gotten him into. Aw've yeard it said 'at he once ate a peawnd o' candles for a pint; but whether that's true or not aw conno' say; but he did look loike a chap 'at wouldn't be very partickler abeawt what he ate iv he could nobbut manage to sup what he'd a moind. He wur summat loike th' chap i' Howmfurth—he loiked his drink—

New an' owd,
Warm an' cowl;
A sup in a possit aw lawk;
Saar an' sweet,
Dark an' leet—
Gie me ony o' these, an' aw'd empty a dawk.

Owd Billy 'ud ha' supped ony soort, beawt oather smellin' or tastin' it aforehand. Iv it wur co'd drink it wur reet.

Well, one neet, him an' a lot mooar o'th' same stamp wur ceawer't drinkin' at an owd aleheawse co'd th' "Plough Inn," an' it seems they didno' know heaw th' toime wur gettin' on, till th' lon'lord went an' tow'd 'em they'd better be goin' whoam. Well, owd Billy begun o' feelin' rayther

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

uneasy, an' wonderin' what he mun do, for he wur a lung way off the'r heawse, an' he'd spent every hawpenny ov his brass. "Aw mun try iv aw conno' shap it to get lodgin's somewheer," he said to hissels; "aw'll co' at th' fust ale-heawse aw come to on th' road-side, an' aw'll pretend to be deof, an' iv they sen they conno' foind me reawm aw'll be same as iv aw didn't yer 'em." So he did as he said he would, an' co'd at th' "Waggon an' Horses," an owd licensed heawse upo' th' road-side. Th' lon'lord wur just gerrin' ready for shuttin' up, for it wur somewheer abeawt twelve o'clock.

"Han yo' a bed at liberty here?" Billy inquired, "becose aw should loike to tarry here to-neet, if yo' con do wi' me."

"I am sorry to have to say that I believe all our beds are occupied," said th' lon'lord."

"That's reet," said Billy, "aw thought aw shouldn't be denied. Aw wur tow'd aw should get a bed here—yo'd aillus plenty o' reawm;—so iv it winno be to' mich trouble for yo', aw'll have a bit o' supper afore aw goo."

"I told you we had no beds at liberty," said th' lon'lord, hardly knowin' what to mak' of his customer.

"Well, a bit o' cowl mate, or owt'll do: aw'm noan very partickler what aw have. Aw dunno' want to put yo' to mich trouble, as it's gerrin' so late."

Th' lon'lady wur stood harkenin', so thinkin' th' chap must be deof, hoo went up to him, an' bawled in his earhole, "You cannot stay here; all our beds are taken up."

"Etten up yo'r cowl mate, is it? Well, yo con let me have a bit o' cheese an' bread—owt'll do. Aw wouldn't trouble yo' at this toime o'th' neet, but aw'm feart mi back an' mi bally ull be foin' eawt afore mornin' iv aw dunno' get a morsel o' summat to keep 'em separated.

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

This bit o' stomach o' moine's bin so used to havin' a feed abeawt supper toime, 'at aw deawt aw shall ha' no quietness iv aw try to put it off beawt owt."

Seein' at they could do no good wi' th' owd chap, they left him, an' went into another reawm to talk matters o'er.

"Come, aw'm gerrin' on very noicely," said Billy to hissel. "Iv o's weel aw shall noan be lung afore aw'm nestled amung th' blankets. A chap may do as weel beawt brass as wi', iv he's nobbut his wits abeawt him. Aw'm goin' to work this dodge noicely to-neet, aw see aw am. Eh, aw wish owd Thatcher wur here neaw, an' could see this bit o' game aw'm carryin' on; wouldn't he shake that big corporation o' his! he would so. Aw shall tell him o abeawt it when aw leet on him, that is, iv aw get through it middlin' weel."

"Well, James," said th' lon'lady to her husband, when they'rn getten bi the'rsels, "what are we to do with yond man?"

"Nay, I don't know; he does not appear to take in anything that we say. I suppose we shall have to do the best we can with him."

"Well, James, we have no room for him; you know that as well as I do. Number one, over the parlour, is occupied by Mrs. Davies, and the one over the kitchen by that Scotchman. There is only the chamber over here, and that we shall want for ourselves."

Owd Billy had crept as near th' dur as he could get, an' yeard so mich o' what they'd bin sayin' as gan him to understand wheer thur wur a chamber to let; so he made no moor ado, but he set off upsteers as fast as he could leather away, went straight into th' chamber, an' fastened th' dur after him. Th' lon'lord thowt he yeard some sort

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

ov a noise, an' went to see if th' chap wur wheer they'd left him; an' as soon as he fun' it eawt he wur gone, he off upsteers after him, an' th' lon'lady an' o, an' they tried to oppen th' dur, but couldn't. Of course, Billy yeard 'em, so he pretended to be talkin' to hissels. "They looken daycent folk enough here, for owt aw con see on 'em, but ther's no tellin' who they may have lodgin' wi' 'em, so it's safest to ha' one's chamber dur fastened. Aw shouldn't loike to ha' th' bit o' brass at aw've gotten for th' owd mare takken off me. Aw'd better ne'er ha' come. Aw've been at a deol o' places i' mi toime, but aw've never bin at one afore wheer they tell'n th' lodgers to goa upsteers bi the'rsel's; but it matters nowt as aw know on. Aw'd rayther ha' had a bit o' leet after o."

Th' lon'lord an' his woife had bin hearkenin' at th' dur, so when Billy gan o'er talkin' one on 'em gan it a regular good thump, an' th' lon'lord sheawted eawt, "You cannot have this room, so you may as well come out at once. I don't know what business deaf people have away from home. Open this door, and come out."

Owd Billy pretended to yer nowt he said, but kept on talkin' to hissels. "This is a rare noice reawm; aw'm fain 'at aw've let o' sich a shop. Aw dar' say this bed belongs to th' lon'lord an' 'is woife. They'll very loikely mak' up a bed on th' floor, or else lie on th' sofi; at ony rate, it stroikes me very powerfully at it's the'r bed, an' a rare good un it looks. Aw'll say mi prayers, an' then get in an' feel what mak' o' one it is. Th' best on it is, awst ha' nowt to pay; at least, Joe Winterbottom tow'd me so, an' he's put up here mony a toime."

Thump went th' dur ogen, for th' lon'lady fot it a welt same as iv hoo wur beawn t' break it in. "Do you hear?"

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

hoo said, "will you open this door? This room belongs to myself and husband, so be kind enough to leave it." It wur o' no earthly use her sheawtin', for owd Billy pretended to yer nowt at hoo said, but kept talkin' to hissel'. "It's a capital bed, this is; it feels as weel as it looks. Aw dar' say it's made o' fithers 'at they'n plucked eawt o' sich loike chaps as me; they'n had mony a hundred peawnd o' my brass among 'em, they han for sure. That's very loikely th' reason they chargen nowt here. Aw wonder heaw my owd woman's gerrin' on awwhoam; hoo'd expect me back afore neaw, aw know hoo would. Good neet to thi, owd wench; aw nobbut wish tha'd as good a bed as aw have. But aw'm gerrin' sleepy, so aw'll have an' 'eawr or two while aw've th' chance."

O wur as still as deoth for a minute or so, an' then owd Billy pretended t'begin a snorin'. When th' lon'lord yeard that he poo'd a great lung face—abeawt as lung an' as sweet as owd Nancy Platt's toffy sticks—an' said to his woife, "Sarah, it's of no use making any more bother; the fellow is fast asleep, and there is no possibility of arousing a deaf man; we may as well leave him for any good we can do now." So they went deawn th' steers, an' left owd Billy to hissel', an' he wur no lung afore he wur fast asleep, an' dreamin' abeawt sleepin' on fither beds, walkin' on carpets, an' 'atin' cheese an' bread at other iolks' expense.

Well, after sleepin' very seawndly for a toothry heawrs th' owd chap wackened sometoime abeawt hawve-pa t seven i'th' mornin', dressed hissel', an' went creepin' deawn th' steers. He went an' ceawer't on a couch cheer i'th' kitchen, an' th' lon'lord wur no' lung afore he wur at him, an' talkin' to him.

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

"I say, my good fellow, do you know you have been sleeping in my chamber?"

"O, aw loiked sleepin' i' yond chamber very weel; aw've had a middlin' good neet's rest. Couldn't ha' had a better 'at aw know on."

Th' lon'lord, seein' 'at owd Billy didn't appear t' understond what he said, went a bit nearer, an' bawled eawt in his earhole, "What I say is this, you have been occupying the bed belonging to myself and missis."

"Well, th' bed's reet enough, aw've no deawt; aw've noather seen nor felt owt o'th' sort. Aw should think 'at i' country places loike this yo'r noan troubled wi' bugs."

"I did not say anything about bugs."

"Ah, aw see; they wouldn't boite me iv yo' had ony, They met boite somb'dy loike yo' at's so fat."

Th' lon'lord geet gradely vex'd at Billy for talkin' i' that road, an' fixin' his een on him said, "What's the reason you talk in the way you do? Are you deaf?"

"Whor?"

"Cannot you hear?"

"Tarryin' here? Nowe; at leost no lunger nor whoile aw've had a bit o' breakfast; aw shouldn't exactly loike to set off beawt.

Th' lon'lady coom in while they were talkin', so Billy bid her good mornin'; but didn't hoo look rare an' feaw at him! Hoo looked abeawt th' same as a friend o' mine once did, when a chap 'at wur noan gradely reet went into th' heawse one foine Sunday, an' geet 'owd ov his dinner an' ate it o. Well, hoo started a-axin' her husband what owd Billy said loike, abeawt goin' upsteers as he did, beawt axin' leov. "Why the man must be a fool," said th' lon'lord; "I asked him if he knew he had been sleeping

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

in our chamber, and his reply was, 'O, aw loiked sleepin' i' yond chamber very weel.' Really, Sarah, of all the customers we have ever had since we opened this place, this fellow beats them all. He is either mad or stone deaf."

Th' missis thowt hoo'd try her hand on him a bit, so hoo went up to him, an' sheawted, "Where do you come from?"

"Nowe; aw want no comb; aw ne'er mak' a practice o' combin' my yure, nobbut on a Sunday mornin'. Aw'm noan as preawd as some folk. Aw let my yure grow as it's a moind six days eawt o'th' seven."

"Really, my good man, you did not understand my question."

"Oh, aw see; what will aw ha' to mi bre'kfast. Well, yo' can boil me a couple o' eggs, an' mak' me a sope o' coffee, iv yo' pleosen. Yo' hanna' sich a thing as a bit o' cowl ham i'th' heawse, han' yo' missis?"

"Have you ever been this road before?" asked th' lon'lady.

"Eh dear, nowe, bless you; aw couldn't eat four; aw never eat no moor nor two eggs at a toime; two ull be quite plenty. Aw ha' seen th' day, when aw'rn younger, when aw should ha' thowt nowt abeawt polishin' off hawve a dozen, but thoose days han' gone by lung sin'."

Th' lon'lady stood hearkenin' him till hoo could howd no longer, for hoo turned to him, an' said, "I tell you what, you're a regular bore."

"Nay, aw shall want nowt no moor, as aw know on; aw noather ate saut nor pepper to 'em. Neaw yo'll let 'em be new-laid uns, missis, iv yo' pleosen; shop eggs are very often rotten abeawt this time o'th' year."

"Sarah, get him some breakfast ready, and let us be

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

without him. The sooner he goes and the better it will be for us, I can assure you. It's of no use wasting any more time with him."

So hoo started an' boil'd him a couple o' eggs, an' made him some coffee an' buttercakes, an' th' owd mon wur no lung afore he had 'em put eawt o't' seet."

"You seem to be rather deaf," said th' lon'lord, as he went an' ceawer't him deawn near to owd Billy.

"Oh, yo' con eat what's left, con yo'? Well, yo'll be welcome to o 'at aw leov, an' that'll noan be mich, aw con tell yo'. Aw've generally a good appetite in a mornin'. Heawever, yo' con sit here a bit, an' see heaw aw go on, an' then iv there is owt left yo'll be ready for it."

When th' lon'lord yeard that he begun a poikin' off as noicely as he could. Owd Billy cleant his plate as weel as iv it had been wshed. When he'd done he buttoned his cooat, an' began a shapin' for goin' whoam. Th' lon'lord thowt it wur abeawt toime to be lookin' after his brass, iv he wur to have ony, so he went and put his meawth close to owd Billy's earhole, and bawled eawt leawd enough to be yeard welly a hawve a mile off,—“Let me see, I think you have not paid us yet?”

“Nowt to pay, yo' sen, dun yo', mesther? o reet. Aw wur towd afore aw coom 'at yo' charged nowt here. Well, one can but thank yo'. Aw dar' say aw've bin a bit o' trouble to yo', bein' as aw'm so deof; but yo'll happen think nowt abeawt that. Aw'm very much obleeged to yo'.”

“James,” said th' lon'lady to her husband, “you are not letting him go without paying, are you?”

“I don't care whether he pays or not, if he will be off. If you think you can do anything with him, he is there.”

“Dear me, James, how annoying it is—a man coming

HEAW BILLY ARMATAGE

as he has done, at twelve o'clock at night, wanting a supper getting ready, and then taking possession of the only bed we had unoccupied in the house!"

"What a sayrious misfortin' it is to a body when they're deof," said Billy, "aw should so loike to yer what folk are talkin' abeawt, but aw connot, yo' see. Aw've hard wark to mak' owt eawt 'at folk sen to me. Aw dar' say, iv one could yer 'em, th' birds are singing as sweetly as con be eawt o'th' dur. Nowt used to pleos me better when aw're younger nor to have a ramble up into th' fields an' th' woods, to yer th' cuckoo sing. But aw con yer nowt o' that sort neaw. Well, aw'll be makin' my way a bit shorter. Afore aw leov yo', heawever, aw should just loike t' say 'at aw've bin weel done to while here."

"Well, pay for it, then," said th' lon'lady to owd Billy.

"Yo'll ha' no pay for it? well, aw reckon yo' winnot. Neaw, th' teetotallers may prate as hard as they loiken abeawt public heawses; but aw've never yet cum across a smo'-drink establishment wheer they'd find a chap wi' supper, bed, an' breakfast for nowt. Aw dunno loike to go away beawt givin' yo' sum'at; but heawever, yo' mun co' at eawr heawse sometoime when yo' come eawr road, an' iv ever yo' want a bed, eawr Betty an' me ull let yo' have eawrs wi' o th' pleasure i'th' world. So good mornin' to yo', an' thank yo', an' iv ever aw happen to come this road ogen aw shall be sure to gi' yo' a co."

A WHOLESALE KESSUNIN'

A WHOLESALE KESSUNIN' DOOMENT AT TORRINGTON

“ **W**HATEVER is ther’ to do neaw, aw wonder,” said owd Matty Fletcher, as hoo stood wi’ her hons on her hips, starin’ i’th’ drection o’th’ village church, wheer a lot o’ folk had collected together. “Ther’s summat moor nor common, or ther’d never be o yond sturrin.”

It wur a foine frosty winter’s day when these words wur uttered: th’ sun shone splendidly upo’ th’ hillsides, makin’ ’em look as iv they’d bin wshed o’er wi’ gowd. Th’ greawnd looked so warm ’at aw believe one met ha’ baked fatcakes on it, if it hadn’t bin ’at King Frost had bin th’ neet afore, an’ spread a lot o’ cowl white stuff o’er it. Th’ sparrows wur hoppin’ abeawt fro’ twig to twig, an’ th’ little robin redbreasts poppin’ the’r yeads into th’ cottages an’ lookin’ sensible enough to ax th’ occupants to send ’em a honfull o’ crum’s eawt. Th’ cattle wur breawsin’ i’th’ meadows, an’ pigs gruntin’ i’ the’r cotes. Th’ poultry i’th’ farmyards wur amusin’ the’rsel’s i’ different ways; some wur eightin’, an’ others wur feightin’. Aw believe there wur a cricket or two makin’ the’r noise abeawt owd Gronny Gregory’s foyar place, but aw dunnot feel quiet certain abeawt this, so cannot speak positively. Here an’

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theer met be seen a toathry flees maunderin' abeawt, but they wurn't hawve as wick, nor nowt near so numerous, as they are i' owd Durty Molly's 'atin' heawse i'th' middle o' July. Ther' met ha' bin a few snails trailin' abeawt i'th' cellars, or a lot o' grubs abeawt th' cabbages i'th' garden, for owt at aw know to th' contrary; for aw didn't feel to care so mich abeawt it as to mak' ony inquiries. But one thing aw know, heawever, an' that is, 'at church bells o' Torrington wur ringin' reet merrily that mornin', as iv they wished to tell th' villagers ther' wur summat grand goin' to com' off. Happenin' to be i'th' village at this time, aw began to inquire what ther' wur to do. Some o'th' owder end said they thowt 'at it wur th' foyar bell, but a parcel o' lads 'at wur standin' at a street corner said it wur th' church bell, an' it wur ringin' becose it wur poncake Tuesday. Heawever, it appears 'at a week or two afore th' toime 'at aw'm speakin' on, th' parson o'th' church had bin reawnd th' nayburhood, an' foindin' 'at ther' wur a lot o' childer 'at had never bin kessunt, he tow'd the'r parents 'at if they'd tak' 'em to th' church on a certain day he'd kessun 'em o for nowt, an' it appears 'at this wur th' day 'at he'd fixed on. Theere they wur,—men, women, an' childer gathered reawnd th' church till it looked moor loike a rushbearin' nor a religious ceremony.

Ther' wur Daff wi' his concertina,
An' Dorothy wi' her choilt;
An', eh! it wur some pratty,
Altho' a troifle spoilt.
Ther' wur Darron Bill among 'em,
An' th' woife in a bran' new geawn;
An' choilt wi' a spank new frock on,
Wi' tucks in it hawve road deawn.

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Well, next coom Tom-o'-Mary's
An' th' woife—a charmin' pair!—
An' they'd wi' 'em two foine childer,
Real chucks, aw do declare!
An' th' next wur a chap fro' Canrow;
Aw think they co' him Jim;
He's a noted breek for squintin',
An' th' woife's as good as him.
These browt three whoppin' childer,
An' had 'em kessunt too;
Said Jim to th' woife at after,
“Wurn't this a rare chep do?”
“Ah, ah, it wur,” said Betty,
“But, Jim, thee howd thi tongue;
Iv ever we mun save owt,
It mun be whoile we're young.”
“Well, well,” said Jim to Betty,
“That's reet enough, but come,
Let's buy some sweets for th' childer,
An' then be trudgin' whoam.”

“Stop a bit,” said Betty, “th' parson hasn't done yet, mon. Ther's Ned-o'-Jim's lad to do, an' Bill-o'-Molly's, an' Jim-o'-Robin's, an' another or two besides.” Well, they wurn't lung afore they geet this business noicely o'er, but ther' wur some rare laughin' o'er it aw con tell yo'. Ther' wur one couple stood afore th' parson 'at didn't seem so mich accustomed to that mak' o' wark, for when his reverence held his honds for th' choilt, th' mother on't turned it o'er to him heels first. Eh! but ther' wur a bonny titter i' that hole! But th' parson took it o i' good part. Aw thowt aw seed him laughin' a toime or two, an' no wonder, for some on 'em wur so very wooden. Aw could ha' done better misel, aw know. Yo' would ha' laughed iv yo'd yeard th' childer when th' parson wur puttin'

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wayter on the'r faces. They sung eawt till yo' couldn't yer a word 'at wur said. Heawever, they managed to get thro' this nomony someheaw, an' th' clerk finished up wi' sheawtin' "Amen." Everyone wur eawt o' that church i' quickstieks, an' when they'd gotten noicely into th' street they held a bit ov a ceawncil wheer they mun put up at. They agreed to go to th' "Jolly Printers," an' have a sope o' the'r seawr rum just to warm the'r throttles wi', an' they wurn't so very lung afore some on 'em begun to be rayther jolly, while other some thowt it wur toime to be trudgin' tort whoam. Before doin' so, heawever, they collected some brass among 'em, an' bowt some ale, which they put in a bottle to drink on th' road. Havin' filled a bottle wi' black creom, they set off eawt o'th' village to wheer they lived, wheer they soon loded, as it wur no so far off. When they geet theer, some on 'em wanted to go to an' "Frozen Mop," an' keep th' kessunin' up a bit longer, but others on 'em said 'at a mop wur no place for folk to stick the'r yeads in 'at wanted to be comfortable. Ned-o'-Jim's said 'at they'd a besom at the'r heawse 'at he'd back ogen ony mop they could foind i' that quarter, so that settled th' matter at once, an' they o agreed to go to Mary-o-Tommy's, fro' Tom Nook, an' spend th' neet eawt theer. When they geet to owd Mary's, they began to poo the'r brass an' the'r bottles eawt, an' shapin' for havin' a jolly good spree. One owd chap said iv they'd o be ov his moind, they'd ha' some gradely owd fashunt drink, some 'at wouldn't tremble i'th' bag, but ston it greawnd. So it wur agreed on 'at they should send to th' "Mop" for a sope o' breawn steawt. Well, this coom, an' wur soon made warm an' gradely good, an' directly they wur sarvin' it reawnd, an' th' neet passed o'er very comfortably. At last

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what wi' drinkin', singin', an' doancin', some on 'em began to get rayther sleepy, an' one or two on 'em wanted reet o'er i'th' owd woman's heawse, an' th' little childer wur lyin', some i' one corner an' some in another. Inneaw ther' wur one mon, 'at seemed to ha' bin doin' a tidy business wi' John Barleycorn, tho' he didn't seem to ha' made sich a good bargain, bethowt him he'd go whoam, an' seein' 'at the'r Betty wur rayther flusht i'th' face, he thowt he'd better tak' th' choilt wi' him, which he did, an' they wur soon i'bed. Th' woife wurn't lung afore hoo missed him, an' concludin' in her moind 'at he must ha' gone whoam, hoo nips up a choilt an' off hoo gooas; not knowin' 'at her husband had ta'en one an' o. Hoo geet into bed as quietly as hoo could, an' o went on reet enough till mornin'. When they wackened, heawever, they wur some surprised at seein' two childer i' bed. "Heaw's this," said Bill, "'at we'n gotten two childer i' bed? Who'as choilt has ta browt wi' thee Betty?" "Whoy, aw've browt eawr own choilt, to be sure. Theaw must ha' browt someb'dy's else. But heawever, let's see which has browt th' reet un, an' which has browt th' wrong un." So after makin' th' examination, Betty said, "By th' mass, Bill, we're booath on us wrung this toime, for they noather on 'em belong to us, aw do declare!" "Well," said Bill, "we mun mak' th' best on't, an' say nowt abeawt it, for ther'll be a bonny bother, ther' will for sure! Away wi' thi deawn th' lone, Betty, an' see iv theaw con yer owt o' onybody bein' beawt choilt, or onybody havin' a wrung un." So away went Betty deawn th' lone, but foindin' o very quiet, hoo turned her face tort whoam ogen; but hadn't gone fur afore hoo met another on th' look eawt. "Well, Betty, lass, what's to do as theaw's sturrin' so soon this mornin'?" "Oh, nowt," said Betty, "nobbut aw thowt

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aw'd have a bit ov a walk as it's a foine mornin', an' see iv o wur reet after these kessunin's." "Reet!" said th' woman, "theaw'll yer sich a row i' this lone as theaw never yeard afore, aw con tell thi." "Well, whatever is the'r to do?" said Betty. "Do! it'll be a country's talk, this will. Sithee, aw wouldn't ha' been mixed up wi' that lot iv aw'd known, nowe, not for summat! Theaw knows that chap 'at skens? Well, his woife lost her choilt, an' conno foind it nowheer; they'd bin up an' deawn o neet seechin' it, but wheer they are neaw aw conno' tell. Ther's bin weary wark o'er it aw con assure thi. Well then, to mak' things wur, somebody's ta'en o th' best kessunin' things off Ponto's choilt, an' put it some other things on 'at arn't hawve as good as it own. It's bonny wark for sure, when one cannot have a bit ov a kessunin' doo, but they mun go an' rob one another o' the'r bits o' clooas, an' th' choilt lost in th' bargain." "Well," said Betty, "let's hope at they'll foind the'r choilt; as for th' bits o' clooas, they winno' matter so very mich. But aw mun be goin' an' seein' abeawt gerrin' th' childer the'r bre'kfasts ready, an' then gerrin' 'em off to th' schoo'." So they bade one another "good mornin'," an' parted. After th' bre'kfasts wur o'er, an' th' husbands had gotten to the'r wark, th' women began to meet together an' talk matters o'er. So th' woman 'at had lost her choilt wur sent for, an' very ill off hoo wur, yo' may be sure. Heawever, owd Molly seemed to think o ud be made reet ogen, for hoo said 'at hoo could recollect bein' at a kessunin' when hoo wur young, an' it took 'em three week' afore they o geet the'r own childer an' th' clooas reeted. But th' woman to put her wits to wark, an' hoo made a proposition to know what plan could be adopted tort foindin' th' choilt, for her husband swore he'd very nee kill her iv it wur no'

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f'und when he coom whoam at neet. So we axed th' owd woman to put her wits to wark, an' hoo made a proposition 'at every one 'at had had the'r childer kessunt must meet that very day at one o'clock, an' bring the'r childer donned i' the'r kessunin' clooas, just as they wur th' neet afore, an' thoose 'at wurn't theer at th' toime must be foined a shillin', to be spent amung th' company. So they o agreed to this. When toime for meetin' coom they wur o middlin' punctual except th' woman 'at wur beawt choilt, an' Betty. Heawever, these two coom directly after, an' a bonny way Betty wur in. Hoo browt one o'th' childer, an' t'other hoo left awhoam. Well, they began to examine these childer, an' hadn't bin agate long afore Ponto bawled eawt, "Thoose are my choilt's clooas, chus heaw." "Well, then," said th' owd woman, "yo'd better examine th' choilt, an' see iv that's yo'rs an' o." So they looked at it, an turned it o'er a toime or two, an' it proved to be her choilt, an' that 'at hoo had belunged to Betty. So thoose two geet reeted, an' Betty off whoam wi' hers, an' said hoo'd be back i' toathry minutes, which hoo wur, an' browt t'other choilt wi' her. Th' woman 'at wur beawt choilt wur ceawer't theer lamentin' above a bit, so Betty, when hoo coom in, crommed th' choilt deawn into a caythur they had i'th' heawse, as iv nowt wur. Th' women wur o gabberin' an' talkin' ov a lump, an' took no notice o' noather Betty nor th' choilt. So after sendin' for a sope moor comfortin' cordial, they supp't reawnd, an' had this for th' tooast, "May th' poor woman's choilt soon be found ogen." Directly after this tooast wur drunk (an' it looks queer to me 'at they should *drink* tooast, as they used to ate it when aw wur a lad an' drink tay)—but, as aw wur sayin', they began to get merry, an' this helped to some extent to droive th' woman's sorrow

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away, an' hoo seemed for a toime to forget o abeawt her choilt. Heawever, th' owd woman as wur th' cheermon proposed havin' another look reawnd to see iv they could meet wi' this lost choilt. So they o geet up to go a lookin', but Betty managed to keep beheend a bit, an' when they'd o gotten noicely eawtside, hoo bawled eawt, "Eh, aw say, some on yo's leavin' yo're choilt ogen!" On yerrin' this they o stood stock still, an' began to stare at one another. Well, they everyone declared they'd the'r own childer wi' 'em, an' Betty said her's wur awhoam. So they agreed to go back an' see what ther' wur. Th' woman 'at had lost her choilt said hoo'd have a look an' see iv it wur her's, so hoo w nt back i'th' heawse, an' theer lay afore her i'th' caythur, "as snug as a button!" her own dearly beloved duck-a-darlin'. Hoo had howd on it i' hawve a snifter, an' pressed it to her bussom as if it had been missin' a week. "Th' choilt's mine," hoo said, "an' neaw aw'm as reet as a wooden clock." "Well, come," said one on 'em, "as th' childer an' th' clooas are o gotten reeted, we conno do less nor send for a thimbleful o'th' owd sort." So they scraped up a bit o' brass among 'em, an' sent for some moor drink, an' o went on as merrily as could be, an' they'd as good a spree on th' second day as they had o'th' furst. One o'th' women sung a song 'at hoo said hoo'd made afore hoo coom. Here it is:—

One winter's day ther' coom this way
 A parson noan beawt thowt;
 An' foindin' some childer unkessunt i'th' place,
 He promised to do 'em for nowt.
 So thinkin' this fair, ther' wur lots on us theer,
 An' some rare cracks o' laughin' we had;
 For th' blunderin' wark 'at some on us made
 Wur really past tellin' for bad.

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One felly stood theer wi' his billycock on :
But this case wur noan one o'th' worst,
For another, when hondin' to th' parson her choilt,
Hoo gan it him th' wrung eend first !
Eh, dear ! but ther' wur some rare titterin', too,
But th' owd parson he let 'em a-be ;
He knew what a lot o' rum covies we wur,
An' he cared nowt abeawt it, not he !

When we'd gotten 'em kessunt, we o left th' church,
An' had a short meetin' i'th' street,
Wheer we clubbed up among us a foine lump o' brass,
An' what do yo' think we did wi't ?
We sent to owd Skeawter's at th' four lone eends,
For a sope o' the'r best seawr rum,
An' as true as aw'm here, afore ten o'clock,
We'rn o on us fuddled, by gum !

Well, this pleased 'em rarely, you may be sure, an' th' owd woman's heawse fairly rung ogen wi' th' noise they made. But it wur gettin' toime to break up, which they did very soon after, an' they o geet safe whoam. When th' husbands fun' it eawt 'at they'd gotten o things reet an' square ogen, they agreed to have another jollification, an' they kept at it till th' clock fingers wur booath straight up. When they begun o' shapin' for goin' whoam, th' husbands declared ther' should be no mishaps that neet, for they'd tak' care o'th' childer the'rsels, an' th' wives met follow after. This wur done, an' they o managed to get whoam safe an' seawnd, wi' the'r own clooas an' the'r own childer. Neaw this shows 'at ther's bin great an' important improvements i' kessunin' dooments sin' th' owd woman wur young, when it took 'em three week' to get the'r childer an' the'r clooas reet ogen. Neaw, yo' seen, it's done i' two days. Th' husbands sen at th' next kessunin'

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doo they han they'll ha' th' childer gradely marked wi' big letters i' blue an' red, so 'at they con everyone know the'r own, an' then ther'll be noan o' this mak' o' bother no moor, some takin' th' wrung childer, an' others being laft beawt. So neaw o seems to be gotten reet an' straight ogen, but iv aw should happen to yer owt ony moor abeawt these kessunin's aw'll try to let yo' know abeawt it at some other toime.

“Adoo!” as poor Artemus Ward says,
Kind readers an' hearers, adoo;
Aw dar' say yo're gotten weel toyart
For one toime, well, so am I, too.

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN' FIFTY YEAR SIN'

ONE fine afternoon, last autumn, as I was walking leisurely along the turnpike road leading out of one of our large manufacturing towns in Lancashire, I was overtaken by an old man, apparently about 70 years of age. With the freedom usually manifested by country people, he accosted me thus: "It's a foine day, mesthur." I said it was. "Aw think yo'r a stranger abeawt here, for aw cannot recollect seein' yo' afore, an' aw've lived i' this neighbourhood summat loike fifty or sixty year." I told him he was right, for I was a stranger in that part of the country; and asked him what trade the people followed in that locality. "Why, some do one thing, an' some another, an' plenty do nowt at o, nobbut shankle abeawt wi' the'r honds i' the'r pockets. Th' biggest part on 'em are owd hondloom wayvers; aw're used to be one misel' when aw're younger, but aw've ne'er done noan neaw for this last four or five year'." "How do you manage to get your living, then?" I asked. I saw the tears trickling down the old man's cheeks, as he replied: "Well, to tell yo' t' truth, mesthur, aw'm loike mony a one besaide me 'at's gotten owd, aw have to depend upo' other folk." "Is your

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old woman living?" I inquired. "Nawe, hoo's been deod just two year' this September. We'rn livin' wi' a dowter o' mine at that time, i'th' cloof yonder, but sin' hoo deed, aw've bin livin' wi' mi owdest son, Jim, just across th' fielt theer. Win yo' co a bit an' have a poipe o' 'bacco wi' me? Eawr Jim's at his wark i'th' loom-heawse, an' th' childer are at th' schoo'; so if yo'n slip across wi' me we can have a comfortable chat together." Anxious to hear a little more of the old man's history, I thanked him for the invitation, and at once accompanied him to his dwelling. It was an old stone house, built, if I remember rightly, in the year 1760, and beautifully situated on a slight eminence, about two hundred yards from the turnpike road. As we approached the cottage, it appears we were observed by the old man's son, for he came to meet us at the garden gate, and holding out his hand to me, said "Heaw are yo', sir? Aw dunno know yo', but aw reckon mi feyther does; come in, an' sit yo' deawn. Aw'm expectin' eawr Betty in every minute, an' when hoo comes yo' can have a sope o' tay wi' mi feyther. Aw never ha' nowt o'th' sort misel', but aw loike to see other folk have it, if they loiken it. Win yo' have a poipe o' bacco wi' us? Yo' happen dunno smook?" I told him I did not, but thanked him all the same.

"What rent may you pay for a house like this?" I inquired. 'We ne'er pay nowt, mesthur; we wur used to pay thirty shillin' a year, but th' squire up at th' Ho said he thowt we'd as mich as we could do beawt payin' rent; he'd let us live a bit for nowt; that's abeawt two year sin', an we'n never paid a haupney fro' that day to this." "It is very kind of your landlord," I observed, "in allowing you to live rent free. Are any of your neighbours thus

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favoured?" "Nawe, not as aw know on. Aw reckon it's becose mi feyther's a bit ov a favourite wi' 'em. He used to play th' double bass up at th' chapel yonder, yo' seen, an' they'n loike made a bit more ado on him on that akeawnt. Then ther's another thing, mi mother wur th' cook up at th' Ho afore mi feyther wed her, an' they'n allus ta'en to us a bit ever sin'."

Just as Jim was concluding the last sentence, his wife came in, carrying a fine baby of some three months old. She seemed a little surprised at seeing a stranger in the house; it was something rather unusual, no doubt. She had not advanced many steps before the husband took the child from her arms, and, giving it a kiss, said to its mother, "Ther's a gentleman here, theau sees, Betty; theau mun mak' 'em a sope o' tay, lass, as soon us t' con; an' when they'n had summat t' ate they con sit an' chat together awhile." Then, addressing himself to me, he added, "Mi feyther con tell yo' some rare tales, mesthur, iv he's a moind." I told him I was exceedingly fond of tales, and should like to hear some good ones.

"Aw'll gie yo' a bit of a skit or two," said the old man, "when aw've gotten some o'th' wynt off mi stomach, for aw'm nowt at talkin' when aw'm hungry."

In a few minutes the good woman had the tea-things placed on the table, and although I had partaken of dinner only about an hour before, I enjoyed their kind hospitality very much. Tea being over, I, along with my old friend, repaired to a wooden seat in the garden, the old man taking his pipe with him. We sat a few moments in silence, which was at length broken by my friend saying, "Well, aw reckon aw shall ha' to try iv aw con tell yo' a tale or two, neaw; an' as eawr Jim's tow'd yo' at aw used to be a bit ov a music

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chap, aw'll tell yo' one or two bits o' skits 'at aw remember very weel. Yo'll think they seawnden strange, no deawt, but aw con assure yo' they're quite true, an' some o'th' characters mentioned are livin' yet.

"Well, one Kesmus neet,—neaw abeawt fifty year' sin',—ther' wur me an' a lot moor ov eawr singers at th' chapel made it up amung eawrsel's to go eawt a-singing th' Kesmus hymn, an' we agreed to meet at th' schoo' at eleven o'clock, an' have a bit ov a practice afore we started eawt. Aw conno' remember th' names ov o on 'em, but aw con tell yo' some on 'em. Ther' wur Simeon Carter, Ike-o-Abram's, Sammy Hallsworth, Tommy Yetton, Tummy-o'-Sharp's, an' Jabez Barrowclough.

"Yo' ne'er seed sich a seet i' o yo'r loife as we looked when we o stood in a reawnd ring i'th' middle o'th' floor!

"Owd Simeon Carter, a bass singer, had gotten his woife's red cloak on, an' a great woollen shawl lapp't reawnd his meawth, so 'at we could nobbut just see his nose-end poppin' eawt. Ike-o'-Abram's had borrowed a top-cooat off someb'dy 'at reached reet deawn to his feet; an' he'd a pair o' gloves on his honds 'at looked big enough for Daniel Lambert. Sammy Hallsworth had gotten his feyther's breeches on th' top ov his own, an' his legs looked moor loike elephants legs now owt else. Aw con assure yo' we wur a bonny lot o together. Well, we tried th' Kesmus hymn, 'Hark, Hark,' an' toothry o' them things o'er, an' just as th' clock struck twelve, we turn't eawt. But aw'm forgettin' to tell yo' abeawt Johnny-o-Neddy's, a chap 'at should ha' bin wi' us. Johnny, aw understond, had a rare do wi' th' woife afore he set off fro' whoam. Hoo didn't loike him to go a basoon playin', when he owt to be i' bed, an' wur fretund summat 'ud happen him iv he went eawt;

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

an' hoo wur no' fur off reet noather, for on his way to th' schoo' he had to cross a wood, an' i' doin' so, as ther' wur nob'dy onywheer abeawt, he thowt he met as weel be tryin' a tune or two o'er. Well, he geet howd ov his basoon an' started a puffin away. As it happen't ther wur a bull noan fur off 'at yerd this noise 'at Johnny wur makin', an' it begun a-tryin' to imitate him as weel as it could.

"'What's that? What's that?' ax'd Johnny, lookin' sharply abeawt him. 'Iv theawrt a musician let's yer thi seawnd thi keighnote.' Well, he'd hardly gotten th' words eawt ov his meawth afore th' bull laid howd on him wi' it horns an' threw him reet o'er it yead. His clooas wur ripped o to rags, an' his basoon smashed o to pieces. Th' owd lad scrambl't off whoam as weel as he could, but he wur cur't ov his basoon playin' that neet, he ne'er played no moor.

"Well, neaw then, aw'll go back to mi tale agen. As aw wur tellin' yo', we started eawt o' singing at twelve o'clock. Ther' wur a parcel o' lads gether't reawnd th' schoo' dur, an' as soon as ever they seed us they set up a great sheawt, an' started a-makin' remarks abeawt us. One on 'em said, 'Eh! look theer at that mon wi' th' long top-coat on; he looks loike a clooas-prop dressed up'. An' then another young rascal sheawted eawt, 'Wheer has t' gotten thi red cloak fro', owd mon? What wilt tak' for a whelp off it?' Sammy Hallsworth, when he yeard that, began a-poikin' off as noicely as he could, for he knew iv they seed his breeches they'd hardly ever ha' done makin' remarks abeawt 'em. Well, we geet o'er this as weel as we could; owd Simeon grumbl't at 'em a bit, an' said iv he could nobbut get owd on 'em he'd poo the'r ears till they'rn as lung as pig ears.

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

"Th' parson's heawse bein' close to th' schoo', we went theer th' fust, an' started a-singin' 'Christians, awake!' When we geet to th' third loine, wheer it says 'Rise to adore,' som'b'dy sheawted eawt, 'Rise, an' let these chaps sup.' Well, when we yeard that, one o'th' lads 'at wur singin' ceawnter brasted eawt a-laughin', an' set some o't' others agate, an' we broke deawn afore we geet to th' end o'th' fust verse. Aw wur playin' th' double bass at th' toime, an' aw felt so vexed at aw up wi' th' fiddlestick, an' wur beawn to fot one on 'em a crack o'er th' yead, but aw missed mi aim an' hit one o'th' women singers a welt o'er her bonnet, an' made it as flat as a poncake. Yo' may guess what a row ther'd be then.

"Tummy Yetton, a young felly 'at purtended to cooart her a bit neaw an' then, ax'd me what aw'd done that for. He said he'd punse his foote thro' th' fiddle iv aw didn't keep that clumsy stick to mysel'. We wur o foin' eawt ov a lump for abeawt five minutes, an' aw wur frettened we should never be able to muster no moor; but owd Simeon coom an' stretched hissel' up among us, an' said it wur a shawm 'at we should be carryin' on i' that'n, an' a lot o' chapel singers as we wur; we should have o th' folk i'th' place talkin' abeawt us. Inneaw, who should come creepin' back but Sammy Hallsworth; he'd poo'd one pair o' breeches off, an' had 'em slung o'er his shooder. Well, we managed to get i' summat loike order ogen, an' then wi went forrad to owd Pogson's. (Owd Pogson wur th' clerk o'th' chapel.) We started a-singin' th' Kesmus hymn, an' geet thro' very weel to th' eend o'th' fust verse, an' then Skennin' Jonas, as we used to co him, begun a-thumpin' at th' dur, an' tryin' to wakken 'em up. When we'd gotten to th' eend o'th' next verse he gan it another bang wi' th' eend o' his

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

nob-stick. Owd Pogson geet up and stuck his yead eawt o'th' window, an' tow'd us he wur very sorry, but he couldn't ger a leet, th' matches wur damp, or summat. Aw wur stondin' at th' side o' Skennin' Jonas at th' toime, an' yerd him mutter summat abeawt him loikin' his ale too weel hissel' to ger up an' give a poor body a sup. Well, after we'd bin to two or three moor places, we went to owd Daniel Whitley's, at th' Hey Barn. When we geet theer it wur abeawt two o'clock i'th' mornin', noice an' moonleet, but very cowl, for it wur freezin' keenly. We o stood reawnd th' dur, an' began a-singin'. Tummy-o-Sharp's, at wur playin' th' clarinet, cock'd up his yead tort chamber window to see iv ony on 'em wur gerrin' up—for we'd rapped at th' dur to let 'em know 'at we'd go in iv they'd let us—an' to get a better seet he walked back a foote or two. Neaw, reet facin' th' dur, but at th' other side o'th' fowt, wur a well, where they fot wayter fro' for th' ceaws, an' for weshin'-up wi'; but whether Tummy knew abeawt it or not aw conno' say, but at ony rate in he plopt, reet up to th' chin. By gum! didn't th' owd lad stare! an' his chin reet wackert agen wi' cowl, for it very nee froze him stiff. Nancy Greenhalgh—hoo wur his sweetheart, yo' noan—when hoo yeard it wur Tummy 'at had backed into th' well, hoo set up sich a skroike as aw ne'er yeard afore sin' aw wur wick. 'For God's sake ger him eawt,' hoo said; 'do ger him eawt! We should be wed o'th' twenty-second o' next month. Th' ring's bowt neaw, an' th' weddin' dress is very nee made. Jabez,' hoo said, to a great long chap as wur stondin' laughin', 'thee ger howd on him, theaw great starin' foo'! What are t' laughin' at? It's nowt to mak' fun abeawt, this isn't.'

"While Nancy wur makin' this bother, an' lettin' th'

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cat eawt o'th' bag, me an' two or three moor on us had managed to get Tummy eawt o'th' well. Didn't he look rare an' mad at Nancy, for he'd yeard every word hoo'd said. Th' owd lad shaked hissels' a bit, an' then poiked hissels' off whoam an' to bed as soon as he could. Well, when Tummy wur gone, owd Simeon coom an' fixed hissels' reet i'th' middle on us, an' said, 'Aw think we met as weel drop it neaw folk. Th' clarinet player's gone, an' yo' knoan we conno' do mich beawt him. But afore we separate aw should loike to say a word or two respectin' th' way 'at we'n bin carryin' on. It seems very clear to my mind 'at it's nowt nobbut proide an' a hankerin' after other folk's stuff 'at's bin th' cause o'th' misfortins we'n had to-neet. I'th' fust place, if we'd turned eawt in us own clooas, as we owt to ha' done, i' stead o' makin' eawrsels' look loike a lot a meawntebanks, th' lads would ne'er ha' sheawted us. I'th' next place, if we'd gone eawt wi' a proper motive—that is, a-singin' Kesmus hymns in a gradely sort of a way, an' then gone abeawt us business, we should noan ha' brocken deawn as we did'n, when we'rn singin' at th' parson's heawse, nor that young woman wouldn't ha' had her bonnet spoilt wi' th' fiddlestick. Aw feel very ill hurt, for my own part, 'at Tummy-o-Sharp's has met wi' that misfortin. Its bin sich a lettin' deawn to him; not only i' bein' letten deawn into th' wayter—that wur bad enough, certainly—but yo' seen Nancy's letten it eawt abeawt th' weddin', an' ther' wur a rook o' lads abeawt 'at yeard it as weel as us, an' no deawt they'll mak' it middlin' weel known. Let's go whoam, an' keep these things as quiet as we con, an' iv ever we go eawt a singin' ony moor let's do it in a gradely sperrit, as we owt, an' not be hankerin' so mich after mate an' drink. Heaw con we expect owt good to come eawt o'

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

this mak' o' wark, think'n yo'? There's One up above yonder at knows heaw we'n bin carryin' on; an' whoa knows but what Tummy-o-Sharp's tumble't into th' wayter as a sort ov a judgment on us for bein' so wicked. Sich things as these han happened afore neaw, an' it's not at o unloikely 'at it's so i' this case."

"Well, when Simeon had finished his sarmonizin', Ike-o'-Abram's said he thowt we'd better go back to th' schoo' an' separate in a respectable sort ov a way. So we went, an' when we'd o gotten sit deawn, aw geet up an' gan eawt a short-metre hymn; an' aw've forgotten neaw whoa it wur, but somb'd'y struck up wi' a long-metre tune; so to mak' it come in we had to lengthen th' last words o' some o'th' lines; an' as it happen't th' last word o' one o'th' loines wur 'Jacob,' so we sung it i' this road: 'Ja-fol-da-diddle-i-do-cob.' Well neaw, mesthur," he said, "what dun yo think abeawt eawr Kesmus singin'?" I said they had made a bad job of it. "A bad job on it! Aw think we did.

"Aw reckon yo' never knew owd Robin Dumplin-yeard, as we used t' co him, did yo', mesthur?" I said I did not remember having heard the name before.

"Iv yo'n a moind aw'll tell yo' heaw he once sarved a lot o' singers 'at went to the'r heawse. Yo' known Robin wur a very eccentric sort ov a chap. He wur no' mich of a chapel-goer hissel'; but, as he used to say, he couldn't abide to see religion bein' made a trade on; an' these singers wur nowt nobbut a lot o' great awk'art lads, an' toothry wenches 'at liv't i'th' place, 'at wur goin' reawnd to get howd ov o they could, an' then have a spree wi' it. They went an' fixed the'rsel's under Robin's window an' began a-singin'. Robin yeard 'em, an' said to his woife, 'Yonds th' singers, Matty; has't owt for 'em?' 'Nawe, in-

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

deed I,' said Matty; 'theau emptied th' last bottle we had i'th' heawse afore we coom to bed. Hast t' forgotten?' 'Nawe, aw've noan forgotten, not I marry, mi yead warches rayther to ill for that. It's very kind on 'em comin' eawt a singin' ov a cowl frosty neet loike this, an' aw'll give 'em summat 'at ull satisfy 'em for th' next ye'r an' o, except they're ill to pleos.' 'Robin, theau knows very weel 'at we'n nowt to spare; theau's had thi loom empty a week neaw, an' conno tell when theau'll get another warp. Theau's moor need to go reawnd wi' 'em an' try to mak' a bit o' summat nor give 'em owt, that's what aw think, Robin.' 'Well, well, lass we're noan so weel off, aw know, but th' owd Book says 'at it's better to give nor to receive; an' iv theau conno believe me aw'll gie thi a bit o' what they coen occular demonstration iv theau'll ger eawt o' bed an' come wi' me to th' window.' So they booath geet up an' went to th' chamber window, an' when Robin oppened it they wur just finishin' th' last verse, an' very nee o on 'em gaupin' an' starin' up at th' window. 'Neaw then,' said Robin, 'which on yo' tak's it?' So th' leader sheawted eawt 'Me.' 'Tak' that, then, said Robin, emptying a two-gallon potfull o wayter on 'em, 'tak' that, an' divide it amung yo'; an' iv yo' feel dry when it gets tort dayleet, iv yo'n a moind to come this road ogen, aw'll see iv aw conno' foind yo' a sope moor.' Well, mesthur, aw think yo'll do for tales; aw'll have a poipe o' 'bacco, neaw."

When the old man had finished, I could not help saying "Thank you, thank you kindly, my old friend; I am sorry to have to leave you so soon, but I have an engagement about two miles from here, which I am obliged to attend to." I wished him good night, exclaiming to myself—

LANCASHIRE KESMUS SINGIN'

Theau's noan so fur to tramp, owd friend;
Theau's welly reach'd thi journey's end;

Trudge along.

Thi fiddle's mony a toime bin strung,
An' aw've no deawt bo what theau's sung

Mony a song.

But néaw, owd mon, thi days are few,
So iv ther's owt theau has to do,

Do it soon;

An' th' bit o' toime theau has to stop,
Get ready for another shop

Up aboon.

POEMS AND SONGS
NOT IN DIALECT

POEMS AND SONGS

NOT IN DIALECT.

MARSDEN: THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHPLACE

I T was upon thy lovely hills,
 These eyes first learned to gaze ;
 Thy running brooks, and murmuring rills
And often in thy meadows green,
In youthful sport might I be seen
 The butterfly to chase.

Oh, those were happy hours to me ;
Oft have I roamed in childish glee,
 My bosom free from care,
Where the young lambkins joined in play,
And neighbouring children loved to stray,
 Each other's sports to share.

Alas ! we ne'er shall meet again ;
Some of those children now are men ;
 Yes, men with silvery hair.
The old oak tree I loved to climb
Seems altered by the hand of Time,
 Since last I saw it there.

The mountain heights and shady wood
Where, when a child I often stood,
 Come fresh before my mind ;
Though forty years have passed away,
Still, I remember well that day

MARSDEN

I left them all behind.

Alas, alas, why should I leave
The things to which I fondly cleave,
 The heath, the mountain wild ;—
Those scenes on which I loved to look,—
The trees, the flowers, the babbling brook
 I bathed in when a child.

Good-bye ! good-bye, my native hills !
Those running brooks and murmuring rills
 No longer yield me joy.
This heart is not so free from care,
As when I first breathed thy pure air,
 A happy little boy.

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

WHO DIED AUGUST 8TH, 1860. AGED 69 YEARS.

O H! cruel Death! why thus my peace destroy?
Thy victim is my Mother, on whose knee
I sat so often when a little boy;
Deal gently with her, she is all to me.

Those loving eyes watched o'er me, while as yet
A child, unconscious of a Mother's care;
Alas! since then those eyes have oft been wet,
Those lips for me breathed many a fervent prayer.

Oh, Death! awhile hold back that fatal dart,
Methinks I love her more than ever now;
Oh! let me smooth her pillow ere we part,
And wipe the death-damp from her wrinkled brow;

Speak some kind word, support her drooping head;
What, though these filial actions prove in vain,
We must perform them at her dying bed,
She will not need them at our hands again!

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE

The blow is struck which sets her spirit free,
And now she soars aloft on angel's wings ;
Soon those glad eyes her future home will see,
Rich with the splendour of eternal things.

Farewell, farewell to every anxious care,
Sorrow and pain shall rack that breast no more ;
To mar her peace no foe can enter there ;
O blessed spirits on that blessed shore !

Here, we are toiling up life's rugged steep,
Many our sorrows, few alas ! our joys ;
These eyes of ours have often cause to weep,
Our sweetest songs are often mixed with sighs.

Fond social ties are round these hearts entwined
Claiming our love, as though they meant to stay ;
Vain earthly hopes ! how often do we find
The loveliest flowers are first to die away.

Ah, me ! ah, me ! her frail unworthy son,
Plodding life's path with all its lurking snares ;
How shall these youthful feet securely run,
Without her bright example, and her prayers !

My darling boy ! 'tis well that thou art young ;
O how unconscious of the loss sustained !
Thy heart is not like ours, with anguish wrung,
Though she is dead, thy bosom is not pained.

Come, nestle closer to thy parents, love ;
To us, her dying lips breathed forth a prayer
That we should train thee for the realms above,

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE

And treat thee, for her sake, with special care.

But how can we, who are but sinful dust,
Direct thy footsteps to that blissful land?
Father Divine! in thee we put our trust;
O guide us all by thine unerring hand.

Support and cheer my Sire, whose hoary head
And furrowed cheeks bespeak a host of cares;
Since one by one his earthly joys have fled,
And sorrows mark his last declining years.

By you—her dear old friends—the stroke is felt;
Her company to you has long been dear;
Oft at the throne of grace with her you knelt;
Now she is gone, well may you shed a tear.

Her seat is vacant in the House of Prayer;
That old familiar face we see no more;
Our mutual joys no longer now we share,
Nor hold sweet loving converse as of yore.

But shall we mourn that she is now at rest?
No, God forbid! but rather we rejoice
That she has gained the regions of the blest,
For this she strove, and early made her choice.

Long years ago, ere time had blanched her hairs,
Or life's rude storms swept o'er the youthful head,
She sought the Lord, He heard her humble prayers,
And on her future path rich blessings shed.

Most of her life (near threescore years and ten),
Her willing feet the path of duty trod;

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE

Then left the Church below without a stain,
At peace with all men, and at peace with God.

Ah ! blesséd Mother ! may thy sorrowing friends
Tread in thy footsteps towards that blissful shore ;
That when our journey through this desert ends,
We all may meet in heaven to part no more.

TO MY SON ARTHUR

TO MY SON ARTHUR, ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

TO-DAY you attain unto manhood, dear son ;
Having served the three sevens, you are now
twenty-one.

Like others before you, your journey through life,
Has had its full share of annoyance and strife.
But the seed has to struggle awhile in the soil,
Ere the labourer secures the results of his toil ;
We have sickness and losses, the storms and the showers,
Mixed with health and successes, with sunshine and flowers.

You will find, son, as others before you have found,
That both good and evil come out of the ground.
We are ever surrounded by virtue and vice,
And can't be too careful in making our choice.
" This world is a stage "—so Will Shakespeare declares ;—
And you amongst others are one of the players.
It may be till now you've been much out of sight,
Kept at work on the scenes, or arranging the light.

But to-day, my dear son, you've arrived at full age,
And you'll have to appear at the front of the stage ;
Where your acts will be open to praise or to blame,

TO MY SON ARTHUR

And the audience mete out to you honour or shame.
What an anxious position is this to be in,
The applause of the public to lose or to win !
May you have many happy returns of the day,
And the people's "well-done" at the end of the play !

A FATHER'S LAMENT

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS ABSENT SON

THANK you the same, but while that chair is
vacant,

Your kindly wishes must be all in vain ;
For while the wandering one is absent from us,
I cannot join you in the merry strain.
Here we are met, 'midst scenes of peace and comfort ;
The lamps are lit, the fire is burning bright ;
But such a festive scene must needs remind us
That *one* is absent. Where is *he* to-night ?

Cold hearts still ask " Am I my brother's keeper ?"

Their laugh is merry as they sip the wine ;
But how can I, a sickly, sorrowing father,
In such gay sport—in such amusement—join !
My mother, with her latest breath, besought me
To make this first-born son my special care,
His mother, too, in her last painful moments
Made him the subject of her dying prayer.

And yet, a father's heart needs no reminders
From dying lips, long, long ago at rest.
How can a bird forget its absent fledgling,
Or gaze unmoved on the forsaken nest !
Say you my boy's unsteady, fond of roving ?

A FATHER'S LAMENT

Leaving his lawful duties here undone?
It may be so ; but I am still his father,
And he, the prodigal, is still my son !

Is *he* the only one who introduces
A note of discord into this our song?
Are all the others innocent and blameless?
Is he the weak one ; all the others strong?
If so, I point you to the gentle Jesus ;
Who were the characters to whom He gave?
The Pharisee, the wealthy, vain, self-righteous?
Or was it sinners that He came to save?

Gather your robes about you, O ye virtuous !
Spurn the poor brother crawling in the dust ;
Boast of your piety, but please remember,
That He who holds the balances is just !
And who are *we*, that we should sit in judgment !
Are *we* all perfect ? all our actions pure !
Have we no faults to hide ? no secret failings ?
Does all the filth lie at our neighbour's door ?

On with the dance, all ye whose hearts are merry !
Bring to your banquet beauty, wealth, and wine ;
All who can drown their sorrows in their pleasures ;
But, for the present, don't ask *me* to join.
Deem it a weakness, if it so should please you ;
All my good feelings ridicule and spurn ;
Still, I must wait with saddened heart, and joyless,—
Wait for the absent prodigal's return !

I like the ring of hearty, merry laughter,
The harmless frolic and the sober jest ;

A FATHER'S LAMENT

But cannot take a part in the enjoyments,
This festive season brings, with proper zest.
This being so, perhaps you'll please excuse me,
If my cold manners seem to cast a blight
On what, to you, are lawful, healthy pleasures ;
And more so now, on this glad New Year's night.

My thoughts are wandering o'er the great Atlantic,
Where one we love may now be sat alone ;
And, while we rest our weary frames in comfort,
His only bed to-night may be a stone !
Excuse me, then, if I may seem unsocial,
Or sit in silence when the cup goes round ;
I cannot form a link in this dear union,
Until the chain's complete, the lost one found !

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

DEAR friend, on this thy natal day,
When those who know and love thee most,
Send in their greetings through the post,
Accept from me this humble lay.

My Muse is rather lame, I fear ;
And younger men with clearer brains
May pen their thoughts in loftier strains,
Though not more heart-felt, more sincere.

God bless thee, valued friend ! and may
The clouds now hovering o'er thy head,
Filling thy soul with fear and dread,
Soon break, and, harmless, pass away !

May genial sunbeams ever shine,
And cool, refreshing dew's descend
On thee, my best, my dearest friend,
Is the fervent prayer of me and mine !

TO A LITERARY FRIEND

TO A LITERARY FRIEND

MY dear old friend, you kindly state,—
And this you've done at various times,—
That most of my unpublished rhymes,
Are worthy of a better fate.

You may be right, you may be wrong ;
While *you* admire poetic wares,
The man whose eyes are fixed on " shares,"
Would look with coldness on a song

The race for wealth makes millions blind ,
The frantic rush for fame and gold ;
The views of life that most men hold,
Must starve the soul, and cramp the mind.

But what a blunder ! what a loss !
They pass their time in Nature's bowers ;
They choose the thorns, but leave the flowers ;
Reject the gold, and choose the dross !

My pen must soon be laid aside ;
The lessons I have tried to teach,
The sermons I have tried to preach,

TO A LITERARY FRIEND

Must either perish or abide.

I cannot hope to win the praise,
 So needful to the bard and seer,
 Or win the sympathetic cheer
Of those whose friends are in the race.

I toe the mark, and do my best ;
 Strain all the powers of heart and soul
 To gain the prize, and win the goal ;
To time and fate I leave the rest.

But, laid aside from human gaze,
 No songs from either man or bird
 Can vex or please the ear unheard,
Or call forth either blame or praise.

But shall the bard, or bird on wing,
 Because, perchance, the unasked for strain
 May fall upon the ear in vain,—
Be silent, or refuse to sing?

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE

BORN 21ST JUNE, 1808. DIED 5TH MAY, 1866

FAREWELL, thou gifted singer! thy sweet songs
Have charmed the ears of thousands in our land:
Now thou art gone, we feel that we have lost
One of the greatest of the gifted band.
Tho' thou art dead, thy honoured name shall live
For ages yet to come: and thy pure lays
Be read and prized by myriads yet unborn,
And in their hearts thy songs shall find a place.
His like again, alas! we may not see:
Few living Bards have sung so well as he!



THE GOOD OLD ROGER BELL

ROGER BELL

ROGER BELL

OF all my good and faithful friends,
But few I loved as well,
As the subject of my humble song,
The good old Roger Bell.

Oft have we, at the close of day,
When all our work was done,
Together climbed some lofty hill,
To watch the setting sun.

Old Roger was a thoughtful man,
Of cultivated mind ;
And in the meanest things of earth,
Some lesson he could find.

He loved whatever God hath made,
In earth, in air, and sky ;
Nothing appeared too mean for him,
And nothing seemed too high.

The modest daisy at his feet ;
The dew-drop on the grass ;
The tiny insect on the leaf,

ROGER BELL

He did not idly pass.

To him each dull and passing cloud
Was something to admire ;
When musing on the works of God,
He never seemed to tire.

At early dawn, with stick in hand,
This veteran might be seen,
Pacing with feeble steps and slow,
Around the village green.

And, oh ! to me it was a treat,
This good old man to see,
When seated at his cottage door,
His Bible on his knee.

The thin, grey locks upon that head,
That broad and thoughtful brow,
The gentle look and well-known voice,
I well remember now.

I saw him on the day he died,
And o'er his corpse did bend ;
My heart was full ; my tears came fast ;
For I had lost a friend.

We saw that pale and wasted form
Enveloped in the shroud ;
Beheld his children o'er him stoop,
And weep, and sob aloud.

We bore him to the silent grave ;
Few cheeks that day were dry ;

ROGER BELL

Though all the village mourned his loss,
None felt it more than I.

Now lone and sad, I move along,
Among the haunts of men ;
And wonder when my friend and I
May hope to meet again.

I have lost many valued friends,
Relations, too, as well ;
But none for whom I sorrow more
Than good, old Roger Bell !

GOD HELP US

GOD HELP US

GOD help us amid all the changes of life,
When pleasures surround us, when dangers are rife
O grant that the former may not prove a snare,
Nor the latter the means of producing despair.

O help us in childhood,—those bright, sunny hours,—
When our pathway before us seems planted with flowers;
May our lives then be pleasant, our young hearts be glad,
Let no evil befall us to make us feel sad.

O guard our young footsteps from treading those ways,
Which, sooner or later, must lead to disgrace;
And, O may we learn in the days of our youth,
To love what is noble, and reverence the truth.

Be with us, O God, in that critical state,
When impulse is strong, and temptation is great;
When the world and its pleasures conspire to allure,
May we shun what is sinful, profane, and impure.

God help us when we unto manhood attain;
O keep us from being conceited and vain;
Make us humble, and childlike, and help us to see

GOD HELP US

That for all we possess we're indebted to Thee.

God help us, when we shall engage in the strife
Which awaiteth us all in the battle of life ;
May we boldly and bravely go forth to the fight,
And, O give us strength to do that which is right.

Give us patience to bear all our crosses and cares ;
And wisdom to guard 'gainst temptations and snares ;
Let not earth's gaudy toys, which around us we see,
Draw our souls from integrity, virtue, and Thee.

God help us in sickness ; God help us in health ;
May we smile through our troubles, be humble 'midst
wealth ;
O give us Thy spirit to comfort our hearts,
When afflictions press heavy, and vigour departs.

Be with us when age comes upon us, good Lord ;
Be near us, and sweet consolation afford ;
Smooth the pathway we tread, may the last of our days
Be employed in Thy service, in worship and praise.

Be with us in death,—in that sad, solemn hour,—
When the stern “King of Terrors” comes vested with
power ;
Kind Parent watch o'er us, and in Thy great love,
Prepare us a place in Thy Kingdom above.

A SONG FOR SUMMER

A SONG FOR SUMMER

Tune : " Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are Marching."

IT is glorious summer time,
Pretty flowers are in their prime,
Bounteous Nature is rejoicing all around ;
While the hawthorn, now in bloom,
Spreads around a sweet perfume,
Hills and valleys are with lovely verdure crowned.

CHORUS :

Shout, shout, shout, my boys for gladness,
Shout till the balmy air shall ring ;
Oh, let us ne'er forget
There are pleasures for us yet,
Free to all men, from the peasant to the king.

Oh, come, let us haste away,
It is now the time for play,
Nature for us spreads around an ample feast !
There are daisies on the grass,
We can pluck them as we pass,
Fruits in clusters, too, refreshing to the taste.

A SONG FOR SUMMER

Chorus : Shout, shout, shout, etc.

It is sweet to roam about,
When the sun is peeping out
From his hiding place behind the lofty hills ;
Sweet to watch his shadows play,
On some calm sequestered bay,
See his antics from the gently flowing rills.

Chorus : Shout, shout, shout, etc.

Let us seek the pebbly shore,
Hear the grand old ocean roar ;
Oh, how deep are all the notes, and how sublime !
Never changing in their sound,
Just the same the seasons round,
Heard by men of every nation—every clime.

Chorus : Shout, shout, shout, etc.

Haste away to yonder wood,
With its lovely solitude ;
Like a sturdy race of giants stand the trees.
How refreshing to recline
'Neath the branches of the pine,
While the wearied frame is fannéd by the breeze,

Chorus : Shout, shout, shout, etc.

Oh, how sweet to watch the sun,
When his daily work is done,
Like a toiler sinking quietly to rest !
Oh, 'tis glorious to behold
How he " tips the hills with gold,"
When retiring to his chamber in the west.

Chorus : Shout, shout, shout, etc.

SEASIDE PICTURES

SEASIDE PICTURES

DASHING and splashing upon the sea shore,
Hear the wild billows, how grandly they roar.
Here we find Nature untrammelled and free,
In the restless, excited, majestic sea.
Out in the west is the setting sun,
Looking back on the race he has run ;
Silently, cheerfully, doing the will
Of One who is brighter and greater still.

Now he is vanishing out of our sight ;
Oh, let us thank him, and bid him good night.
Has he not smiled on this landscape of ours ?
Ripened the fruit for us, painted the flowers ?
Has he not been to dispel the thick gloom,
And throw a bright ray in the sick man's room ?
Oh, what great blessings he hath to impart,
Cheering the sad and the sorrowing heart,

Leading the downcast to lift up his eyes
To fairer climates, and sunnier skies.
God ! thou art kind to Thy children here ;
Why should we doubt Thee, or why should we fear !
All things created around and above,

SEASIDE PICTURES

Speak of a Father of goodness and love.
Shall we such mercies ungratefully spurn,
Shall we not thank such a Friend in return?

Twilight sets in, and the stars are in sight,
And are flinging their rays of silvery light
On the heaving breast of the troubled sea,
As it roars like a giant in agony.
And now let us gaze on another spot :
The lamps are lit in the fisherman's cot,
And there are the fisherman's children, see,
Lisping their prayers at their mother's knee.

An old man sits in the chimney nook,
With his tearful eyes on that good old book
That points man's soul to a brighter day,
When the things of earth shall have passed away.
He closes the book, and his tearful eyes
And his brawny hands are raised to the skies ;
What mind can conceive of a grander sight !
Thou art very near home, aged Christian—good night !

Out on the ocean a light burns clear,
Warning the sailor that land is near ;
In a lonely cot on the distant sands,
A fisherman's widow sits wringing her hands,
Her poor heart bleeding with sorrow and woe,
For the husband she lost but a week ago.
Out on the ocean are stout hearts and brave,
Battling right nobly with wind and with wave.

So with our lives ; the big waves often roll,
O'erwhelming the spirit, disturbing the soul ;

SEASIDE PICTURES

And thus we go onward from day unto day,
Laughing and weeping the moments away.
Now we are joyous, and now we're dismayed;
Now in the sunshine, and now in the shade.
Thus it must ever be, while on this earth,—
Seasons of sadness, and seasons of mirth.

DEAR OLD ENGLAND, GOOD-BYE

DEAR OLD ENGLAND, GOOD-BYE

Tune: "The Mistletoe Bough."

DEAR home of my childhood, I bid thee good-bye,
With a load at my heart, and a tear in mine eye;
Thou home of my forefathers, land of the free,
I sigh at the thought of departing from thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

Good-bye to thy mountains, thy moorland, and trees,
And the health-giving fragrance that floats on the breeze;
Other mountains and moors I expect soon to see,
But they cannot blot out my remembrance of thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

Good-bye to thy graveyards; I'm loath to depart
From the long-cherished objects that cling to my heart;
The graves of my fathers are sacred to me,
And now, my dear country, I leave them with thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

I go where more labour is found for the poor,
And the bread of industry is often more sure;
But in my new home, far away o'er the sea,

DEAR OLD ENGLAND, GOOD-BYE

My thoughts will oft wander, dear England, to thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

I have basked in the sunbeams that play on thy rills ;
I have trod thy fair valleys and roamed o'er thy hills ;
And whate'er be my lot, wheresoever I be,
These fond recollections will cling unto me.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

There's a grandeur about thy old bulwarks and towers,
And loveliness seen in thy gardens and bowers ;
Thy maidens are beautiful, lovely to see,
No wonder I sorrow at parting from thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

In the land I am bound to, whatever betide
Should fortune smile on me, or wealth be denied,
In sunshine or shadow, in sorrow or glee,
My true English heart will beat fondly towards thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

I am soon to be wafted away o'er the main,
And these eyes may not feast on thy beauties again ;
But whatever the distance between us may be,
I shall never forgo my attachment for thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

When surrounded by strangers in some far-off glen,
I will talk of thy greatness again and again ;
How unworthy the land of my birth I must be,
If I fail to make known my affection for thee.
Dear Old England, good-bye.

DEAR OLD ENGLAND, GOOD-BYE

When toss'd on the sea by the wave and the wind,
I will think of the dear ones I'm leaving behind ;
And in my new home I will fall on my knee,
And offer a prayer, dear Old England, for thee.
 Dear Old England, good-bye.

A THORN GROWS NEAR THE ROSE

A THORN GROWS NEAR THE ROSE

THE sweets of life are mingled up
With cares and bitter woes ;
Joy, mixed with sorrow, fills our cup ;
A thorn grows near the rose.

Give man whate'er his eye can please,
Some adverse wind soon blows
To blast his prospects, mar his peace ;
A thorn grows near the rose.

In vain we build on earthly good,
And think to find repose ;
Our hopes are nipp'd while in the bud,
A thorn grows near the rose.

Few are the friends that we can boast,
While many are our foes ;
The good is in the evil lost,
A thorn grows near the rose.

The Tempter comes, deceives our friends,
Some seed of discord sows :
And soon, alas ! he gains his ends ;

A THORN GROWS NEAR THE ROSE

A thorn grows near the rose.

Grim Death will come! the cold green sod
O'er these frail limbs must close;
To wean us all from earth to God,
A thorn grows near the rose.

In heaven there is a glorious rest:
"Peace like a river flows;"
No foe can enter to molest,
No thorn grow near the rose.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE

SUNSHINE AND SHADE

WHILE we tread this world below,
Many changes we must know ;
Now life greets us bright and fair,
Now we pine with grief and care.
Friends whose presence cheers the heart,
Soon slip from us, soon depart ;
Lovely flowers must droop and fade,
Sometimes sunshine, sometimes shade.

Full of hope are life's first hours ;
Childhood's path is strewn with flowers ;
Day by day time glides along,
Hope and sunshine, mirth and song.
Youthful pleasures do not last,
Life's fair morning soon is past ;
Hope deserts us, pleasures fade ;
Sometimes sunshine, sometimes shade.

Manhood's vigour comes and goes ;
Side by side grow thorn and rose ;
Pain and pleasure, weal and woe,
Come to all while here below.
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE

These their various changes bring.
Here God's wisdom is displayed,
Days of sunshine, days of shade.

Oft we see the morning sun
Clouded ere the day is done ;
So with man, his little day
Opens bright, his heart is gay.
Soon the Spoiler's hand appears ;
Eyes once bright are dimm'd with tears ;
Useless all the plans he's laid ;
Treacherous sunshine ! blighting shade !

Still, take heart, immortal soul ;
Upwards ! this is not thy goal ;
Yonder,—in thy native skies,—
Tears no more shall dim thine eyes.
Keep that goodly land in view,
All thy earthly journey through ;
There the flowers shall never fade ;
Welcome sunshine ! farewell shade !

REST TO-MORROW

REST TO-MORROW

CHRISTIAN life is one great warfare,
One fierce fight with hell and sin,
Foes without and foes within.
Christian! buckle on thine armour,
Let not aught thy heart dismay;
Quell rebellious thoughts to-day,
Rest to-morrow.

Hark! the bugle calls to battle;
Onward, then, thy foes to meet,
Lay them bleeding at thy feet.
Rouse, shake off thy sluggish nature,
Now's the time to act for God.
Rest thyself beneath the sod,
Rest to-morrow.

Forward! Forward! Christian soldier;
Draw thy sword, make bare thine arm;
Force the battle, brave the storm.
Nerve, oh nerve thyself to action;
Bravely, nobly do thy part;
Labour on with hand and heart,
Rest to-morrow.

REST TO-MORROW

Indolence hath slain its thousands ;
Be not thou to this a slave ;
Rise ! be vigilant and brave.
Labour while the sun is shining,
Soon will come the shades of night ;
Work to-day with all thy might,
Rest to-morrow.

Up, and battle hard with error,
Truth the weapon thou must wield ;
Go at once and take the field.
Would'st thou win the conqueror's laurels,
Wear the victor's honoured crown ;
Lay not yet thy weapons down,
Rest to-morrow.

Onward, brother, on to victory !
Dread no foe, however strong ;
Right must triumph over wrong.
Angel bands are watching o'er thee,
Faint not till the race is run,
Stay not till the goal is won,
Rest to-morrow.

Go, and like thy Lord and Master,
When this lower world He trod,
Point some wandering soul to God.
Lo, the fields are white to harvest,
Go, and work with heart and mind ;
Grow not weary, thou shalt find
Rest to-morrow.

Rest is sweetest to the weary,

REST TO-MORROW

Those who toil and struggle hard ;
Work, and gain this rich reward.
Scorn to rest while others labour ;
Use the powers thy God hath given ;
Toil on earth and rest in heaven,
Rest to-morrow.

Rest when all thy toils are ended ;
Rest when all thy work is done ;
Rest when life's short race is run.
Christian soldier, be thou ever
First and foremost in the fray ;
Labour, suffer, die to-day,
Rest to-morrow.

BRIGHT DAYS

BRIGHT DAYS

BRIGHT days ; how soon they seemed to
pass,
How swift the moments flew ;
When, arm in arm with her I loved,
We sat beneath yon yew,
And spoke in accents soft and sweet,
As lovers always do.

Hope buoyed our youthful spirits then ;
Our prospects oh, how bright !
The future seemed a long, long day,
We dreamed not of the night ;
Nor did we think that Death's cold hand
Such tender plants could blight.

My darling, she was young and fair,
And gentle as the dove ;
She never learned to scorn or hate,
But early learned to love ;
And often she would speak to me
Of fairer worlds above.

With the bright stars above our heads,
The grass beneath our feet,

BRIGHT DAYS

And all around us hushed and still,
We thought it right and meet
To leave awhile the busy world,
And hold communion sweet.

When the sad hour for parting came,—
I need not mention why,—
But neither of us liked to speak
That parting word good-bye
Whene'er I grasped my darling's hand,
This breast would heave a sigh.

I loved that girl with all my heart,
And she loved me, I know ;
For when I asked if she'd be mine,
She spoke in accents low—
These loving, charming, welcome words,—
“ Yes, if you wish it so.”

AN EVENING PRAYER

AN EVENING PRAYER

ONE night, when all was hushed and still,
I paced the meadows lightly ;
Below me ran the murmuring rill,
Above, the stars shone brightly.

The moon shed forth her silvery light
O'er mountain, dale, and ocean ;
And all I saw and heard that night
Inspired me with devotion.

Old Farmer Jones, across the way,
To rest was just retiring ;
And as he bent his knees to pray,
I could not help admiring ;

His brawny arms were raised on high ;
A smile sat on his features :
His manly voice was heard to cry,
" Almighty ! hear Thy creatures ;

We thank Thee for Thy tender care,
Bestowed on these before Thee ;
That we are kept from every snare,

AN EVENING PRAYER

Lord help us to adore Thee.

We thank Thee for the hour of rest ;
How sweet it is to gather
With those we love below the best,
And pray to Thee our Father.

O help us all to share Thy love,
Till death these bonds shall sever ;
Then grant that we may meet above,
To worship Thee for ever."

The prayer being done, the old man rose ;
His head with age was hoary ;
"Amen !" said I ; and here I close
This brief and simple story.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS

READ AT A BAZAAR AT OSWALDTWISTLE

AT the outset, I think I can truthfully say,
That it gives me much pleasure to meet you to-day,
And take—though it may be a very small part,—
In promoting the object we all have at heart.
Sunday Schools are our nurseries, Eden-like bowers,
Where we keep our most cherished,—most beautiful
flowers ;—
The training-ground, where our young saplings must grow,
Have their minds stored with truths it is well they should
know.

We see from the programme that one of your wants
Is more room for the health and the growth of these plants ;
Where the sunshine must enter, and strike at the root,
Ere the saplings can thrive or put forth their fruit.
For though not skilled farmers, we all of us know
That seed must have room or it never can grow.
Let us hope that those present their duty won't shirk,
But see that our friends are not cramped in their work.

For I hardly need say, neither wise men nor fools

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF

Can build, if they have not materials and tools.
But I must not thus needlessly take up your time,
And I need not appeal to your reason in rhyme.
As a stranger, perhaps you'll allow me to say,
That for what little help I may give you to-day,
I must thank my dear parents, who made it a rule,
That their children should go to the Sunday School.

The good lessons there learned I shall never forget,
And the hymns have a place in my memory yet ;
I name this to show that the seed you may sow
In the minds of the young will assuredly grow,
And gladden the hearts of the reapers, we trust,
When the hands of the sowers have crumbled to dust ;
We labour in faith, and our eyes may not see
The struggling blade as it strives to be free ;

But obstructions will vanish ; and, bursting to bloom,
The sweet flowers will repay you with grateful perfume.
We are reaping to-day what was sown in the past,
And the fruit so long looked-for has ripened at last.
Yes, the men who are served, and the women who wait ;—
The great minds that now guide the affairs of the state,—
All these are results of the care and the toil
That our fathers bestowed on the virgin soil.

It is *our* turn now, and the world looks on,
Not only to thank the grand souls that are gone,—
But to see if *we* quit ourselves well in the fight,—
For God, for humanity, justice, and right.
Then let us so build that in years to come,
Our children may meet in a beautiful home,

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF

And sing once again the old hymns that were sung
With such pleasure and profit when *we* were young.

BEWARE! FOR THE CLOUDS

BEWARE! FOR THE CLOUDS ARE GATHERING

BEWARE! for the clouds are gathering,
And the rumbling noise that we hear
Is the murmur of suffering people,
That tells us a storm is near.
Shall we dare to despise this warning,
Pressed upon us again and again?
Beware of the sullen storm-clouds,
On the brows of desperate men!

We may boast of our vast dominions;
Of our national wealth and might;
But be sure that God and the People
Will be found on the side of Right.
When the storm-clouds burst in the heavens,
And the fiery bolts descend,
The proudest hearts will be shaken,
And the reign of oppression end.

Why all this magnificent splendour
Adorning the halls of the rich,
While the toilers who made them their fortunes
Are pining away in the ditch?
Must the masses be beggared, in order

BEWARE! FOR THE CLOUDS

To bolster up kingdoms and thrones?
Are the bees to be forced into silence,
While the honey is eaten by drones?

Who amongst us are found most deserving?
The labourers delving the soil?
Or the inhuman, land-grabbing tyrants,
Who fatten and feast on the spoil?
Are these to have British protection,
Their halls and their lands made secure,
While bludgeons, and cowardly insults,
Break the heads and the hearts of the poor!

Who gave these proud lordlings their mansions,
The riches with which they are blest?
Who bribed them to use their great influence
In crushing the weak and opprest?
Were these business transactions done fairly?
Do they add to our honour and fame?
Ah, no;—but quite the contrary,
To our lasting dishonour and shame!

Shall England still swagger and bluster?
Is the world given up to our care?
If so, why not bottle the sunshine,
And peddle it out with the air!
Look out, for the clouds are gathering!
Yes, gathering on poor men's brows;
Beware of the pent-up feelings
Which your heartless acts may arouse!

Feast on, ye proud Belshazzars!
Let joy fill the banqueting hall;

BEWARE ! FOR THE CLOUDS

But be sure of this—that God's finger
Is writing upon the wall !
Go on with the feast, but remember
That while you are feeding your pride,
The storm-clouds are ready for bursting,
And Lazarus is starving outside.

What is it we hear from Old Ireland ?
The children's innocent songs ?
Oh, no ! 'tis the down-trodden, groaning ;
Yes, groaning beneath their wrongs.
Her patriots and priests are in prison ;
Her sons and her daughters in tears ;
And yet we have men so degraded
As to mock them with jibes and jeers !

How long shall the conflict continue ;
This war between Wrong and Right !
And when shall the weak be successful
In their struggle 'gainst Wealth and Might !
Take heed to the gathering storm-clouds,
And the writing upon the wall ;
For pride goes before destruction,
And the haughty in spirit must fall !

GET IN HARNESS, YOUNG MEN

GET IN HARNESS, YOUNG MEN

THERE is something to our mind ennobling and grand,
In the efforts to train the young men of our land ;
So the help and instruction we seek to impart,
Should aim to improve both the head and the heart,
Would to God we had wisdom to train them aright,
For the battle of life they are destined to fight !
Young men, be in earnest in all that you do,
For the future of England depends upon you.

'Tis to you we must look for the men of the day,
When the Gladstones and Salisburys have all passed away ;
It is you who must fill posts of honour and trust,
When we who are older are laid in the dust.
Yes, a work lies before you,—important and great,—
Affecting the mighty affairs of the State.
Be true to your trust then ; take care what you do,
For old England must one day be governed by you.

Yon sturdy old oak trees that defy the rude blast,
Were but delicate plants in the days that are past ;
But our forefathers nursed them and trained them with care,
And look at them now ; how vigorous and fair !
How firm, how unmoved and majestic they stand,

GET IN HARNESS, YOUNG MEN

In spite of the storms that sweep over the land!
Be firm like these oaks, and keep this fact in view,
That the strength of this nation is centred in you.

One by one our great actors are leaving the stage ;
They have written their names upon history's page :
And now they withdraw from the conflict and strife,
Leaving others to fight the great battle of life.
Give your names in, young men ! there's a race to be run,
A goal to be reached, and a fight to be won !
The old veterans are passing away from our view,
And the gaps in the ranks must be filled by *you*.

Young men ! you've a lot of hard work to perform :
Do it *now*, while your hearts and affections are warm ;
Do it *now*, as life's morn opens out into day,
And the powers God has given you are all in full play.
Do it now, while your youthful ambition soars high.
And the sun seems unclouded and bright in your sky.
Oh ! brothers and sons, you've a duty to do,
And much will be claimed and expected from you.

The great minds that now charm us with music and song,
Look to you to fill posts *they* have toiled in so long ;
Yes, to you, the young men of our dear native land ;
Oh, shall not your lives then be noble and grand !
Shall the talents with which Heaven hath blessed you be
 hid,
Or allowed to remain unemployed ? God forbid !
Young men,—and this holds good to young women too,—
Your country is anxiously looking to you.

Would you rise to real nobleness, now is your chance,

GET IN HARNESS, YOUNG MEN

If you've any bad habits, uproot them at once ;
All that tends to degrade put away out of sight,
Have the courage to do what you know to be right.
Let the world ever find you to *be* what you *seem*,
And thus you will merit respect and esteem.
Young men, act with care, conscientiously too ;
Be honest and upright in all that you do.

In conclusion ; I know it is not very nice,
To be acting as teacher, and giving advice ;
Still, I'm free to say this,—what I have to impart,—
Is the fruit of much thought, and comes warm from my
heart.

I have tried to amuse, and instruct in the past,
And hope to toil on in this groove to the last.
Like yourselves, I must try to be faithful and true,
And keep the great end of my mission in view.

THE QUACK DOCTOR

THE QUACK DOCTOR

HERE you are! I'm the great and renowned Doctor
Bell!

Oh yes, I'm the man who can soon make you well ;
You see this small box that I hold in my hand,
Well, it holds the best salve ever made in the land
For all kinds of ulcers and sores you can name,
The salve now before you has got a great fame.

A lady who lives near the "Shamrock and Rose,"
Had a carbuncle right at the tip of her nose ;
Well, she came to my stall here one Saturday night
And purchased one box, now she's perfectly right ;
I have cured an old man of a very sore lip,
And a poor little boy of a boil on his hip ;
I engage to remove all the ailments of man
As soon and as cheaply as anyone can.

Now to give some idea of my knowledge and skill
I will bring to your notice my world-renowned pill ;
There's a pill now before you unequalled on earth,
The man is not born who can tell you its worth ;
For removing obstructions no better is made,
"Old Parr" and all others are thrown in the shade,

THE QUACK DOCTOR

As a plain illustration of what I now say
I will mention a fact which I heard yesterday.

A gentleman living not far from this town,
And I may as well give you his name—Mr. Brown ;
This gentleman had a large safe in his shop,
The key of which he'd the misfortune to drop ;
Now, this safe contained most of his cash and his bills,
Well, having oft heard of my excellent pills,
He sent for a box and straightway applied
One or two of the pills to the keyhole outside,
When, strange to relate, they burst open the door,
And bills, notes, and cashbox lay spread on the floor !

Now, I think you'll admit friends, from what you've just
heard,
That the pills need no praises from me, not a word ;
If they'll open a safe, their laurels are won,
And they'll ne'er shy at anything under the sun.

Here you are, once again, in my fingers I hold
A most certain cure for a cough or a cold,
Any lady or gentleman now standing by
Who is troubled with hoarseness, I ask them to try
My unrivalled wafer, the " Princess of Wales,"
And I'll venture to forfeit five pounds if it fails.
An acquaintance of mine and a learned M.P.,
With talking so much he was hoarse do you see ;
Well, he ate one or two of my wafers one night,
Next morning his throat had got perfectly right :
He sent me a letter, and in it he said—
Were it not for my wafers he might have been dead.

THE QUACK DOCTOR

Well, ladies and gents, there's one article more
That I wish to produce from my wonderful store,
And that is my world-renowned Syrup of Plums,
For earache, for toothache, and pains in the gums,
Any party now standing before me to-night,
May be cured on the spot, and made perfectly right.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, do not delay ;
You can't purchase medicine like this every day,
Only twopence per box for the pills, that is all,
And one penny the salve, the charge is but small.
The wafers, in packets, are one penny each,
A price that must come within everyone's reach,
To those persons afflicted with pains in the gums,
Twopence-halfpenny per ounce for my Syrup of Plums ;
Now, you know who I am, friends, the great Doctor Bell,
If you swallow my stuff you are sure to do well !

A STALYBRIDGE SUPPER HOAX

A STALYBRIDGE SUPPER HOAX

GOOD people attend ; have you heard of the “hoax ”
Which has lately been played upon some of our
folks ?

If you have not, prav read on awhile, if you please,
And I'll give you a few of the facts ;—they are these :—
Some “ wags ” in the town, who seem fond of a joke
At the expense of others (“ od rot ” on such folk !),
Well prepared, I've no doubt, for a “ jolly good spree ; ”
For some had been training all day, do you see,
In anticipation of what they might get ;
You could see by their looks they had stomachs “ to let.”
One man, whose employment is oft very high,
Between the green earth and the lovely blue sky,
Thinking this a nice offer, he left all his slates,
Determined for once he would clean them some plates.
So he dressed himself up in his white blouse and hat,
(He fills all his clothes very well, he's so fat,)
Went down in good time,—for this reason, no doubt,—
To loose a few buttons and spread himself out ;
For his mind was made up long before he went in,
To take all the wrinkles clean out of his skin.
But, alas for the castles he built in the air,

A STALYBRIDGE SUPPER HOAX

Another man, very well known in the town,
As one very clever at knocking things down,
Was kindly invited along with the rest,
And a feeling of thankfulness rose in his breast.
Oh, he seemed quite delighted ! it's likely he would :
I would draw you his portrait out now, if I could,
As he went to the " Angel " as clean as a pin,
(Though he never looks clean, he's a very dark skin.)
And, seeing the landlord, he nodded his head,
Threw the circular down on the table, and said—
" Aw'm goin' to a feed at th' " Commercial " to-neet ;
Th' lon'lord's givin' a supper, an' nowt nobbut reet.
They sen there'll be salmon, plum puddin', an' lamb.
He's a jolly owd trump, mon—good hearted—is Sam."
And away he went out, with a hearty good will,
Expecting, of course, very shortly to fill
His corpulent pouch, which had got rather flat,
With fasting so long,—but no matter for that,
For, along with the rest of the " nobs " of the town,
He very soon found he was " done " rather " brown."
A dealer in " fourpenny " living hard by,
(Now, I've nothing against this cheap beverage, not I,)
Feeling troubled with wind,—having fasted since noon,
Some seven or eight hours,—went in rather soon ;
Of course, he'd no notion of how he was caught,
So he called for some ale, which the waitress soon brought,
To whom he just whispered, while handing his " brass,"
" Aw reckon this supper's noan quite ready, lass ? "
" Not quite," she replied, " you are rather too soon ;
You see we are plagued with a very slow oon."
" O reet, lass, o reet," said our friend, with a smile ;
Then he drank off his ale, and went home for awhile.

A STALYBRIDGE SUPPER HOAX

But he did not stay long there, he could not abide ;
For the wrinkles began to appear in his hide ;
And his boiler sung out in the key of " B flat ; "
Why, the fellow would almost have worried a rat.
He returned in this starving and famishing state,
To be told (oh, how dreadful !) he'd gone back too late ;
For some hungry scarecrow, confound the old thief,
Had been in the house, and walked off with the beef.
Now one of the guests had been absent from home,
And his wife, not aware of the hour he would come,—
Had not got any supper spread out on the board,
But she handed the circular o'er to her lord,
Which she said had been left for him during the day,
By a party residing just over the way.
He took it, and glanced it well o'er at the light,
Then said—with a smile on his features—" All right.
Aw'm invited to go to a supper, ha ! ha !
That's just what aw'm wantin',—aw'm off, lass,—ta, ta."
And soon the " Commercial " he entered with glee,
For the thought of plum pudding, with brandy dip, free,
Had created most pleasing sensations, you know,
And made his saliva profusely to flow.
But, my eye ! he stood there as if shot from a gun,
When the company told him the stuff was all done.
Not a bit of a crust nor a bone could be seen ;
A sickening look-out when the appetite's keen.
He went home to his wife, and made known his sad fate,
When she said, " What a pity tha went deawn to' late !
But it's noan th' first misfortin' tha's had sin we'rn wed,
So ne'er mind, get thi porritch, an' let's go to bed."
And now for a lesson such hoaxes may teach ;
But don't be alarmed, I'm not going to preach.

A STALYBRIDGE SUPPER HOAX

Let nothing, my readers, induce you to roam,
In search of good suppers, but get them at home.
Should a neighbour invite you some night to a "stir,"
You can say "Please excuse, I'm obliged to you, sir."
Should it turn out a hoax, you can relish the fun,
And subscribe yourself thus:—

ONE WHO HAS NOT BEEN "DONE."

THE END.

PRINTED AT OLDHAM BY W. E. CLEGG.

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Form L9-32m-8,'57 (C8680s4) 444



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